

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

DECEMBER, 1842.

The Pickwick Papers—Nicholas Nickleby—Master Humphrey's Clock. By CHARLES DICKENS. London: Chapman and Hall. Royal 8vo.

Poor Jack—Frank Wildman—Percival Keene. By Captain MARRYATT. London: Saunders and Otley.

Eustace Conway: or, the Brother and Sister. A Novel. London: Richard Bentley. 12mo.

WHAT constitutes a novel? and what is the peculiar pleasure men take therein? These are questions which we partly answered in our last number. We then explained a novel to be a work of fiction, of which the scene and materials are found in the ordinary and present world around the writer.* This definition shows no respect for etymology, and makes small account of history. We put Boccaccio's and all the old Italian *Novelli* out of the question. However identical in name, and however worth considering and contemplating in themselves, they do not in the least answer to what we now-a-days mean by a *novel*. And we also dismiss, for the present, the *Romance*, in which we take a pleasure, great no doubt in itself, but yet very different in its nature from that we get from a modern novel. Of course, the limits are somewhat difficult to draw; *Ivanhoe* and the *Talisman* are clearly romances; the *Antiquary* and *Guy Mannering* as clearly novels; but which is *Old Mortality*—which *Rob Roy*, and *Waverley*? The latter obviously partake of the character of both, and so do many other works of fiction. We are anxious, however, to make the distinction, as it seems to us practically important.

The pleasure which an imaginative mind can take in a romance, historical or otherwise, is, as we said last month, easily explicable. That we are led to seek for in a novel, in the limited sense in which we are now using the word, is at first sight more perplexing. Strange, that a man's own week-day life, with its irksome drudgeries, and its

* It may be a past one to the reader, but yet one not too remote to awaken in him the interest intended, as in the case of *Gil Blas*.

carrying cares, its degradations and its failures, should not be enough for him in this sort!—That he should look abroad for multiplications of the same dull petty vision of mortality!—that he should be fain to see repeated and reflected, as in opposing mirrors, all that is humbling and undignified about himself and his affairs! Strange indeed, and altogether inexplicable, were the case really so. But the truth is, to recur once again to our last month's lucubrations—that we do nothing of the sort,—that no man ever yet courted a mere reflection of himself and his affairs,—that he runs to a novel to escape from them, and from things too painfully like them. Were a mere counterpart to the realities around him, humorous or otherwise, what a man wanted, he would be infinitely better gratified by joining the nearest tea-party of old maids, than by the best and *realist* modern novel. As we have already said, such a novel is delightful, because, while it seems to be only copying, it is all the while idealizing the ordinary world of which it treats. In the very act of confining and concentrating the attention, of blending incidents, however ordinary and homely in themselves, into a unity, there is, we have remarked, a process of idealization. Whatever artificially bounds and hems in a portion of the scene around, makes, as is well known, the scene enclosed a picture, heightening and harmonizing its colours, and bringing its forms into a relief quite surprising, as effected by so seemingly simple a cause. And with the same fact before us, we may content ourselves with the comparison of a mirror; and as it is to be feared that, for the reason alleged, the very truest mirror idealizes, so does the least historical, romantic, or poetical novel,—the one most confined to the ordinary familiar matters around us.

But besides this necessary idealization, even when the materials are the commonest things "that round us lie," novels very often, though not always, partake of the romantic, by taking us away, if not from modern society, yet from our own particular sphere therein, and hence the charm, at one time of fashionable, at another of naval, and at a third of Clerkenwell and St. Giles fictions.

Of all kinds of prose fiction, we most prefer the complete romance—the tale that takes us quite away from the present time, and carries us back into the region of history, and among the picturesque and heroic forms of a by-gone age. This, if well done, has manifold uses and advantages. Its stimulus to the imagination is much more nearly allied to that of poetry, and therefore is proportionably nobler and more intellectual than that created by the others. Again, such romances create a taste for history, and the habit of looking at races, laws, institutions, and society, not so mainly in their disquisition, as in their historical relations, which habit we hold to be the only healthy and promising one. Finally, romances do not quite so readily pamper our love of earth as novels. When we are engaged with conversations, interests, hopes, fears, reverses, successes, something like what we can imagine of ourselves, it is but too easy to insert ourselves into the picture, to fill our minds with visions of earthly

triumph and enjoyment, and to pitch our ideal beneath the heavenly and eternal, in which alone it was meant to dwell. In these respects, Sir Walter Scott has done no little service, in spite of many perversions of history which he has committed and perpetuated; and though the taste for historical romances seems for awhile, at least, to have passed away, the good effected by it remains, as we trust, and will increase.

Passed away, however, it seems to have done for the present; as far as we know, Mr. James is the only writer of fiction in the least popular, who follows in the wake of Sir Walter. His *Richelieu* is a very clever and finely constructed romance; and if his other works, with which we have not the pleasure of being acquainted, are of equal merit, we feel bold to recommend them.

The Waverley novel style of fiction gave place to a most unworthy successor, the Silver-fork school, as it is well termed. In this there was the secondary, subordinate romance to which we have referred; and men were, in point of fact, carried away from their ordinary world; for what but a fine imaginative transportation of himself, from the present and actual, into the distant and ideal, was it for a lawyer's clerk, a sentimental milliner, a country curate, a bagman, a don, or any other "upright and respectable member of the middling classes," to dine in May Fair, to lounge away a forenoon with a young Marquis or two, and talk soft nonsense to their Ladyships, his sisters, at Almack's, in the evening? But what an ideal—what an exalting and ennobling exercise of the imagination! We speak not of aristocracy, for aristocracy we can, like Burke, "coldly respect" in its more ungenial, and admire and love in its brighter and better forms. But of all mean and debasing notions, *exclusiveness* seems to us the meanest and most debasing. The idea of *ton* is given out by its votaries to be something far transcending that of aristocracy, and as such it was represented in the works in question. Sons and daughters of cheesemongers were taught in their *Alnaschar** imaginations to spurn dukes and time-honoured earls, as creatures below contempt. Princes and peers were held to be possibly, probably, frequently, so ill-brought up, so ignorant of good society, so uncouth and vulgar in their manners, as to be altogether inadmissible to truly polite company. The absurdity of all this was the least part of its evil. Rational people can content themselves with laughing at the vulgar insolence that converted the immortal name of Wellington into *Vilain-ton*. But there was and is a great moral evil in the notion of *ton*, as distinguished from that of aristocracy. It is the falsest, most contemptible ideal that human nature ever proposed to itself. Aristocracy has great claims on our respect. It confers positive advantages on the rest of society. It is ennobled by historical and venerable associations. It is one of the many links of national continuity. By connecting it with the past, it elevates each generation out of its own petty whims and waywardness. It is in and

* *Vide Arabian Nights. Story of the Hunchback.*

of the nation and the country, being a constituent in the organization of the one, and a growth out of the soil of the other. It is not, in the true idea of it, a selfish distinction, opposed to religion, and incompatible with Catholic sentiment and fellowship; for it results not from any thing in the individual, and the very notion of it involves a felt relationship to the rest of the body politic. But *exclusiveness, ton*, is the very reverse of all this. It is all selfish, individual, irreligious. It professes to ignore the great mass of mankind. It is altogether modern, in no respect either reverent or reverend. And nothing pains us more than to hear of any of our old nobility preferring the meaningless distinction of exclusive ton, in London, to the grand solid territorial dignity of their position in their own localities.

What a man of *ton* may contrive to make of himself in respect of manners we will not undertake to say; for happily there are other spots in the world than the west end of London,—other months than those, for the most part very warm ones, from the end of March to the end of July, that make up the London winter,—other things for even the idlest man to do, than dancing at Almack's, and lounging in his club. What with a few respectable old friends in a distant county, shooting and hunting companions, who are not of the *haut ton*, and some natural good qualities of his own, an Exclusive may contrive to be something like a gentleman. But, observe, he becomes such very much through the instrumentality of the points wherein he is not an Exclusive. He is a gentleman by a happy inconsistency. In the notion of *ton*, i. e. in the notion of despising many hundreds all around pretty nearly as well born, and as many thousands quite as well bred as yourself, we see something the reverse of the notion of a gentleman. There never was a greater misnomer than the title-page of *Pelham*. His adventures are those of a man who not only was no gentleman, but the very antithesis of a gentleman. Such, a successor to Grandison, to Sir Philip Sidney, to Bayard!

The taste, however, for fashionable novels has, we rejoice to say, died off. People got tired of fancying themselves effeminate puppies, and willed themselves at once into manly sailors. Mr. Cooper was the first novelist of the present age, as far as we know, who took us for any considerable length of time to sea. He took us there to some purpose; for, in spite of more absurdities in the management of plot, and more that is offensive in the delineation of character and the description of manners, than were ever before perpetrated by a man of equal powers with Mr. Cooper, the *Red Rover* is a noble and spirit-stirring production. Next we had "Tom Cringle's Log," a work of far higher calibre—great, whenever the author is really at work with the action of his story, though inferior when he treats us to any lucubrations of his own. Then came Captain Marryatt's novels, one or two of which are now before us, on which we shall have more to say by-and-by.

The sea, however, though a most captivating element, though its briny freshness was a most welcome substitute for the languid atmo-

sphere of May Fair, and though its scenes and incidents are such as kindle the fancy and feelings of every son and daughter of England, could not supply sufficient materials for novel writers and novel readers in an age swarming with both like the present. Indeed, as regards the former, there was this serious objection, that only a very narrow proportion of them had ever been six consecutive hours at sea, and must have been reduced to a state both of inaction and inanition, had the taste for sea novels been an exclusive one; for though we are far from imagining that the fashionable novels were in most cases the result of personal observation, a naval one by a man who had not been farther from London Bridge than Margate, was never, we believe, attempted. Therefore the Silver-fork school had two successors—the naval, and what we have already called the St. Giles and Clerkenwell. Now this, like the others, was subordinately romantic and ideal; at least, we take it for granted, that most of our readers considered “*Oliver Twist*” as taking them out of their own sphere and transporting them from *their* present and actual.

Though we have come last of all to this school, we mean, on the present occasion, to commence our reviewing labours with the later works of its leader and creator, Mr. Dickens. He certainly is the true successor to Sir Walter Scott, as the chief novel writer of his time—the author for whose next publication we all wait, but never have to wait long—and whose copiousness, wonderful as it is, has as yet refrained from outstripping his success.

In truth, Mr. Dickens is a man of thoroughly original genius; and, like every other man of real genius, his powers oscillate between great pathos and great humour. His fictions are nearly all *alive*; his characters real, distinct flesh and blood, at least when placed in the sphere, and surrounded by the circumstances, to which his observation has extended. Not that his power in this respect of creating distinct living characters is at all equal to Miss Austen’s. For though he seldom fails of this result, yet is he obliged to reach it by means of strongly-marked traits, and peculiar—for the most part, rather farcical—circumstances; whereas she, with no other materials than a country village, and a few quiet, every-day sort of people, who do nothing but dine occasionally with each other, varying their ordinary intercourse with an easy unadventurous *pic-nic*,—not one of them holding any peculiar opinion, or doing anything very startling,—contrives to make us feel each man and woman among them to be a distinct individual, whose character and features are indelibly impressed on our minds. Mr. Dickens has not, as we have said, any such delicate subtle magic as this; but his broader sketches are most successful, his gallery of characters wonderfully varied and interesting. Mr. Pickwick is, we think, the finest of his creations. The character obviously grew on the author himself. The ridiculous mock dignity with which he had at first invested his hero, by degrees dropped off, giving place to a truer and worthier image. He is the only *gentleman* Mr. Dickens has chosen to present us with, except, perhaps, Nicholas Nickleby. We

reckon Mr. Pickwick, with his bland good humour, his excitability, his enthusiasm, his benevolence, his delicacy, and his gaiters, quite an accession to our list of acquaintances; and most cordially thank Mr. Dickens for bringing us together. Why did he disfigure so excellent a picture by representing such frequent excesses? As the world's morality goes, there is nothing inconsistent with his respectability in representing so excitable a gentleman as Mr. Pickwick, led away by the hilarity of the moment into a glass or two more than his head could well bear, and so getting more merry than wise; on such an occasion, for example, as the wedding at Mr. Wardle's, or with the shooting party and the cold punch. On such occasions the case would have seemed that of a joyous gentleman somewhat forgetting himself, and being, by a rare accident, *overtaken*, as the phrase is, with liquor. But would so respectable a person have drunk, along with three friends, half-a-dozen of port the second night he passed in prison? Or, still more, would he, in the course of a journey, undertaken on the most serious business, have given in to the following proceedings, which, inimitably as they are told, constitute, nevertheless, a complete disfigurement of the image of Mr. Pickwick.

"He was somewhat startled by the apparition of a small dark body, of an oblong form, on the outside of the window, which gave sundry taps against it, as if impatient of admission.

" 'What's this!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

" 'It looks like a case-bottle,' remarked Ben Allen; eyeing the object in question through his spectacles with some interest; 'I rather think it belongs to Bob.'

"The impression was perfectly accurate, for Mr. Bob Sawyer having attached the case-bottle to the end of the walking-stick, was battering the window with it, in token of his wish that his friends inside would partake of its contents, in all good fellowship and harmony.

" 'What's to be done?' said Mr. Pickwick, looking at the bottle. 'This proceeding is more absurd than the other.'

" 'I think it would be best to take it in,' replied Mr. Ben Allen; 'it would serve him right to take it in and keep it, wouldn't it?'

" 'It would,' said Mr. Pickwick: 'shall I?'

" 'I think it the most proper course we could possibly adopt,' replied Ben.

"This advice quite coinciding with his own opinion, Mr. Pickwick gently let down the window and disengaged the bottle from the stick; upon which the latter was drawn up, and Mr. Bob Sawyer was heard to laugh heartily.

" 'What a merry dog it is,' said Mr. Pickwick, looking round at his companion with the bottle in his hand.

" 'He is,' said Mr. Allen.

" 'You cannot possibly be angry with him,' remarked Mr. Pickwick.

" 'Quite out of the question,' observed Benjamin Allen.

"During this short interchange of sentiments, Mr. Pickwick had, in an abstracted mood, uncorked the bottle.

" 'What is it?' inquired Ben Allen, carelessly.

" 'I don't know,' replied Mr. Pickwick, with equal carelessness. 'It smells, I think, like milk punch.'

" 'Oh, indeed!' said Ben.

" 'I think so,' rejoined Mr. Pickwick, very properly guarding himself against the possibility of stating an untruth; 'mind, I could not undertake to say for certain, without tasting it.'

" 'You had better do so,' said Ben; 'we may as well know what it is.'

"Do you think so?" replied Mr. Pickwick. "Well, if you are curious to know, of course I have no objection."

"Ever willing to sacrifice his own feelings to the wishes of his friend, Mr. Pickwick at once took a pretty long taste."

"What is it?" inquired Ben Allen, interrupting him with some impatience.

"Curious," said Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips, "I hardly know, now. Oh, yes," said Mr. Pickwick, after a second taste, "it is punch."

"Mr. Ben Allen looked at Mr. Pickwick; Mr. Pickwick looked at Mr. Ben Allen. Mr. Ben Allen smiled; Mr. Pickwick did not."

"It would serve him right," said the last-named gentleman, with some severity, "it would serve him right to drink it every drop."

"The very thing that occurred to me," said Ben Allen.

"Is it, indeed?" rejoined Mr. Pickwick. "Then here's his health." With these words, that excellent person took a most energetic pull at the bottle, and handed it to Ben Allen, who was not slow to imitate his example. The smiles became mutual, and the milk-punch was gradually and cheerfully disposed of.

"After all," said Mr. Pickwick, as he drained the last drop, "his pranks are really very amusing—very entertaining indeed."

"You may say that," rejoined Mr. Ben Allen. And in proof of Bob Sawyer's being one of the funniest fellows alive, he proceeded to entertain Mr. Pickwick with a long and circumstantial account how that gentleman once drank himself into a fever and got his head shaved; the relation of which pleasant and agreeable history was only stopped by the stoppage of the chaise at the Bell at Berkeley Heath, to change horses.

"I say, we're going to dine here, aren't we?" said Bob, looking in at the window.

"Dine!" said Mr. Pickwick. "Why, we have only come nineteen miles, and have got eighty-seven and a-half to go."

"Just the reason why we should take something to enable us to bear up against the fatigue," remonstrated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"Oh, it's quite impossible to dine at half-past eleven o'clock in the day," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking at his watch.

"So it is," rejoined Bob, "lunch is the very thing. Hallo, you Sir! Lunch for three directly; and keep the horses back for a quarter of an hour. Tell them to put every thing they have got cold, on the table, and some bottled ale,—and let us taste your very best Madeira." Issuing these orders with monstrous importance and bustle, Mr. Bob Sawyer at once hurried into the house to superintend the arrangements; in less than five minutes he returned and declared them to be excellent.

"The quality of the lunch fully justified the eulogium which Bob had pronounced, and very great justice was done to it, not only by that gentleman, but Mr. Ben Allen and Mr. Pickwick also. Under the auspices of the three, the bottled ale and the Madeira were promptly disposed of; and when (the horses being once more put to) they resumed their seats, with the case-bottle full of the best substitute for milk-punch that could be procured on so short a notice, the key-bugle sounded and the red flag waved without the slightest opposition on Mr. Pickwick's part."

At the Hop Pole at Tewkesbury they stopped to dine; upon which occasion there was more bottled ale, with some more Madeira, and some Port besides; and here the case-bottle was replenished for the fourth time. Under the influence of these combined stimulants, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Ben Allen fell fast asleep for thirty miles, while Bob and Mr. Weller sang duets in the dickey."—*Pickwick Papers*, vol. ii. pp. 534—536.

This is a quantity of strong drink, such as might raise the pulse even of our mighty friend Christopher North; and be it remembered that

neither Mr. Pickwick nor his companions possessed his invincibility.

But who does not feel the charm of this description?

"Mr. Pickwick being in the very best health and spirits, had been making himself perfectly delightful all dinner-time, and was at this moment engaged in an energetic conversation with Emily and Mr. Winkle; bowing his head courteously in the emphasis of his discourse, gently waving his left hand to lend force to his observations, and all glowing with placid smiles."—*Pickwick Papers*, vol. ii. p. 582.

If *Nicholas Nickleby* possesses no character altogether equal to Mr. Pickwick, it is on the whole a far superior work. Indeed no other tale of our author's can boast so consistent and well-developed a plot, so sustained an interest in the action, and so ample and varied an assemblage of characters. The vile profligacy which it exposed, and which it is delightful to learn that it has contributed to abate, while it added a powerful interest to the tale, gave it also a more than ordinary claim on our attention. Our only complaint against the plot is, that our natural and laudable thirst for vengeance on Mr. Squeers hardly receives sufficient gratification. His downfall ought to have taken place at Dotheboys Hall, amid the daily scene of his daily villany. The conception, too, of that loathsome villany is disturbed by mixing up Mr. Squeers with a separate piece of blackguardism.

On the merits and demerits, both very great, of *Oliver Twist*, we will say nothing at present, as we must hasten to our author's last work of fiction, or rather pair of works, now lying before us.

The first, "The Old Curiosity Shop," contains much in his very best manner. Sampson Brass, Quilp, and Richard Swiveller, are three of his very finest creations. The character of Quilp is one which it must have taken a discerning public some time to understand. It is a true one, however, as the experience of a hundred neighbourhood can testify; but true as we feel it to be, what is it? of what materials is it composed? These are questions worth considering.

Mr. Quilp was a man of genius, as Sampson and Sally Brass, Richard Swiveller, and others, knew and felt. He was also a man who, in spite of his personal disadvantages, had, when he chose, peculiar powers of fascination, as his poor wife knew and felt. This is, we think, a point by no means to be overlooked. Mrs. Quilp was not only a docile and obedient wife, but she loved, was *in love with*, her anomalous husband; felt him to be quite irresistible when he chose, nor was able to imagine any woman at such moments insensible to his charms; (*vide Old Curiosity Shop*, vol. i. p. 93.) This we think most true to nature. Women have, and were meant to have, hearts easily attracted by any kind of merit in men, the moment it is brought to play upon themselves. No woman of delicate mind is apt to fall in love without provocation or invitation; but if she be wooed, then nearly any kind of attraction, if genuine, will do;—good looks, if they be such as she recognises,—amiability,—good

principles,—but above and beyond all, intellectual power. Women of every shade of mind and temperament seem to feel this the most irresistible attraction in men, as the world has seen from the days of Richard III. down to those of Daniel Quilp. And for this they have a fine eye and delicate discrimination. They do not require the world's suffrages, nor a man's success, to guide them in their perception of it. If it be more than talent or accomplishment, if it be real genius that marks their wooer, they see it at once, and become enthralled by its spell. Hence, in the records of heart-enslavers, men of enormous ugliness play so conspicuous a part; Mirabeau, for example, and Wilkes, to say nothing of the living. Gibbon need not, we are sure, have been so easily discouraged. His own apathy alone prevented his taking rank with them. Eloquence is always at the command of such men, and private eloquence is a more extraordinary and irresistible thing than public. Now we have no doubt Daniel Quilp, in every wayward mood, whether of tenderness or ferocity,—whether threatening a kiss, or, as oftenest, a bite,—was felt by his fair one to be the greatest orator she had ever heard. And hence her love, which no brutality of his could destroy. We are glad to hear of her marrying happily after his death, but we are not sure about its being so true to nature as would have been her persevering widowhood. Mr. Quilp, then, is a man of genius,—of power that prospers all he turns his hand to. It is obvious that he is very successful in business, whatever his business may be, and that no man understands better how to look after his own interests. But whence, then, it may be asked, such extraordinary proceedings?—whence his hatreds and his gratifications of them, no benefit accruing to himself whatever? The truth about this is somewhat deep and awful.

If a man be neither saintly nor sensual, we believe there is nothing left for him but to be satanic. The altogether godless man must choose between being brute and being fiend; and if he be too intellectual and energetic to be the former, then, of course, he is the latter. Such, we think, was Quilp. It is true he has jollifications with rum punch and such like, but more, we think, from excitability than sensuality. They have no effect on his brain; he tosses off ardent spirits as their lord, and not their slave; he can do without them. His desires, and the governing principles of his conduct, are not sensual; but they are devilish. Evil is his good,—the pain of others is nearly the only pleasure he knows,—their sorrow his sole rejoicing. In inventing and administering that pain, in continuing that sorrow, how lively is he, how subtle, how imaginative! His capacious intellect can conceive and combine nearly all possible things. But one thing he cannot imagine—real affection or goodness. Like Iago, he is causelessly jealous, and that jealousy supplies the materials for his final downfall.

His death is magnificently imagined and described; and, even without the aid of the inimitable engraving, we have a livelier conception of drowning in the dark, amid a tempest of bad passions, and a crowd

of fierce remembrances, than one would have thought possible of any thing so remote, as we trust we may say, from what we ever experienced.

Richard Swiveller is a most inimitable specimen of a man whose taste and sentiment have no sufficient support from his prudence or moral principle. He is one of the many who stand in need of enlarged self-love, as distinguished from selfishness, and to cure him thereof; illustrating Bishop Butler's remark, that there are people in whom the exercise of prudence and foresight involves as much self-denial as deeds of generosity or munificence, their own future self being as distant from their present, as that of another person. His good abilities, instead of giving energy to his character, minister to its feebleness; for, as there can be no vicissitude of fortune, however adverse, that does not afford scope to his wit, so there is none to which that wit cannot reconcile him, especially when mixed with his scraps of music and sentiment. Mr. Swiveller's tendency to sentiment is indeed most wonderful; but it is only what we have observed in most men of his stamp. Who is not familiar enough with tipsy pathos? Mr. Swiveller, of course, cannot exceed without getting very pathetic, and viewing himself and others in sentimental and touching relations, as was seen on the following occasion.

"Mr. Richard Swiveller wending homewards from the Wilderness (for such was the appropriate name of Quilp's choice retreat), after a sinuous and cork-screw fashion, with many checks and stumbles; after stopping suddenly and staring about him, then as suddenly running forward for a few paces, and as suddenly halting again and shaking his head; doing everything with a jerk and nothing by premeditation;—Mr. Richard Swiveller wending his way homewards after this fashion, which is considered by evil-minded men to be symbolical of intoxication, and is not held by such persons to denote that state of deep wisdom and reflection in which the actor knows himself to be, began to think that possibly he had misplaced his confidence, and that the dwarf might not be precisely the sort of person to whom to entrust a secret of such delicacy and importance. And being led and tempted on by this remorseful thought into a condition which the evil-minded class before referred to would term the maudlin state or stage of drunkenness, it occurred to Mr. Swiveller to cast his hat upon the ground, and moan, crying aloud that he was an unhappy orphan, and that if he had not been an unhappy orphan things had never come to this.

"'Left an infant by my parents, at an early age,' said Mr. Swiveller, bewailing his hard lot, 'cast upon the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness! Here's a miserable orphan for you. Here,' said Mr. Swiveller, raising his voice to a high pitch, and looking sleepily round, 'is a miserable orphan!'

"'Then,' said somebody hard by, 'let me be a father to you.'

"Mr. Swiveller swayed himself to and fro to preserve his balance, and looking into a kind of haze which seemed to surround him, at last perceived two eyes dimly twinkling through the mist, which he observed after a short time were in the neighbourhood of a nose and mouth. Casting his eyes down towards that quarter in which, with reference to a man's face, his legs are usually to be found, he observed that the face had a body attached; and when he looked more intently he was satisfied that the person was Mr. Quilp, who indeed had been in his company all the time, but whom he had some vague idea of having left a mile or two behind.

"You have deceived an orphan, sir," said Mr. Swiveller solemnly.

"I!—I'm a second father to you," replied Quilp.

"You my father, sir!" retorted Dick. "Being all right myself, sir, I request to be left alone—instantly, sir."

"What a funny fellow you are!" cried Quilp.

"Go sir," returned Dick, leaning against a post and waving his hand. "Go deceiver, go; some day sir, p'raps, you'll waken, from pleasure's dream to know the grief of orphans forsaken. Will you go, sir!"

"The dwarf taking no heed of this adjuration, Mr. Swiveller advanced with the view of inflicting upon him condign chastisement. But forgetting his purpose or changing his mind before he came close to him, he seized his hand and vowed eternal friendship, declaring with an agreeable frankness that from that time forth they were brothers in every thing but personal appearance. Then he told his secret all over again, with the addition of being pathetic on the subject of Miss Wackles, who, he gave Mr. Quilp to understand, was the occasion of any slight incoherency he might observe in his speech at that moment, which was attributable solely to the strength of his affection and not to rosy wine or other fermented liquor. And then they went on arm-in-arm, very lovingly together.

"I'm as sharp," said Quilp to him, at parting, 'as sharp as a ferret, and as cunning as a weazel. You bring Trent to me; assure him that I'm his friend though I fear he a little distrusts me (I don't know why, I have not deserved it); and you've both of you made your fortunes—in perspective."

"That's the worst of it," returned Dick; "these fortunes in perspective look such a long way off."

"But they look smaller than they really are, on that account," said Quilp pressing his arm. "You'll have no conception of the value of your prize until you draw close to it. Mark that."

"D'ye think not?" said Dick.

"Ay, I do; and I am certain of what I say, that's better," returned the dwarf. "You bring Trent to me. Tell him I am his friend and yours—why shouldn't I be?"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't, certainly," replied Dick, "and perhaps there are a great many why you should—at least there would be nothing strange in your wanting to be my friend, if you were a choice spirit, but then you know you're *not* a choice spirit."

"I not a choice spirit!" cried Quilp.

"Devil a bit, sir," returned Dick. "A man of your appearance couldn't be. If you're any spirit at all, sir, you're an evil spirit. Choice spirits," added Dick, smiting himself on the breast, "are quite a different looking sort of people, you may take your oath of that, sir."—*Master Humphrey's Clock*. vol. i. pp. 217—219.

In spite of his frivolity and dissipation, at the time of our first acquaintance with him, one contracts such a regard for Mr. Swiveller as to rejoice in his final amendment and respectability, and heartily to congratulate him on his union with the Marchioness.

How far the heroine of the tale, little Nell, is altogether well conceived, admits of question; although that Mr. Dickens succeeds in creating a powerful interest in her is proved, if proof were needed, by the numerous letters which it seems he got, beseeching him to spare her life, and bring her fortunes to a happy issue. Beyond all doubt, however, death had laid too firm a hold of her to be balked of his prey. That a young girl, living in such premature intimacy with sorrow and care, with no female—no rational guardian, continually exposed to wind and weather, obliged herself to determine on every step in life, was doomed to an early grave, is so obvious, that they

must have been sanguine indeed, who dreamt of its being otherwise. And, therefore, we have no quarrel with Mr. Dickens on this score. But we do object most strongly to the way in which her dying and her death are worked up. Her appearance after death is told, indeed, in a beautiful piece of writing, which we quote, as in our minds nearly the best *composition* we ever encountered in our author's pages.

"—She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell, was dead. Her little bird,—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed,—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

"And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fire-side had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor school-master on the summer evening; before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night; at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death."—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.

So far Mr. Dickens writes finely and well. But the gradual dying of his young heroine is worked up through several numbers, and with minute touches; and yet, if we except her haunting the old church, not a single christian feature is introduced. The whole matter is one tissue of fantastic sentiment, as though the growth of flowers by one's grave, and the fresh country air passing over it, and the games of children near it, could abate by one particle the venom of death's sting, or cheat the grave of any the smallest element of his victory. We are far, indeed, from demanding the direct introduction of religion in a novel; but then there should not be the introduction of any thing which imperatively requires religion in order to its being fitly represented. The event of Nell's death, in consequence of her premature contact with the worst evils of life, might have been made known to us, and it would have made a beautiful and appropriate, besides being the only possible, close to her sad career; and Mr. Dickens might have brought her friends to see her, as they did after her departure, and described her appearance in the eloquent and touching words we have quoted; and from a manly modesty, indigenous, we think, in his character, abstained from such sacred reflections as he had not at the outset intended to enter on, and for which he might not think his *serial* a very fitting vehicle. But to work up an elaborate picture of dying and death, without the only ingredient that can make the undisguised reality other than "an uncouth hideous thing;" to omit all reference to that by means of which alone the ancient enemy has "grown fair and full of grace, much in request, much sought for as a good;" this is not dealing fairly by us. We either let the whole tissue of false sentiment pass idly by us, or we allow ourselves to be played with by a fantastic juggle, such as no earnest man can tolerate on a subject so tremendously real. Let our thoughts about death be always as practical as death is actual and certain.

Furthermore, we have great doubts as to the propriety of this

incessant working up our feelings by pictures of consumption. It is hardly fair. The subject is, to half the families of England, too fraught with painful reality to be thus introduced in a work of amusement, and amid dreamy sentiment. It suggests reminiscences at once too agonizing and too sacred to make it admissible in fiction. Like the death to which, in all its manifold varieties, it surely, whether slowly and inch by inch, or with impetuous torrent-like rapidity, conducts its prey, consumption is a thing too terribly real to be fitly sported with.

Before dismissing "The Old Curiosity Shop," we must observe, that the language and thoughts of the children about Nell, in the place of her final sojourn, are wholly unreal and unnatural.

From "The Old Curiosity Shop," let us now turn to "Barnaby Rudge," at present Mr. Dickens's last work of fiction, and the only one of any considerable length in which he has carried us out of our own times. Indeed, it is an historical novel, having for its subject the Lord George Gordon riots; and for its moral the inutility and mischief of capital punishments. Of the latter, we will say nothing further just now, than that, while we may freely condemn such incessant hangings as took place during last century, and the beginning of the present, we are not thereby implicated in a condemnation of the punishment by death altogether, to which result we suspect that our author wishes to bring us.

Mr. Dickens's sphere had always seemed so bounded, not merely by the present age, but by the last few years of it, by the very most modern London, the London of cabs and omnibuses,—that we greatly feared at its commencement that Barnaby Rudge was going to be a failure; and a failure, we confess, we for some time thought it. At last, however, it developed itself into a good, powerful, and interesting story, although in the delineation of character there is not the full success of its predecessors. There are two most especial instances, we think, of this failure,—the Idiot and the Fine Gentleman.

The former, as all the world knows, is Barnaby Rudge, the hero of the tale. If Mr. Dickens's experience supplies him with any corresponding original, why then we can only say that he has been more fortunate in his idiots than we. There are two great divisions of irrational people—the idiot and the madman. Barnaby is supposed to belong to the former; who, as far as we have seen, are always disgusting objects, the thought of being touched by whom is an uncomfortable one. Not a gleam of sunlight ever flits over their faces, which are not, however, gloomy, but simply vacant and meaningless—dark from the mere negation of all light. Their features are generally ugly; and their gait and attitudes would be ludicrous, were they not loathsome. This is perfect idiocy; and the various approaches to it, the degrees of being what is called *deficient*, are all marked by stupidity and the total absence of every thing attractive or interesting.

Mania is another affair, for it implies no original defect; and the

previous state may have been all that is noble and commanding and captivating. Mania exhibits the wreck of a mind; and if that which was wrecked was rarely beautiful, then the fragments may still possess rich and glorious excellences. The "sweet bells jangled," though on the whole "out of tune and harsh," may every now and then emit a note or two of melody. But the phenomena of even mania are, we suspect, for the most part horrid. The accuser of human nature takes care to dethrone it from all its dignity when any of those who bear it become in that strange way his victims. Their melancholy is not of this world; no earthly sorrow ever darkened the human soul with a gloom like that. They turn away with the wildest and most lurid scowl of hatred from those who love them, and whom, up to the dark visitation, they ever dearly loved in return. Strange, mysterious, and humbling possession! no fit subject, surely, for playful thought or sentimental picturing art thou.

Madness, therefore, is only tolerable to look at in a very few instances, and hardly in them when the fit is on; and idiocy never. Had Barnaby Rudge been a maniac, his existence could not have been the cloudless, painless one it is represented. Being, as he was, an idiot, it could not have been the lively, fantastic, yet graceful one that Mr. Dickens would have us believe in. On neither supposition would he have discoursed on the matter himself, and compared his own condition with that of persons in full possession of their faculties. We can by no means convince ourselves that such a person ever made speeches like the following:—

"'Look down there,' he said softly, 'do you mark how they whisper in each other's ears; then dance and leap to make believe they are in sport? Do you see how they stop for a moment, when they think there is no one looking, and mutter among themselves again? And then how they roll and gambol, delighted with the mischief they've been plotting? Look at 'em now, see how they whirl and plunge, and now they stop again and whisper cautiously together, little thinking, mind, how often I have lain upon the grass and watched them. I say, what is it that they plot and hatch, do you know?'"

"'They are only clothes,' returned the guest, 'such as we wear, hanging on those lines to dry, and fluttering in the wind.'"

"'Clothes!' echoed Barnaby, looking close into his face, and falling quickly back; 'ha, ha, why how much better to be silly than as wise as you! You don't see shadowy people there like those that live in sleep—not you. Nor eyes in the knotted frames of glass, nor swift ghosts when it blows hard; nor do you hear voices in the air, nor see men stalking in the sky—not you. I lead a merrier life than you with all your cleverness. You are the dull men, we are the bright ones. Ha, ha—I'll not change with you, clever as you are—not I.'"—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, vol. ii. p. 294.

Sir John Chester is equally remote from nature and truth, equally therefore a failure. The author and his artist have alike missed their mark, and presented us with a grimacing monstrosity, having no more foundation in probability, than the mixture of muffins and marmalade which the aforesaid monstrosity once remembered eating. Now and then Sir J. Chester says a witty thing; but the

wit is merely Mr. Dickens's; it has little or no root in his conception of that particular character.

As to the work in general, we freely admit that the plot is good and well brought out; that the scenes and incidents are powerful and vivid; and that Hugh, Dennis, Staggs, and the raven, are both well sketched and well worth the sketching.

And now for Mr. Dickens himself as a whole. In many respects the tone of his works is sound and wholesome. He has no pernicious confusions between virtue and vice, great faith in disinterested goodness, and gives numerous indications of being himself a very benevolent man.

His faults, however, are numerous. His religion, whenever any is introduced, is for the most part such mere pagan sentimentalism, that we should be better pleased by its absence. He is also a radical, probably of the better sort; not a mere panderer to popular passions, nor worshipper of the popular will, but with some grave convictions as to the evil of much in our present social system, which he is too earnest a man altogether to conceal even when writing for popularity and amusement. In many of those convictions we doubt not that we should coincide, for we do not hold radicalism to be altogether void of truth. It has a voice which speaks too powerfully to grave and earnest minds for that to be possible. If man be not dealt with as man, if the bonds which unite the different classes of men be not felt and acted on as deeper, stronger, more substantial and enduring than the barriers which separate them,—if there be real alienation between different orders merely as such,—then beyond all doubt there is something wrong. But Mr. Dickens's road to improvement is not ours. Where we see social wrong, we are all apt to try every experiment except the only successful one—the cultivation of the individual conscience in ourselves, and, as far as may be, in all who are placed within our reach. The radical attacks appointed bounds and ordinances, ancient usage, and prescriptive rights, which, even when not directly and in the highest sense sacred, would nearly always be found helps instead of hindrances to the end he honestly has in view.

This fatal error continually lurks even in our author's pleasantest pages, little as many would imagine that they were charged with any aim deeper than the amusement of the moment. This very unsuspectingness makes it imperative on us to illustrate what we mean.

Whenever, then, Mr. Dickens comes in contact with any one of the objects against which the popular will is most easily tempted into hostility,—the privileged classes, recognised officials, ancient institutions, the laws and their administration,—it is more or less to disparage them. Now, when it is remembered that the number of his readers is pretty nearly commensurate with the number of people within the four seas who read anything at all, this must needs be no slight evil. The author's taunts must find their way to the very persons into whose hearts they are most likely to sink, and where

they are nearly sure to produce evil fruit. Thus in his writings the higher classes are seldom portrayed otherwise than invidiously. The professions fare no better. Law courts—more especially those at the Old Bailey, which speak most powerfully to the feelings of the lower orders, the only ones of which Mr. Weller, sen. took any cognizance—are certainly open to satire. But yet we question how far it is well to represent them as uniformly in the wrong, since we believe that they are much nearer being uniformly in the right in the long run, however singular some steps in their progress may at first sight seem. Again, the Clergy are never introduced otherwise than with a sneer. Has the author to describe a pauper's funeral?—The curate keeps it waiting on a cold wet day for more than an hour.* A city churchyard suggests the reflection of the numbers of dead who lie huddled together there, "all dear brothers and sisters of the clergyman who read the service so fast," &c.;† while the ordinary at Newgate is described as bigoted and unfeeling in his estimate of men in their dying moments.‡ Now we do not deny that there may be cases of careless and unfeeling clergymen keeping mourners waiting in the cold and wet, though we believe them to be of very rare occurrence, the clergyman in respect of time being, as is notorious on such occasions, nearly always the party aggrieved. Nor do we deny but what others may read the burial service hurriedly and heartlessly; or that some may be deficient in delicate consideration whilst preparing the dying for death. But,—and once more, we beg Mr. Dickens to remember by what classes his writings are read,—is it well never to allude to the order except to exhibit it in some light of this sort? a proceeding the unfairness of which is fully equalled by its danger.

One of the instances to which we have alluded, that from *Barnaby Rudge*, is also a specimen of the sickly sentiment which he would substitute as medicine to the dying for the stern joy of the Creed. "The good minister had been greatly shocked, not a quarter of an hour before, at his (Barnaby's) parting with Grip. For one in his condition to fondle a bird!" Now, considering that a court of justice had refused to believe in Barnaby's idiocy, and on the author's own showing we think they well might, the chaplain was, we conceive, fully justified in treating him as one so far capable of thought as to have something more important to do, just then, than "to fondle a bird."

Captain Marryatt is a singularly pleasant manly writer. There is a vein of cheerfulness all through his novels, which makes them at all times most grateful. Of ships, of the sea, and of seamanship, he speaks from experience, and we doubt not with accuracy. In spite of our land-ignorance of nautical affairs, he, for the most part, makes us understand the proceedings he narrates, sufficiently to be livelily interested in them. Though we do not find in him any very original

* *Oliver Twist*, vol. i.† *Nicholas Nickleby*.‡ *Barnaby Rudge*.

conceptions of character,—though we do not consider him particularly creative, he is too observant and shrewd a man, and has seen too much of life, not to present us with lively sketches of what is most external and obvious in his fellow-men. He contrives, too, most excellent pieces of fun; and when he ventures into the region of sentiment, makes no absurd exhibition of himself there; so that, all these merits being put together, he must be considered a very excellent novelist.

One thing about him puzzles us much, his view of morality and religion. No man, not writing professedly on these subjects, can introduce them with a manlier grace than he. No man can better represent the steady influence and support of good principles experienced by those who consistently act on them. His "Poor Jack" is in this respect a worthy companion to his "Masterman Ready;" of which latter book we shall have occasion to speak in another part of this number. And this being so, we are the more moved to ask why Captain Marryatt should ever write in a different style,—why he should introduce so much needless vice into some of his tales? Why should Frank Mildmay, the hero of one of them, be—not an ordinary sower of wild oats, but—as arrant a scoundrel as ever walked in civilized society? His final reformation, effected through the agency of a Bishop, but poorly compensates for the atrocious profligacy and dishonour of which we find him capable, during nearly the whole of our acquaintance with him. Such a man ought not to have been placed on the pinnacle of earthly happiness, after a ten days' probation. Surely the remembrance of guilt like his, and its direful effects, was incompatible with bridal festivities and nuptial joy so soon after. Again, why is the plot of our author's last novel, Percival Keene, such as to preclude its being read aloud in the family circle? And why is the hero made so selfishly alive only to his own interest in the history of his parentage, in no way shocked at the inference as to his mother necessarily involved in that history, and totally regardless of all her feelings in the matter? We regret these drawbacks all the more, because Percival Keene is as pleasant a novel of Captain Marryatt's as any we have read.

So much for our present popular novels, as far as they are known to us. The subject is one on which we neither profess nor possess unbounded learning. Had we read all the novels, *serials*, &c, which are received with favour, and which we hear pronounced *capital*, we are afraid we might be considered by our readers as disabled from the office of "*Christian Remembrancer*."

One remark more about present tastes before we quit the subject. When we think what a preponderance there is in our present fiction of the humorous,—how much the powers of our more secular men of letters are now devoted to *the ludicrous*,—when we recollect our present novels, serials, comic annuals, caricatures, &c., we have need to be on our guard, lest the average intellect of the nation suffer

therefrom. We believe that the many, even amongst the upper classes, have their tastes formed mainly by the light literature of the day; and therefore there seems need to call attention to one of Bishop Butler's justest observations, that "men may indulge a ludicrous turn so far as . . . even as it seems to impair their faculty of reason." The humour of men of great minds, into which it is good that we be able to enter, is always based on something grave and deep, and manifests itself only as a wholesome relief from the severer manifestations of that.

Before bidding adieu to the subject of novels, we are anxious to call attention to one, little connected either with popular tastes or their history, not more remote indeed from the fashions of the day than above them. In the year 1834 there appeared "Eustace Conway, or the Brother and Sister," a novel, in three volumes. Few, perhaps, are cognisant of the fact, nor, now that we have mentioned it, can our readers be supposed to know by intuition, that if they betake themselves to its pages, they will be presented, through the medium of fiction, with great and glorious truths, by one to whom we trust they have listened when addressing them in graver form. "Eustace Conway" is indeed a most extraordinary performance; elevated and profound in its philosophy, religious and Catholic in its spirit, full of well-conceived, well-drawn, and thoroughly individual characters, full of eloquence and full of humour,—crude indeed, and painful, in part of its plot, but deeply interesting nevertheless. Had the elaboration of the story been better, and some of the harsher events been softened, we know no novel in the whole compass of literature that could have been compared with it; and deeply should we have regretted that an author of such powers in this direction had not subsequently followed up his first essay, were it not that he has since been engaged in still nobler and more enduring works.

The time of "Eustace Conway" is some twelve or fourteen years ago, and Eustace, the hero, is a young man of talent and promise, who has just quitted college, eager to bring his opinions to bear on society and mankind. These opinions, however, betray and desert him in time, are succeeded shortly afterwards by higher and truer, though still Pagan ones, which in their turn give way to the Christian faith, and finally, to an unreserved obedience to that faith as embodied in the Catholic Church and her salutary sacraments. Now, we have here exemplified, in an individual, the progress so happily observable in the flower of our English youth. Eustace starts with Benthamism;—like many others some time back, he is a fanatic for a creed of selfishness and individuality, and enthusiastic for that, which, if steadily and consistently followed out, must extinguish all enthusiasm; then, after some vicissitude of temper, practice, and fortunes, he becomes a German spiritualist; then, as we have said, a Christian, though impatient of ordinances; finally, a truly Catholic believer. The progress of all this is admirably sketched, and the causes which are made to operate on his mind indicate, we think, our author's

deep knowledge of the heart. His introduction to actual members of the Benthamite sect went a great way in curing him of his devotion to "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" but still more powerful is the influence of an elder brother in the army, just returned from abroad, whom neither Eustace nor his sister Honoria had seen for many years before. This gentleman, refined and commanding, but the sworn foe of all kinds of earnestness whatsoever, and disdaining to meet that of Eustace, in particular, with argument or even with common conversational fairness,—with whom the latter cannot keep his temper,—does more really to drive Benthamism out of his head and heart than argument or experience of any sort could have done. Here is their first conversation:—

"Henry Conway was tall and graceful in person, and his countenance was not unworthy of his figure. His forehead was arched, his eyes like Honoria's—deep blue; his nose was more regularly Grecian than hers, and his mouth small and delicate. When he was younger, his complexion was very pale, and then his whole countenance must have bordered too much on the feminine. But exposure to various climates, a slight sinking of the cheek, and a very decided though not offensive curl of the upper lip had left him at his present age, of thirty-two, no longer open to that imputation. As to his expression, which we are so often assured constitutes the whole of beauty, I shall only say that his face was well able to express whatever he chose to express by it.

"As he entered the room, Honoria and Eustace very naturally dropped the conversation in which they were engaged, and, what perhaps was not so natural, neither of them seemed sufficiently at ease with their brother to commence a new one.

"In default of any thing else, Eustace asked him if he had been at the opera the night before.

"No, I never frequent operas—I am too old and lazy; they are only fit for college-men like you."

"Eustace considers that the most opprobrious designation in the language," said Honoria; "you must be careful how you apply it to him."

"My dear Eustace, I beg your pardon, I thought you would have been proud of it. However, I believe, whether it be good or bad, you no longer deserve it. Is not that the case?"

"Yes, I have left the place for ever. If it gives you the slightest pleasure to laugh at college-men, you cannot laugh too loud or too long for my taste, and if you will arrange the laugh for two voices I shall be the more obliged to you."

"I never laugh, even by particular desire; if I did, I would endeavour to meet your wishes, for I have encountered some very tiresome college-men."

"The men are not so blameable," said Eustace, "though, no doubt, a vast majority are idiots, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of the remainder will be knaves. It is the system which is so utterly intolerable!"

"The what?"

"The *system*—the university system."

"Ah! I do not know what that is. May I trouble you for a roll?"

"I did not mean by the *system* any thing technical—not the arrangement of the honours—the subordination of offices,—proctor to vice-chancellor, taxer to proctor, and all the rest of that nonsense; nor even the character of the examinations: I meant the general spirit and tone of the place,—in short, the very thing you are complaining of yourself."

"Indeed I was not complaining of it—I am in the most perfect ignorance respecting the university and all that concerns it."

"'But you said, that the men you had met were very disagreeable. Now, that, I say, is owing to the spirit of the place—the extreme dullness and silence which almost universally distinguishes them in company.'

"'For my sins, the men whom I came in contact with were exceedingly noisy and talkative.'

"'Oh, yes indeed, that class is even more intolerable than the other—vehement, ignorant coxcombs!'

"'And very passionate,' said Henry.

"'About questions of no importance,' rejoined our hero.

"'Exactly so.'

"'Such as, what were the names of the first class in such a year? whether the Queen's or Trinity boat was successful in the match half a century ago? what was the time of some vile old fellow's joke? or perhaps their wisdom, adapting itself to their new situation, would discourse about all they had observed in their tours—the excellence of the wax-tapers at Florence,—which of them had descended first into the catacombs at Paris,—or, if they were very ambitious indeed, which carried off the palm of absurdity, by proposing to ascend Mont Blanc!'

"'I do not know whether they started those topics of debate, but I recollect that they talked, day and night, about the atrocity of the continental governments, the unprincipled aristocracy of England, and the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers.'

"'Eustace was silent, but his countenance expressed more than the usual annoyance which one feels at an unexpected back-handed blow.'—*Eustace Conway*, vol. i. pp. 78—81.

Would our readers wish to inspect the private intercourse of these two brothers shortly afterwards? Here is a specimen.

"His political opinions found even less favour with his brother than with Honoria; a circumstance which surprised him not a little. Honoria's remarks respecting him were not difficult to interpret. He knew what his sister was by nature and discipline; that many feelings perfectly genuine in her would seem fantastical to a man of the world; and he easily guessed that in the simplicity of her heart she had given utterance to them, without considering how great a difference there was between the brother with whom she had lived from infancy, and one who had been always a stranger to her. Some indeed, who knew Henry Conway, had expressed their astonishment at the impression which was made upon him by the affectionate cordiality of Honoria's welcome. But if, as this remark seemed to imply, his affections had been slumbering previously, Eustace thought it likely enough that any accident which shocked his taste or temper would send them back to their cells, and restore the pride which they had displaced. He did not wonder, therefore, that Honoria, after a month's intercourse with Henry, had learnt to adopt a very guarded manner in his company; that she never touched upon subjects which, according to the most rigid charts, lay out of her sex's province, and allowed no expression to escape her which was not strictly common-place. His surprise was scarcely greater, that, in spite of this abstinence, some word or phrase, which she had uttered before she understood his character, served as a text for a thousand sarcasms that had no concern with it,—in short, as a general writ of *ne exeat silentio* to her.

"But the dislike which such a person would entertain for whatever he denominated sentiment,—including in that generic name the loftiest feelings, as well as the vilest, and probably, of the two, considering the former most offensive in a woman,—could not affect him. He had no sentimental taint; his political opinions were not those of an enthusiast; the popular charge against them was, that they admitted the existence of too much selfishness in society: what then could expose him to the ridicule of the most practised worldling? When his attempt to win Henry's esteem,

by expressing his unbounded though quite sincere contempt for college-men, and one or two experiments equally ingenious, had failed, he saw that he had reasoned amiss; that his brother's dislike to earnestness was not confined to this or that kind, but extended to all,—religious, sentimental, philosophical, oratorical, artistic, phrenological, parallelogram-istical; and that if he had any choice, he disliked the political most, as the most boisterous. Thenceforth our hero used all diligence to conceal his political profession in his own family.

"Honoria was holding a rather silent session one morning, with Miss Vyvyan, when Henry Conway entered; he had been absent from home nearly a month.

"'Has any thing been heard of the philosopher lately?' he inquired, after a few words testifying suitable indifference to her affectionate greeting.

"'The Scotch gentleman who left his card for you last week?'

"'A philosopher called on me! Is it not enough to keep one in the house?'

"'If you mean me,' said Honoria, 'I have lost all my philosophy. It has been voted that I do not understand tea-making, and my aunt has undertaken my duties.'

"'Doubtless, your "eyes were dimmed with childhood's tears," (I hope I quote the favourite passage correctly,) and you could not see the number of spoonful?'

"'Possibly.'

"'Or you sat waiting for the music of the urn to pass into your face till the water in it was cold?'

"'Very likely.'

"'Or you concluded that the joy which an urn takes in boiling, is something that doth live, and that it would last your pleasure?'

"'I dare say I did.'

"'Eustace,' said his brother, turning to our hero, who had joined them a minute or two before, 'there was a young English Whig and an old French Liberal in the diligence between Bourdeaux and Paris—would not you like to have been in my place?'

"'Not at all.'

"'Why, they talked about revolutions, all night.'

"'I hope you were entertained.'

"'Tolerably well. I went off into a nap twelve times when the Holy Alliance was mentioned, and the same words always woke me.'

"'It must have been a drowsy iteration,' said our hero.

"'I was very thankful,' continued his brother, 'that I had had the advantage of your instructions previously, for I generally knew what was coming, and could sleep with an easy conscience.'

"'I was not aware that I ever talked about the Holy Alliance,' said Eustace.

"'Were you not? What a blunder I committed then, for I told them that I had a brother at home—a flaming Whig.'

"'You told them that I was a Whig?' said Eustace, starting up; 'if there is an animal in the universe that I loathe, it is a Whig.'

"'Have the principles been christened afresh, since I left England?'

"'The principles! What principles?'

"'Those which are professed by you and your brethren. When I was at Winchester, the boys used to call them Whig.'

"'Without meaning it, you have laid the venue of Whiggism most accurately. It is exceedingly proper for boys of six years old and upwards, who write Latin themes, to hold that tyranny is a very bad thing, and liberty a very good thing; that it is very wicked of beings to govern ill; and that the people may rebel whenever it is no longer their duty to submit.'

"'Are not those your opinions?'

" 'My opinions!'

" 'Do instruct me, my dear Eustace. Is tyranny a very good thing, and liberty a very bad thing?'

" 'Is common sense a very desirable thing, and nonsense a very detestable thing?'

" 'I wait for information on that point also.'

" 'When our opinions are to be traduced, sages, like you, talk enough of —'

" 'Me a sage! What will come next?'

" 'Sages in your own estimation; Heaven forbid you should be so in mine!'

" 'Amen!'

" 'I say, you wise men of the world are sufficiently ready to charge us with nonsense; but when we bring it home to another party; when we show that they have been amusing themselves, and insulting mankind with a series of identical propositions,—when we convict them of passing off counterfeit catch-words for true thoughts,—when we show the fools of their faction what a trumpety phrase even their darling civil and religious liberty is, and justify our demonstration by the conduct of the knaves——'

" 'Then — what?'

" 'Why, then,' said our hero, somewhat embarrassed, 'then you think nonsense very commendable.'

" 'My sweet brother, am I a Whig?'

" 'Oh, there is a sympathy between men of all classes who mean nothing: that is the bond of brotherhood in this harmonious age—"Friend, you mean nothing, no more do I." Then be you Whig or Tory, I care not; we are one in heart—let us embrace.'

" 'Do you mean any thing, Eustace?' inquired Henry, meekly.

" 'Nothing that you can understand, sir.'

" 'I feared that was the case, from former experiments; and when I consider the superiority of your talents——'

" 'What vulgar jargon!'

" 'How unfit my poor soldier's wit is to contend with one that has been sharpened at a university!'

" 'Can you not introduce some point into your sarcasms?'

" 'I was just deploring that I could not. Had I been at college—'

" 'Would to Heaven you had, that your wit might be still duller than it is at present!'

" 'But surely it is the duty of high minds to cultivate the inferior——'

" 'Trash!'

" 'To inform their intellects;—to soften their tempers;—to prove what a useful study politics is, by the happy influence which it exerts over themselves.'

" 'He whom the experience of the last twenty years has not taught that ignorance of politics is the greatest disgrace that can befall a man, indifference to it the greatest crime which he can commit, will never learn the lesson, though all the sages in Europe should unite to convince him of it; and he who has once learnt it will never forget it, though all the wittlings in Europe shall conspire to dispossess him of it.'

" 'So saying, he walked out of the room.'—*Eustace Conway*, vol. i. pp. 145—152.

For the result, and in that the first stage of internal history in the Conway family, read what follows.

" 'There was some amongst Eustace Conway's older and sager friends who occasionally laboured to convince him of his political errors. I cannot say that they were very successful. As going to church is so virtuous an act, that any one who performs it feels himself absolved from the necessity of

attending to what passes there, so arguing with a boy implies a depth of condescension which fairly excuses him who stoops to it from the additional trouble of making his arguments relevant. These kind patrons of our hero succeeded in exposing the unreasonableness, absurdity, and childishness of his notions; they only failed in discovering what his notions were. Grave assertions, that men are not such perfect beings as young enthusiasts suppose them to be—well-known instances of patriots who turned misanthropists because they met with dishonesty where they looked for devotedness—elaborate arguments to prove that savage life is not more innocent than civilized—the important intelligence confirmed by ‘we old people know,’ or some such formula, that after all an age of gold did not set in on the 14th of July, 1789,—were not likely to overturn a creed which taught him that men are universally selfish—that any reformer who builds upon the notion of their being otherwise, builds upon rottenness—that men are virtuous chiefly or only because they are civilized—and that the shock of class interests which took place at the French Revolution, could only lead to quietness through confusion and bloodshed. They only drove his opinions further into his mind, and taught him to regard all except his own as connected with a blundering thickheadedness which cannot take in a new notion—a sort of Dominie Sampson simplicity, which fancies that the world in its lusty manhood is to begin again at the first rudiments of grammar.

“Yet, though arguments did not convert him, though ridicule appeared only to exasperate him, though no fair eyes talked him into apostasy, though no ministry offered him a seat at the India Board,—scarcely six months after the date of our last chapter, Eustace Conway had ceased to feel any interest in schemes for the overthrow of governments, and the regeneration of mankind.”—*Eustace Conway*, vol. i. pp. 221—223.

“That a faith which stood in so awkward a position should have been overturned by powerful argumentation, will not appear surprising; but I am bound to confess, that at the time when he ceased to take an interest in political speculation or action, he had heard none which struck him as even plausible—that he did not discover his errors till long after he had abandoned them—and that the most efficient instruments in withdrawing him from a faith which he had received on such irrefragable demonstration, were the taunts of his brother Henry, which he regarded with such just contempt. Disgraceful to our hero’s character as it may appear, so it was; his doctrines slipped from under him like the three-footed stool in the Midsummer Night’s Dream; and it was no specially delegated minister that stole it away, but that same Robin Goodfellow, whose other offices are

‘The fat and bean-fed horses to beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal.
Sometimes to lurk within a gossip’s bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips to bob,
And on her wither’d dewlap pour the ale.’

“Does any one of my readers believe that a scoffing brother is too insignificant an agent to work such an alteration in him, I would counsel him to examine himself well before he adopts such a notion. It is a paltry conceit in reasoners, to fancy that they dispossess their brethren’s hearts of a firmly cherished faith. It is a weak self-deception in the vanquished men to surrender the sword which they can hold no longer, to some enemy of knightly birth and redoubted puissance. It is a beautiful moral discipline which ordains that our conceits shall receive their sentence of dismissal from the meanest officer to whom the commission can be sent, lest all this wretched process of forming opinions and parting with them should be more utterly in vain than, owing to the engrained insolence of human nature, it is at present.

"Politics had made Eustace Conway a stranger to his sister, and in some measure a stranger to himself; yet no experienced friend of his would have rejoiced without trembling at his ceasing to be a politician. No one has a right to congratulate his neighbour that a deeply-rooted conviction has departed out of his mind, unless a truth has replaced it. Earnest feelings may have been entwined around it, and may perish with it. It may have kept alive something of reverence to God, something of love to man; the shock which removes it may deface still further the divine image in his soul; and what a poor compensation, that it substitutes more of ours! and how likely that the void in the heart will be supplied with worse vanities than those which have been abandoned! But we need not draw the picture; one who knew what was in man has told us, that 'when the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest, and finding none. Then goeth he to his house, and findeth it empty, swept, and garnished'—(ay, and with the dry smell of a swept room filling every cranny of the now empty chamber, which had once been furnished with a thousand pictures, and images, and relics)—'then taketh he to himself seven other spirits more wicked than the first; and the last state of that man is worse than the beginning.'

"An unclean spirit had gone out of Eustace Conway; did his experience verify the rest of the description?"—*Eustace Conway*, vol. i. pp. 228—231.

Alas! at first the devil of utilitarian politics only departs to make room for looseness of living; but this endures not long. A most extraordinary incident renders Eustace the guiltless tenant of Newgate. Here he falls in with a German named Kreutzner, from whom he imbibes the anti-material philosophy which, under several varieties, has spread from Germany, and taken possession of the most thoughtful men of the age. Kreutzner's character is inimitable. One little trait, taken from the memoir of himself, which he confers on Eustace, will serve to illustrate him. Having put himself at the head of a regenerating brotherhood, he proceeded as follows:—

"A manifesto of our object was drawn up, and we prepared epistles to the Carbonari of Italy, the Carbonaros of Spain, and the Freemasons of England."

"To the Freemasons of England!" said Eustace, laughing; "what could be the intention of such a document?"

"I was the compiler of it," said Kreutzner. "Our object, you see, was to build an extensive national life upon the foundation of the spiritual life of the individual: of course, therefore, we were in hostility with all states which build up national life upon some other foundation, as that of expediency, and either suppress individual life, or give it no integral value in society; hence we were anxious to form an alliance with all bodies existing independently of the state and working upon our ground."

"You were also, I presume, stimulated to pay our countrymen this compliment, by remembering that our Grand Master is brother to the governor of Hanover?"

"Yes, that weighed with some of us, and still more the report that he was anxious to establish a more popular life in England."

"My dear Kreutzner!" exclaimed Eustace, vainly struggling with convulsions of laughter.

"I am glad I have given you so much amusement," said Kreutzner, without any pique however, and joining in the laugh, which seemed to him perfectly unaccountable.

"I beg your pardon," said our hero, slightly recovering himself; "but I was picturing to myself His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex when he opened

your letter, and discovered that he was engaged in the task of building up a national life upon the spiritual life of the individual.'

" 'You do not think that is his intention?' said Kreutzner.

" 'Very possibly,' said Eustace; 'but he is a Freemason, and keeps it a profound secret.—Pray proceed.'"—*Eustace Conway*, pp. vol. ii. 273, 274.

On getting out of prison, where he never had earned admittance, Eustace Conway forms the eccentric resolution of becoming tutor to the little boy of a very charming Lady Edward Mortimer, a young widow. This he does under the assumed name of Green. With Lady Edward resides an excellent Quakeress of the name of Franklin. It will not surprise those who are conversant with both to learn that Eustace finds many points of contact between his new opinions and those of this excellent person. When it comes to practice, however, the void which separates them surprises and vexes him much. In particular, he cannot get her to be otherwise than shocked by a sentiment for which he is very eager, that Poetry and Religion are but different names for the same thing.

On this point, he has no better luck with the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Wilmot, who is continually surprising him with such gleams of wisdom and manly insight, as he did not suppose a clergyman capable of; but as continually vexing him by showing himself a clergyman after all. The following is an extract from Eustace's journal:—

" *March 15.*—That point about the connexion between poetry and religion is a very useful touchstone to ascertain whether men and women understand themselves. Mr. Wilmot, whom I visited yesterday, cannot abide it any more than Mrs. Franklin. We fell into a conversation on the subject of poetry generally, and I was delighted with his enthusiastic admiration of our older writers, and the felicitous, sometimes profound, remarks which he made upon them. I was delighted too with his ready and evidently considerate assent to my assertion, that the operation of the soul is the only *subject* of poetry, however numerous may be its *objects*. I was still more delighted when he added, of his own accord—'I wonder that any religious person, whose business is with his own soul and with those of his brethren, can prefer those poets who merely paint scenes or describe manners, to the true men from whom he might derive so much solid wisdom.' Yet, when I uttered what seemed to me little more than an echo of his own sentiment, 'Yes, poetry is religion,' he expressed absolute dissent. 'I cannot even compare them,' he said, 'they are not of the same genus. Poetry is an outgrowth of our own minds; religion is a process by which the soul is re-united to a Being greater than itself, from whom it has been separated; and, in order to be efficacious, must be devised by that Being. But if by religion you meant *devotion*, which is unquestionably an effort of the mind, and so far like poetry, I should draw this distinction. Wherever devotion has respect to an object, which the mind has previously formed for its own worship, it will be closely akin to poetry. The creative faculty is conversant with all that lives in the universe, but unquestionably its bias is towards those things or beings which are its own workmanship. But when devotion has respect to a real object—the Creator of our minds, and not their creature; in other words, when it *presumes* religion—it will have no natural connexion with poetry.'

"I asked him whether he considered his definition of religion universally applicable. The cloven foot came out in his reply:—

" 'I believe that every religion attempts the task, which one accomplishes; for I do not call that vague, shadowy belief of a great Spirit, which prevails among Indians in the extreme of barbarism, and Europeans in the extreme of civilization, a religion.'

" 'Why not?' I inquired.

" 'I will mention one text. Every scheme which acknowledges the fact of man's alienation from his Creator, and endeavours to reconcile him, has been successful to a certain extent in binding men to each other; that scheme which can reconcile him, so far as it has been known, has been the great bond of civil society. But the Indians never had a polity; the philosophers cannot devise one which does not go to pieces in a twelvemonth.'

" 'Good churchman's logic this! Religion implies sacrifices and a priesthood, to be sure. In that sense I allow it has nothing to do with poetry.'—*Eustace Conway*, vol. iii. pp. 39—41.

Again, shortly after, we find in the same document what follows:

" *April 2.*—I am fated not to be in agreement with Mr. Wilmot, even when there seems most chance of it. He hates 'Paley's Moral Philosophy' most cordially, and he cannot hate it more cordially than I do; but when we talked of it the other day, he said, 'That book has brought a great curse with it, and I fear will leave a greater curse behind it. Its popularity, I think, is declining daily. But when the meagre canons of expediency are gone, what will replace them? I have the feelings of a lover and a child towards the University which has lent them its venerable sanction, and I tremble to think that in it the reaction is already beginning. German spiritualism will be found a bad exchange even for English materialism. In the latter, man is only a clod; in the former he is nothing at all—a dream, a mere logical fiction, and yet an object of idolatry.'

" 'I should not have expected this, even from a clergyman; but the marvel is, how the man, who, in ordinary cases, does not want for logical consistency, keeps his opinions together. He is an enemy of selfishness; admits my charge against the religious world on that score; allows that they sympathise with fish, soup, and patty-men, more than with thinking men, and that this is a great argument of rottenness in their system; and yet, almost in the same breath, denounces the only class which does sincerely oppose themselves to the worldly spirit! O these gowns! these gowns! what monstrous contradictions will they not cover.'—*Eustace Conway*, vol. iii. pp. 50, 51.

" *April 5.*—When I first heard Mr. Wilmot's abuse of German spiritualism, I was too much astonished to reply. To-day I begged an explanation. So far as I could understand him, the head and front of these spiritualists' offending is, that they consider the cultivation of the faculties the main business of an intelligent being; 'thus destroying,' says Mr. Wilmot, 'all difference between the powers of man and the soul of man—between that which he has, and that which he is. Here is the old complaint newly worded, that we forget the moral part of man's nature in our devotion to the intellectual. I showed Mr. Wilmot clearly enough, I thought, that it is grounded upon a mistake of classification. It pleases him to call every faculty intellectual, whereas we cannot, without an abuse of language, give that name to any of them, except simply the understanding, or the power of calculation. The imagination is surely not an intellectual, but a creative faculty; and the will is neither an intellectual nor a creative faculty, but a moral. I believe firmly that a man's sole business is to cultivate his powers; but which powers? the understanding only? that is the heresy of our commercial philosophers, our economists, and our utilitarians; or the imagination only? that might give us another Keats, but no more Miltons; or the imagination and the intellect together? No, even that would be utterly inadequate, unless you added, over and above all, the cultivation of his will, by which we correct, guide, and govern all the rest.'

" 'We may cultivate all our dispositions, feelings, affections, as much as we

will,' replied Mr. Wilmot; 'but so long as we are the cultivators, something will remain to be cultivated still; and that something no less a thing than ourselves. If your feelings ever sustain a violent shock, this truth will come upon you with a conviction which no argument can impart.'

"There is a self-sufficiency, an impertinence in these appeals to experience, which I cannot away with. They profess to prove every thing, and in reality prove nothing."—*Eustace Conway*, vol. iii. pp. 53—55.

By and by he holds this interesting conversation with Mr. Wilmot, who is a truly delightful person.

"I am rejoiced to find," said Eustace, after a pause, 'that, however we may differ on some points, we are agreed upon premises. We equally detest a vulgar religion; and the only question is, how it may be avoided?'

"Not, my friend, by running into vagueness. A vague religion is not the opposite to a vulgar religion, but the germ of it. Where vagueness does not evaporate into indifference, it nearly always curdles into sensualism.'

"You think the assertion, on which we disputed so long the other day, that poetry is religion, implies vagueness in my notions of the subject. Now that I do not see. If we either of us held the ordinary doctrine, that poetry is governed by no laws, but what are derived from the imaginary thing called *taste*—a word meaning, in plain English, the collected breath of the one-shilling gallery, to which belongs the mysterious power of blowing soap into air-bubbles—there might be reason in your objection. But we are agreed that poetry in its own kind is as definite as science, and may be tried by principles equally certain. I cannot understand, therefore, how I introduce any looseness into the notion of religion by identifying them.'

"Precisely, I apprehend, as you would introduce looseness into the notion of religion by identifying it with mathematics, the most exact of all studies. I would venture, if I may do it without arrogance, to tell you something of my own experience in this matter. A great many circumstances (I will not trouble you with a narration of them) had given me, at an early age, a deep interest in poetry. I did not read it as an amusement, nor that I might indulge a habit of criticism; but I studied it in a spirit of zeal and admiration, as a record of those human feelings in which I had been, or wished to be, a sharer. I read only the greatest poets; and I endeavoured not so much to understand them, as to become one with them—to feel as they felt—to create as they created. You will very easily see, that what I so deeply loved would soon unconsciously be worked into my character, and would give a tone to my conversation. Twenty-five years ago, the great poets of our day were only beginning to be known; and the notion of any deep significance belonging to an art, the perfection of which was thought to be exemplified in the Botanic Garden, was, I can hardly say, scouted, but regarded with the same quiet indifference as the dreams of alchemy. As men now will smile at such doctrines, even where they are supported by argument and eloquence, you may imagine how my simple belief in them as truths that required no evidence, was treated. In a very short time, however, I began to make proselytes; and then we raised our voices, and declaimed against the low worldly notions of our opponents, as they did against our sentimentality and enthusiasm.'

"I think I can guess the result," said Eustace, smiling; 'you became vain of your reputation; your love of poetry turned into a profession, and from that time you lost all the good you had formerly derived from it. But does not the same result happen even more frequently in other cases? Is it not rather a proof of the resemblance between religion and poetry, that both of them are liable to dwindle into precisely the same formality?'

"But you have not anticipated rightly," said the clergyman. 'I very soon became weary of hearing persons talk about poetry, who, I was convinced, knew and cared nothing for it in reality, and regretted I had given currency to a set of phrases, which made such a loose profession easy. I ran

away from my disciples, and returned to my masters, whom I found as real and living as ever. Every day my views grew brighter—my idea of the beautiful, and the good, and the true, more exalted; my will became less bound to sense; the things around me seemed to be less my masters, and more my servants. A severe illness came. When I recovered, every thing around me was vacant, dreary, and desolate. The bright light which had coloured every object was then no more, for it had been reflected from the eye that gazed upon it, and that eye was dim; the form of purity and loveliness, which the soul had created for its own enjoyment, was dead and motionless—for the springs of life, from which it was supplied with life, were dried up; the will, which was able to achieve impossibilities, could not lift the weight of a feather. My reasoning powers, however, were not so extinguished, but that they could harass me with agonizing questions about myself and my own identity. Did these thoughts—those dreams—these hopes actually belong to me? Where did they come from? what were they! what am I? A time of distracting doubt and disquietude followed. There was nothing stable to me in earth or heaven. I became an infidel, an Epicurean. But even the universal denial which barricadoes every avenue through which doubt may enter in, has found no artifice for excluding the question, 'What am I?' It came to me again, and again, and again. Physical science, I knew, could not answer; for that treats of a world in which there are no *I's*. The metaphysician could not answer it—no, not even Fichte, with his *Ich*, and his *Nicht, Jah*. Poetry could not answer it; for, though it embodies all the operations of self, that mighty agent it can never discover. Nor should I ever have found an answer to it, if I had not learnt the meaning of that voice which the Jewish shepherd heard at night, proclaiming from a burning bush,—'I AM THAT I AM!'

"Shortly after they reached Mr. Wilmot's house, and Eustace wished him good morning.

"This was a teasing disagreeable conversation, in which there was nothing of the pleasure, and nearly all the discomforts, which follow a well-sustained argument. He felt angry with the clergyman for his remarks on poetry, and for parading his own experience. But, on the other hand, he discovered that Mr. Wilmot possessed human feelings in spite of his ordination; and it was in our hero's nature to honour these, even when they lurked under a regal, judicial, or sacerdotal robe."—*Eustace Conway*, vol. iii. pp. 78—83.

But do not let our readers fancy that Mr. Conway is a grave philosopher all this while; on the contrary, he is as absurd and impetuous a person as one might wish to meet; and out of an entire misapprehension, calls his good-humoured friend, Morton, a villain, which leads to a duel between them, in which both parties fear they may find some difficulty in procuring seconds, but both contrive to get very passable ones.

"Eustace expressed his deep obligations—

"'Not at all, Mr. Green—not at all,' said the man of medicines; 'I like to do these little acts of friendship, it will be pleasant to reflect upon them in the evening of one's days. Mr. Green, you may depend upon it, a well-spent life is a source of constant inward satisfaction; and how can we spend our lives better, than in contributing to the welfare of our fellow-creatures? And when one thinks of it, Mr. Green, you could not have done better than come to me. It is consolidating two offices, just what Mr. Canning has been doing. Could you have conceived, Mr. Green, that he would have made himself Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man who knows no more of accounts?—Well, well, we must let the world take its own way—Are you provided with pistols?'

"Eustace answered in the affirmative.

"'Ah, then, all I need do is to bring a case of instruments—Good morning.'

"Eustace felt much consoled in his own selection of a friend, when he received

the expected visit from Morton's. This was a Mr. Glover, a young gentleman from Cambridge, whose acquaintance with Morton originated in their having travelled two hundred miles in the same coach. Even under his present circumstances, Eustace could not help being amused by the manner of this plenipotentiary. The predominant feeling indicated by it, was one of delight, at the unexpected honour which had been thrust upon him. The thought of being the second in a duel—of informing his friends that he had been one—of being possibly involved in a trial, was almost too much for the mind of Mr. Glover. He could not yet frame a conception of any thing so magnificent—it must be meditated upon in the night-watches—it must be regarded in various lights, as to the effects which it would produce upon this man, who had affected to commiserate the juvenility of his whiskers, and upon that lady, who within a too recent period had patted his cheeks; it must be measured against similar far smaller distinctions, on which the Goliaths of his set piqued themselves, before it could be comprehended by his imagination in all its vastness; at present, its vague sublimity deprived him to a great degree of his self-possession. Yet Mr. Glover, though like Mrs. Gilpin, 'on pleasure he was bent,' had a conscientious mind, and felt that, to whatever risk of disappointment he exposed himself, it was still his duty, in order that he might perform the commission according to the precedents made and provided in novels, to run over the different arguments, which prove, beyond the possibility of refutation, that it is wrong, and even foolish, to fight duels, except indeed in those cases in which it is not foolish or wrong; and that it is always desirable to avert the necessity by explanation, unless it should happen that an explanation cannot be creditably or conveniently afforded. Eustace admired the high tone of principle in the youth's mind, and was anxious to reward him, by relieving any anxiety he might feel, lest his eloquence should be successful. He therefore observed with great solemnity, that this *was* one of the excepted instances. The youth regretted that he was not more minutely acquainted with the cause of quarrel between his friend Morton and Mr. Green, as he might suggest some mode of reconciliation. Eustace thanked him for his intentions, observed that the quarrel could not be very intelligible to a stranger, and requested him to make the necessary arrangements with Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Glover said, that if any words had been spoken in haste on either side, they might be recalled. Eustace said that no words had been spoken in haste on either side, and that Mr. Jenkins might be found at the King's Arms. The youth quitted him with a very gloomy face, and a heart full of satisfaction."—*Eustace Conway*, vol. iii. pp. 123—126.

Conway is wounded by Morton, and soon finds out his mistake about him.

" 'Jenkins,' he exclaimed, 'will you, to whom I am already under the greatest obligations, confer one more upon me?'

" 'Oh, certainly, Mr. Green,' said the apothecary, looking up from a newspaper in which he had lost himself; 'but I think you had better recover from this bout before you turn out again.'

" 'I hope never more to trouble you in that way. The favour which I intreat of you is, that you will write a letter for me to my late antagonist, Mr. Morton. I find that I have behaved with the grossest injustice; I must beg his pardon; and if you think a letter would not reach him, I will set off for London immediately.'

" 'That's a measure I should scarcely recommend, Mr. Green. Hereafter change of air may be useful, but not till the fever has considerably subsided; and, as to the particular purpose you speak of, it is not necessary, for Mr. Morton is at my house.'

" 'At your house! you do not mean that he has remained in the neighbourhood at the risk of his life?'

" 'Yes; I could not persuade him to go till he knew that you were better. So, as we had a spare room in our house and no lodger just now, he took it.'

" 'And this friend I might have killed !'

" 'A near touch, it must be confessed. The ball went quite through the crown of his hat ; he has given it one of my little boys, who keeps curiosities. A devilish nice fellow he is, Mr. Green : he holds me to the bottle though. I am a temperate man myself, but there's no withstanding you college gentlemen when you are bent upon making a night of it.'

" 'And do you think if I wrote to intreat him he would visit me here ?'

" 'Wrote to intreat him ! why, he'll come with the greatest pleasure. The very first night he proposed we should drink your health ; and he added, May he not be much longer the Green Man and Still ! for which I fined him a bumper. We passed a most pleasant evening, I assure you.'

" 'When Morton entered the room, Eustace apologized, in language of the bitterest self-reproach, for his mad and guilty behaviour.

" 'My dear Conway, what a fuss you make about a trifle. How should I have been able to recognize you under your disguise, if you had not done some unaccountable action ? It is the badge of your identity, and I should be very sorry to see you part with it.'

" 'I should be most happy to throw it aside at once and for ever,' said Eustace.

" 'If your ball had passed through my body instead of my hat, perhaps I might have felt a little sore ; but really, as you are lying there, and I am sitting here, I think the favour is all on my side.'"—*Eustace Conway*, vol. iii. pp. 147—149.

After a tragedy, truly shocking, in which his sweet and noble sister Honoria is involved, Eustace takes her, with his cousin, Maria Vyvyan, to his place in the north. He is now much improved, "a sadder and a wiser man," feeling that the root of spirituality is not in himself, and believing the living God. He is out of spirits, and also somewhat out of humour, though far from being devoid of occupation or enjoyments.

"His next undertaking was of a loftier kind. The manners and customs of hogs riveted his attention, and he aspired to lay the foundation of a great piggery. For a time his whole mind seems to have been occupied with this subject, and there is an allusion to it in every page of his journal. He talks very much of the mild, gentle feelings, which were cultivated in him by intercourse with this interesting part of creation. He seems also to have felt that they had anticipated him in some philosophical discoveries, at which he had not arrived without much trouble and distress of mind. 'I have ascertained,' he remarks, 'that the will is not omnipotent—the pigs never believed it to be so.' The general benignity of nature, which he derived from this enjoyment, seems to have extended to his cousin.

" 'Maria,' he says, 'is a good girl. The improvements in her head-dress are certainly astonishing, and she takes a real interest in my piggery.'

"But there are some offences, which, even in his present temper, he seems to have considered unpardonable.

" 'Maria and Honoria,' he remarks, 'never lay an emphasis upon their words. How I love them for that peculiarity ! Many of their sex who come here, seem to me as if they were talking out of their own letters. There are half a dozen deep broad dashes in every sentence. One says, He is a very *go—od* man, but there is *s-s-s* a *want-t-t* of SOMETHING.—Another, Yes, poor little creature,—there is no *harm* in her, but she has no *MIND*, (oh ! that mind ! Maria looked so compassionately towards me—she saw it was driving me mad.) A third, She has a delightful flow of *THOUGHT*. And one had actually the impudence to ask me, if I had not meditated much on Ed—u—ca—shun. Yes, I replied, I am training up a family of beautiful little pigs, who, I trust, will prove ornaments to the sty in which they move.'"—*Eustace Conway*, vol. iii. pp. 260, 261.

Our space admits of no more extracts. We have already announced that Eustace Conway arrives finally at the love and the practice of Christian truth. We have been able to give a very imperfect sketch of his internal history, and we have said nothing of his sister Honoria's fortunes—sad ones indeed, but redeemed from bitterness by the heavenly fragrance of her heart and soul. Neither can our extracts give the reader any conception of the thrilling interest of the story, in spite of all its defects, or of the crowded gallery of strongly-marked characters which he will find in its compass. These he must discover for himself; and while, in answer to the objection some may make to our having devoted so many pages to the subject of novels—that such a proceeding is unworthy of the aim we profess in our title-page, we are prepared to say, that it is a subject of too general concern for us, in our capacity of *Christian Remembrancer*, to overlook,—we may also add our persuasion, that this article will not have been written in vain, if it have the effect of leading any to read and meditate on *Eustace Conway*.

The Temple Church. By C. G. ADDISON, Esq., Author of "*The History of the Knights Templars*." London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman. 8vo. Pp. 127.

A Glance at the Temple Church. By FELIX SUMMERLY. London: Bell and Wood. 12mo. Pp. 14.

THE restoration of the Temple Church (now nearly completed, which has been carrying on for more than two years) is an event so important and novel in itself, and so likely to influence restorations in future, that it becomes necessary to furnish our readers with some account of the church, and the repairs which have been so liberally bestowed. Having got together our materials for this purpose, we have just received Mr. Addison's work on the subject, and place it at the head of our remarks. It is quite desirable that the recent repairs should be put on record in a more accessible form than notices in periodicals can give them, that future times may know how great was the change effected; for we trust that in a few years it will be only from such sources as Mr. A.'s book that we shall discover to how barbarous and mean a condition the churches of England were reduced in the 18th and 19th centuries.

As the history of this church is tolerably well known, we shall mention it but briefly. "Weaver" gives the following tradition, which is certainly not true of the present building, though it is possible it may be of an earlier one. "The 1st founder hereof is not certainly recorded; some hold that it was built by Dunwallo Mulmutius, about the year of the world's creation 4748,

the precincts whereof he made a sanctuary, or place of refuge for any person therein to be assured of life, liberty, and limbs. Besides these privileges unto Temples, he constituted divers good laws, of which he writ two books—the one called *Statuta Municipalia*, the other *Leges Judiciariæ*, which is as much as to say, The Statute Law, and the Common Law. Having reduced his realm into one monarchy, being before by civil wars and dissensions severed and brought into divers dominions, he reigned 40 years, died the year of the world's creation 4768, and was buried in this place with other of the British kings. But it appeareth by this inscription following, over the church door in the stonework, that this holy structure was newly founded of far later times, and dedicated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin; yet I think it is far more ancient:— ✠ Anno ab incarnatione Domini MCLxxxv., dedicata hæc ecclesia in honore beatæ Mariæ, a domino Eraclio, Dei gratia, sanctæ resurrectionis ecclesiæ Patriarcha, IIII. Idus. Februarii. Qui eam annatim petentibus de injuncta sibi penitentia, Lx. dies indulxit." This inscription gives the true date of the round portion of the church. The founders were the order of Brethren of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, commonly called Templars, or Knights of the Temple. This order began in the year 1118; and it is probable that in the beginning of Stephen's reign they were settled in the chief house of their order in England, viz. the old Temple, without Holborn Bars, on the south side of the street, near Southampton Buildings. About a century ago, part of the old Temple Church was discovered, in pulling down some old houses. It was built of Caen-stone, and circular like the present church. In the year 1185, they removed to a more commodious habitation, at the west end of Fleet Street, which was called the New Temple, where they flourished in great wealth and honour, under the government of a Master, who was head of all the preceptories and houses of these Knights in England, but he himself subject to the Grand Master of the order. The eastern, or square part of the church was consecrated in the year 1240, and Matthew Paris, who was present, gives the following description. "About the same time (A.D. 1240) was consecrated the noble church of the New Temple at London, an edifice worthy to be seen, in the presence of the king and much of the nobility of the kingdom, who, on the same day, that is to say, the day of the Ascension, after the solemnities of the consecration had been completed, royally feasted at a most magnificent banquet, prepared at the expense of the Hospitallers." The whole religion, as it was called, or order, was extirpated all over Europe about the year 1312, chiefly by contrivance of Pope Clement V., and Philip, King of France. This their house and church in London was, after a short interval, granted to the Knights Hospitallers of the

order of St. John Baptist, called St. John of Jerusalem, who leased the same to the students of the common law. The law students held the Temple on lease, "defending one Christian from another, as the old Templars did Christians from Pagans," till the time of James I., who, in the sixth year of his reign, granted the whole to Sir Julius Cæsar, Knight, the Benchers and others of the Temple, and their assigns for ever.

As might be expected, there were formerly many priests attached to the temple. With our ancestors, religion was something real. Of the *reformed* establishment Weaver says, "Since the dissolution of the Hospitallers in the time of Henry VIII., there hath been a divine, by the name of a Master or Custos, belonging to this church. Besides the Master there is a Reader, who readeth divine service twice a day, at eight o'clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon." Whatever the reader may have done formerly, he has not done this for many years, and we are glad to hear that, in this important respect, the Templars meditate, and indeed have determined upon, a restoration. That such a church should be shut up from Sunday to Sunday, or only opened in the interval for Wednesday and Friday prayers, is impossible. We hope the choir will attend at all the services.

In the various changes which we have narrated above, the church, which is now almost the only remaining ancient building, suffered severely, and was desecrated into a common lounge at one time, as was the nave of Old St. Paul's. Stow says, "Formerly the church appears to have been the general resort of the students and others, as we see by 'A Description of the Form and Manner how by what Orders and Customs the state of the Fellowship of the Middle Temple is maintained, and what ways they have to attaine unto Learning;' written in the time of King Henry VIII. In this we find the following item:— 'The learners have no place to walk in, and talk and confer their learnings, but in the church, which place all the term times hath in it no more quietness than the pervyse of Paul's, by occasion of the confluence and concourse of such as are suitors in the law.'"

Having narrowly escaped the flames in 1666, a considerable sum was spent upon it; but as the enlightened taste of those times, of course, considered the church erected on false principles of art, the fittings and other ornaments were of Roman design. It was pewed and wainscotted with wainscot above eight feet high, an oak altar-piece was carried up high into the eastern window, adorned with pilasters, columns, and entablatures of the Corinthian order, with cherubims, shields, festoons, fruit, and leaves; and a rail and banister were added, to enclose the altar on three sides. This last arrangement, most unhap-

pily, the Templars still seem to hold in great admiration. The pulpit was added at the same time, expensively carved with cherubims, &c., and was placed in front of the altar, with two desks, on a descending scale, in front. This arrangement was, as we well remember, picturesque in the extreme, to say nothing of the religious principle involved. Those who wish to understand its effect may see it in the churches of Islington parish, and in most, if not all, proprietary chapels. An oak screen, with three doors, and an organ gallery, with pilasters and pediments, the royal arms, cherubims, &c., completed the western end. Monuments increased from time to time, fitter for the dining-hall than the church. Roman urns, with flames issuing forth, were set up, instead of crosses, on the gables. Later repairs have been equally felicitous. In 1706, the church was "wholly new whitewashed," and the pillars of the round part wainscotted. It was again repaired in 1811, and finally, in part, in 1827. This church, in fact, required nothing but galleries up each aisle, to make it as perfect a specimen as any extant of our worthy ancestors' taste in church fittings during the last two-and-a-half centuries. It was only to be expected that such a church, in the hands of a body of men so well informed on general subjects, should be the first restoration on a grand scale in the kingdom.

And now, before proceeding to describe the present state of the church, we must premise, that, although it has been desecrated for more than two years, no "reconciliatory service" is, as far as we can learn, to be used at its reopening. In fact, we possess no such service. The process necessary now, is not that of consecration, but of what is technically termed "*reconciliation*." For want of something authoritative, that zealous Churchman, Archbishop Laud, was compelled in the case of St. Katharine Creed Church, London, (which was an old church desecrated by repairs,) to use a service upon his own authority merely, which Convocation had never sanctioned, and for which he could not urge any sufficient authority at his trial. It is much to be hoped that such a service may soon be added to our somewhat scanty Pontifical.

We will now proceed to describe, from personal inspection, the appearance which the church at present presents. The entrance-porch has been restored, and part of a house pulled down to divert the public passage round it, instead of through it. Another set of chambers, however, at present plays the part of a "camera obscura" to a fine wheel window in the western front, which is much to be regretted. This window was brought to view internally during the progress of the works. The ground has been cleared away to its original level at this part; the porch and fine Norman entrance-doorway have been restored; the porch enclosed with iron railing; and a new

and massive oak door, with exceedingly beautiful scroll hinges, has replaced the late panelled one. These are indeed great improvements, and quite prepossess one, on entering, in favour of the restorations. It is surely something to recover the porch, (which was, of course, consecrated with the rest of the church,) from being a mere common passage, in which nobody ever uncovered himself.

The round or western portion of the church, into which we now pass, is furnished with new purbeck marble columns, (the old being much decayed;) a new ceiling, painted in bright colours by Mr. Willement, replaces the late one, which was modern. On the margin of the vaulting is inscribed ✠ *Exaltabo te Deus meus rex: et benedicam nomini tuo. Per singulos dies benedicam tibi: et laudabo nomen tuum. Magnus Dominus et laudabilis nimis: et magnitudinis ejus non est finis. Confiteantur tibi Domine omnia opera tua. Aperis tu manum tuam: et implees omne animal benedictione. Laudationem Domini loquetur os meum. Alleluia.* The sculptured figures of the Knights Templars have been restored in a very successful manner. The triforium story has been converted into a depository for the modern monuments, which formerly disfigured the church below. That they are not worth the trouble of climbing up to see, we warn those of our readers to whom a staircase is an object. A new stone belfry turret has been erected over the staircase, on the north side, for the bell, which formerly hung in the roof over the centre. The design of this is unfortunately far from good. There is one window of stained glass in the clerestory, presented by Mr. Willement, representing our Saviour enthroned, within the "vesica piscis," surrounded by the emblems of the Evangelists, with the following scripture beneath it:—"Tu autem Domine in eternum permanebis: solium Tuum in generationem et generationem." There is no font in the church, which is surely an omission, as the Templars are extra-parochial, and many children must be born within their precinct. It would extremely become this part of the church, even if it were unnecessary, which it is not.

It is in the eastern or square part of the church that the greatest improvements have been effected. From the western door to the altar is now an unbroken prospect. Every one of the former fittings is removed. Neither organ-screen nor pulpit now interposes between us and the beautiful windows with which this end of the church has been fittingly adorned by Mr. Willement. The subjects for the east windows are well chosen. The principal events in the life of our Saviour are here depicted. The annunciation, nativity, the angels appearing to the shepherds, the wise men before Herod, and the adoration of the infant Jesus, the flight into Egypt, the presentation in the temple, Christ among the doctors, the Baptism, the marriage at Cana, the calling of

St. Peter, the transfiguration, the entry into Jerusalem, the last supper, Christ before Pilate, the bearing the cross, the crucifixion, Joseph begging the body of Jesus, the soldiers guarding the sepulchre, and the resurrection. The events succeeding the resurrection are then added, viz. the women at the Sepulchre, and Christ appearing to Mary, the journey to Emmaus, and Supper, the Ascension, and Christ seated in glory. The windows at the eastern ends of the aisles are filled with subjects in stained glass, illustrative of the history of the Knights Templars; viz. the temple at Jerusalem, the city of Bethlehem, the "Sigillum Templi," &c. and equestrian figures of some of the Masters. These windows are extremely beautiful, and merit the very highest praise for design and execution; in both respects they are wonderful. In the middle, on the south side of the chancel, is another window of stained glass, representing full-length figures of angels playing on various musical instruments. The centre angel holds a scroll, with the scripture, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. The window jamb is inscribed:—
 ✠ *Laudate Dominum in sono tubæ.* ✠ *Laudate eum in psalterio et cythara.* ✠ *Laudate eum in tympano et choro.* ✠ *Laudate eum in chordis et organo.* The rest of the windows are glazed extremely well, with plain glass in ancient patterns. We still must agree with Felix Summerly, that "they sadly cry out for colour." They present a fair opportunity for individual donations, or for mortuary memorials, and we hope the example set by Mr. Willement's gift, in the clerestory of the round, will be followed by others. The extreme eastern windows on the north and south sides require it especially, to render them consistent with the ceilings above. The grey light of day is very cold in contrast with the rich hue of the surrounding decorations. Above the altar windows is the following inscription: ✠ *Lex Domini immaculata convertens animas. Testimonium Domini fidele, sapientiam præstans parvulis. Justitiæ Domini rectæ lætificantes corda. Preceptum Domini lucidum illuminans oculos. Timor Domini sanctus permanens in seculum seculi. Judicia Domini vera justificata in semetipsa.*

Figures of those English kings in whose time the Templars flourished, are painted on the western wall looking towards the altar. The "*Te Deum*," and other inscriptions, adorn the walls below. The groined ceiling of the whole of this part of the church is painted with foliage of early English character in blue and red, with the badges of the two Temples, the holy Lamb and flying horse, the Templars' banner and motto "Beauseant," the cross surmounting the crescent, &c. We quite agree with Mr. Addison, who remarks at page 60, that, "It is a pity that the Pagan emblem of the winged horse, or Pegasus, was ever introduced into the Temple, or planted in

the venerable church of the warlike monks." The colours are heightened in the extreme eastern compartment above the altar, and the subjects changed to the emblems of the holy Evangelists, to represent the increased sanctity of this division of the church.

Good taste and propriety have been eminently observed in these decorations; it would be difficult to say enough in praise of the skill displayed; but on descending from the ceiling to describe the arrangements on the floor, our tone must somewhat change. In some respects we had expected much better things. The architects employed have, we think, shown themselves possessed of very scanty stores of antiquarian information. We speak advisedly when we say, the architects; for no one who looks at what has been done can allow them to plead the excuse, that they were cramped by the Benchers, whose munificence is indeed above all praise.

To begin with the altar and eastern arrangements generally. The reredos is beautifully painted with a cross and the holy name, on a blue ground, *semè* with stars; and its poverty of design is thus in some degree concealed. But poor and meagre in itself it certainly is, and most clumsily adapted to the space it fills. The outline of the canopies, starting up one above another into the eastern windows, is to us very unpleasant, and reminds us of nothing better than the new reredos at Canterbury. There is too much pretension about it. From the western end of the church, where the coloured decorations of it are not discernible, its faults of design are particularly evident. The ancient ambryes behind it are filled up with brickwork and concealed; whereas a true restoration of them with oak-doors and scroll hinges would not at all have marred the appearance of the most beautiful panelling. A double piscina, and the bishop's tomb on the southern side of the altar, and an ambrye on the northern, have been well restored at great expense, and are beautiful in themselves. These, however, are hidden from general view, almost as effectually as by the late wainscot, as the side stalls with which the church is furnished are carried up to the extreme eastern end. The altar by this means is blockaded; all the meaning which is conveyed by the increased richness of the last compartment of the aisle ceiling is destroyed, and the most beautiful minor features in the church concealed. This is Vandalism, which we had no right to expect at the present moment in such a quarter.

"Out of sight out of mind" is an old proverb; and we think this bishop's effigy, if visible, would have been a good memento of the faithful departed, to the present Templars while engaged in their worship. It would have reminded them that the church is constituted of the dead in Christ as well as the living—that their interests and duties are, in part, still the same as our own.

To realize such things, we think a sepulchral effigy of admirable use, and do indeed deplore the concealment of the present one. The very uncertainty we are in, as to the person represented, increases its value; in it we rather realize a class than an individual, and this is an unquestionable advantage. Mr. Addison mentions this figure as if no such doubt existed. It has, however, been claimed for Heraclius, the patriarch of Jerusalem, who consecrated the round church in the 12th century. But there is little doubt that it represents a bishop of the western, and most probably of the English, church. Mr. Addison, on the authority of Nichols, ascribes the monument to Silvester de Everdon, Bishop of Carlisle, who died in the year 1255.

Other grievous mistakes have, however, been made. There is nothing in the church to be compared for barbarism to the enclosure which has been designed for the altar. What can be the object of that weight and height of stone with which it stands surrounded? Is it designed for the purpose of concealing the very beautiful altar-cloth? The least that can be done is to discard the double gates, and thus somewhat lighten the effect. Such an arrangement has no higher authority than the time when the late oak balustrade, now removed, was invented, and yet this work is called a restoration. We must be careful how we stamp such doings with such a title, or the consequences to other churches may be calamitous. The only ancient fences to holy places were screens, and the ceiling in this instance plainly indicated the space which should have been enclosed. These screens should have been placed within the eastern column spaces on either side of the altar, which should itself have been raised at least three steps. There is an utter want of meaning about the present number—two. If there were no third screen in front, the approach should have been broken by a litany stool and eagle, as at St. Paul's, and in college chapels, with which such a church as this should take rank. The design of these should have been carefully appropriate. Enamelled altar candlesticks, and an alms bowl of an ancient pattern, are absolutely essential. Such things are most to be desired as private donations, and there is no doubt we shall soon hear of their being offered.

Another feature omitted, which entirely destroys all claim in the eastern arrangements to the title of restoration, is the table of credence or prothesis, standing on the south side below the altar, to receive the elements previously to their oblation. The collegiate church at Manchester is an instance, we believe, of a large church in which this arrangement (which is undoubtedly very ancient) has always been maintained, and many smaller churches may be mentioned, as Hornsey, Middlesex. In the best churches now building, this necessary adjunct is always

supplied. In the church of St. Cross, Hampshire, is an ancient specimen. The eastern doors, if they are to be used by any but the Clergy, are very objectionable.

And while on this subject we may ask the Benchers, what restoration of altar vestments has been attempted? The practice of the English Church, (in cathedrals and colleges, at least) to the great rebellion, was to employ copes in addition to the surplice when at the altar; and the practice is still used by the bishops and dean of Westminster at the coronation. Their use is ordered precisely by the 24th canon "for the principal minister," that is, the consecrator in the service of the Holy Eucharist. "When there is no communion," says the 25th canon, "it shall be sufficient to wear surplices." The Church looks upon the Holy Communion as a distinct service of greater solemnity, for which she imposes additional vestments.

Velvet embroidered copes are only consistent with the present enriched altar of the Temple Church, as the black Geneva gown harmonized with the late whitewash. That restorer of ancient solemnities, Archbishop Laud, had two great ritual objects at heart, during his primacy; viz. the restoration of altars to their ancient situation, from the centre of the church, to which the puritans had dragged them, and the universal use of copes when ministering in the holy place. The two were eminently consistent. One he triumphantly accomplished, and there is no Churchman but must honour his memory for preserving to us an arrangement so vitally necessary to the existence of the English branch of the Church. Archbishop Harsnett, who held the see of York at the same time, was equally zealous, and is represented on his monumental brass, in Chigwell Church, habited in cope and surplice. Till the Puritans finally triumphed for a time over Church and King, at the great rebellion, we can distinctly prove that copes were retained at Old St. Paul's, Durham, Norwich, Peterborough, York, the Abbey Church of Westminster, the Archiepiscopal Chapels of Lambeth and Croydon, the Royal Chapel of St. James, &c. These men of tender consciences very consistently confounded, in their charge against the venerable Archbishop, the setting up of stained glass in the windows of his Chapels at Lambeth and Croydon, and the using of copes at the sacrament; and the benchers of the Temple must excuse us if we are unable to separate them. They have perpetrated the first offence against Puritan taste, they must perpetrate the second. This subject is worthy of more than mere incidental mention. It is an English vestment which Churchmen cannot much longer dispense with.

But from the altar, in which we think we have satisfactorily proved there is nothing worthy of the name "Restoration," unless by that is meant a restoration to the state in which it was before the repairs commenced, we pass to the accommo-

dation for the congregation. Stalls in oak, with carving of foliage, and heads very skilfully executed, have been erected in the north and south aisles, for benchers and barristers of the two Temples. Except that these run one space too far eastward, as we have already mentioned, and are certainly too high, we think them both suitable and beautiful. We wish, however, the ladies were not to be admitted to them; we might then live in hopes of seeing the eastern stalls swept away.

This style of fitting, although appropriate here and in College chapels, is entirely unfit for imitation in parish churches. We have some fear that many who visit this Church, and leave delighted with its beauties, may err in copying its arrangements. A letter appeared in the "*Times*," some weeks since, from a Clergyman, who, in commending the present opposition to pews, stated that, if he had his will with his own church, he would fit it up immediately like a College chapel. Now we would prefer the present arrangements, whatever they are, to this mistaken reform. Only one description of seats can be allowed in the naves of our parish churches, and those must be low and humble. No one parishioner is more entitled to the distinction of an exalted seat than another. We know of more than one parish church in which this plan unfortunately prevails.

Open oak seats are erected in the centre for law students. In these there are one or two defects; in the omission of a passage up the centre to the altar, which, with other circumstances, gives the altar an inaccessible appearance, which is entirely modern. The seats themselves have a lounging appearance; they are not, however, in truth, more comfortable than the plan upon which ancient seats were built, with straight low backs, which left the shoulders free; in which particular the secret of a comfortable seat consists. The inclination is altogether unnecessary, if the back is sufficiently low. Several of the most eastern of these should be removed.

The situation of the organ we think admirable, and cannot understand how those who object could have placed it better. A square external projection has been built for it in the centre of the north aisle, to which one of the windows, which is pierced, acts as a screen. A stone gallery from this projects slightly into the church, the front of which rather stands in need of colour or sculpture. The choir, we have no doubt, are to occupy their true positions in the stalls; and we trust that they, as well as the clergy, will be placed sufficiently eastward, *i. e.* in the last space but one between the arches; as some persons indulge in the irreverent practice of staring at the singers, and do not hesitate to turn their backs upon the altar if the singers are behind them. A new oak richly carved case has been provided for the organ; and the instrument, which was formerly very celebrated, is greatly improved. The aisles and altar-space are

paved with encaustic tiles. For the altar we should have preferred a mosaic. Beautiful specimens of this description of paving may be seen before the altar at Westminster Abbey, and in some parts of the Cathedral at Canterbury.

As our remarks were already in form when we received Mr. Addison's book, we have not made much allusion to it. He has fully studied his subject, and his historical facts are interesting and correct. With the tone of his remarks on the restorations we have not been so much pleased. His fancy, which he indulges rather frequently, does not always conduct herself with sufficient gravity. For instance, he likens the church to a "fairy palace," and talks throughout, too much, we think, as if the decorations and proportions were only meant to gratify the eye—of the "picturesque sacrarium, elegantly shaped windows, and graceful columns." Whenever he condemns what has been done, it is because "picturesqueness is sacrificed," or "the symmetry, beauty, and graceful proportions of the edifice are detracted from." These reasons are well in their way, but severer rules must be applied to such subjects. We quite recommend him to review especially the tone of this part of the book, in a second edition. Also, to correct the term "*side aisles*," which he uses more than once. Such mistakes will appear very strange a few years hence. The lithographic illustrations are well executed, and are upon interesting subjects. We should like to have been told from what authorities the representation of the funeral of the Grand Preceptor was taken. We should have expected that "lights" would have occurred in the hands of the attendants; and the solitary priest is, we think, a questionable feature.

The little book by Felix Summerly, to give him a name which is, of course, assumed, is illustrated with wood-cuts, and printed with considerable taste. On the outside of the cover are represented some of the tile patterns used in the church. Both this book and Mr Addison's are cheap publications, and the authors have shown wisdom in making them so. The piscina is improperly described by F. S., as a receptacle for holy water. This should be corrected. The holy water stoup always occurred at the entrance of churches, and its use was emblematical of purification before commencing God's service. The piscina had altogether a different one, and was, in fact, a sink, down which the washings of the chalice were poured, and at which the priest laved his hands before consecration of the holy Eucharist. They are to be met with in almost every ancient church on the south side of the altar. The earlier ones are double, as at the Temple; the later ones are universally single. The drains in the case of the Temple have been filled up.

The English mind is so impregnated with the puritanic spirit,

that we fear that the forms and arrangements we have been describing may appear but unimportant matters to some even of our readers; to many of our fellow-Churchmen we fear they will appear minute and childish trifling, with even a mischievous tendency. If they were without *expression*, we would grant this. But this is far from the case; it is, in fact, in such ways that great and holy truths are often most easily and forcibly expressed. These careful observances are not a mere empty, unreal, homage,—outward because shown in acts, formal because considerate; but they set forth the care with which every action as well as thought should be regulated, in that most especial holy service, the service of the Church.

To some, the restoration appears an extravagant and useless expenditure. "Why all this waste?" has, perhaps, already been exclaimed by many. Let the answer be in the words of one of our wisest. "It seems to be thought by numbers, that the legitimate use of the precious things which nature contains, lies in their ministering to the honour and grandeur of the creature. The rare and beautiful substances which God has scattered through the material world, excellent in themselves, and brought to perfection by what is equally His providing—the genius and skill of man, being by creation parts of a great natural temple, so, when wrought by human art, rightfully belong to those spiritual shrines whose very stones vibrate with the tidings of His grace. And yet so it is, that gold and silver, marbles and jewels, not to mention materials of inferior worth, are conceived as capable of nothing higher than a worldly use. No misgivings are felt about the decoration of the persons or dwellings of sinful beings, who, if they desire to differ from other men, should put on the raiment of the Baptist, rather than purple and fine linen; and while there is abundant sensitiveness of the abuses of superstition, there is an equal recklessness of the peril of pride and vain glory.

"Yet, if the dedication of God's gifts to God have, as is objected, an idolatrous tendency, much more so, to say the least, has the consecration of them to self.

"And while costliness of material is condemned as almost a sin, decency in arrangement is too often looked upon as minute trifling, and attention to rule as mere antiquarian pedantry. The accommodation, or rather the imprisonment, of as many bodies as possible in one place, is now the one object of church building. Amplitude is thought emptiness, and tranquillity desolation, and the Christian temple is converted into a hall of concourse for men, instead of being viewed, as heretofore, as the gate and vestibule of Heaven."—(*Newman's Sermons.*)

And now, in conclusion, having hastily criticised the appearance which the church now presents, and attributed the

main defects, as we think justly, to those who have been the professional advisers, we cannot conclude without expressing again our admiration of the conduct of the Benchers. They have set a most praiseworthy example of munificence in the restoration of an ancient, holy, and most interesting building; one dear not only to all antiquarians, which were its least value, but hallowed to the love of all churchmen, by the memory of Hooker,* the greatest of the Masters of the Temple. The great fire of 1666 has left us but few of these structures to link us with our fellow-Churchmen of ancient times. We must therefore set the more account upon what remain, and feel the more thankful to those who attempt to revive the ancient splendour which in days of greater faith these churches presented. "Oh happy they! who, in a sorrowful time, avail themselves of this bond of communion with the saints of old and the universal Church. And let us take care that we do not regard such things as mere works of art, counting the stones and measuring their spaces, but discerning in them no tokens of the Invisible, no lessons of wisdom, no canons of truth, to guide us forward in our way heavenward."—(*Newman's Sermons.*)

* Surely it were not too much to ask the Templars to erect some memorial to this perhaps the chief among our doctors. It would be a privilege to contribute to a window for such a man in such a church,—the recalling of his memory "who being dead yet speaketh;" and the revival of his principles are "signs significant" of that great awakening of which the restoration of this very church, at the present era, is perhaps the most fitting symbol and monument. How might such a church and its costly splendours delight that saintly spirit, whose words it is delightful to recall! "Touching God Himself, hath He any where revealed that it is His delight to dwell beggarly? and that he taketh no pleasure to be worshipped saving only in poor cottages? Even then was the Lord as acceptably honoured of His people as ever, when the stateliest persons and things in the whole world were sought out to adorn His temple. This most suitable, decent, and fit for the greatness of Jesus Christ, for the sublimity of His Gospel.—Sith the prophet David doth mention a natural conveniency which such kind of bounteous expences have, as well for that we do thereby give unto God a testimony of our cheerful affection, which thinketh nothing too dear to be bestowed about the furniture of His service; as also because it sheweth to the world for a witness of His almightiness, whom we outwardly honour with the chiefest of outward things, as being of all things Himself incomparably the greatest. Besides, were it not also strange, if God should have made such store of glorious creatures on earth, and leave them all to be consumed in secular vanity, allowing none but the baser sort to be employed in His own service? To set forth the majesty of kings, His vicegerents in this world, the most gorgeous and rare treasures which the world hath are procured. We think belike that He will accept what the meanest of them would disdain."—*E. P. b. v. ch. xv. 3—5.*

Report from the Select Committee on Improvement of the Health of Towns, together with Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index—Effect of Interment of Bodies in Towns. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 14th June, 1842. Pp. 258.

TOWARDS the close of the last session of parliament a bill was brought into the Lower House, having for its object the regulation of the burials of the dead. With the clauses of that bill we shall not meddle at present; but shall limit our observations to the general question, by calling the attention of our readers to the Report of the Committee at the head of this article.

A committee of the Commons was appointed on the 15th of March, this year, to "consider the expediency of framing some legislative enactments—due respect being paid to the rights of the Clergy—to remedy the evils arising from the interment of bodies within the precincts of large towns, or places densely populated." The committee met the next day, and chose Mr. Mackinnon for its chairman. On the 17th it commenced its labours, by examining Henry Heldon, once "assistant dissenting minister in a ground," but at that time pursuing the more lawful calling of clerk to an ironfounder; and on the 5th of May brought its investigations to a close, in the examination of the Bishop of London.

Persons who have been accustomed only to country churchyards—to the traditional reverence in which these are held—will be more than astonished at the revelations made before the committee. Had the stories told by the persons examined appeared in the newspapers, we are persuaded that many would have refused to believe them; so shocking to our best feelings seems to have been the ordinary practice of those employed about the burial of the dead in and about London. The mere piling up of coffins, one upon the other,—and these containing the bodies of persons wholly unconnected by any ties whatever,—is itself strange in the eyes of many; but this is absolute excellence compared with the fearful atrocities disclosed, and which, moreover, formed an integral feature in the system itself, according to which our dead are buried. The ex-assistant dissenting minister describes the way in which graves are made, thus:—

"The plan on which the grave was opened was quite in accordance with that generally observed or adopted throughout London; that is, the opening of what is called a public grave, thirty feet deep, perhaps; the first corpse interred was succeeded by another, and up to 16 or 18, and all the openings between the coffin boards were filled up with smaller coffins of children."—Question 8.

Again:—

"The printed statistics with which I was furnished by Mr. Walker, will show it is a public and open acknowledgment, that, in a certain portion of the burial grounds for the lower orders, it is generally understood that a grave shall be opened—a public grave, covered with planks, but never filled up until it is covered almost to surfeiture with dead bodies." (12.)

These graves lie open for some time ; in some cases a fortnight, in others a little longer.

This is the fair side of the picture ; and such treatment of the dead is reverential when contrasted with the following :—

“ In the course of about a month afterwards they opened this grave again ; and when they opened it they brought the coffin up in pieces, not split, but the sides were taken from the head and foot-board ; they brought it without splitting, just as you might take a case to pieces, or the lid off a box. After they had brought up the lid, and laid it on the ground, they brought up the bones with the flesh hanging in tatters upon them ; then about four shovels full of soft substance came up, and my wife called to the person in the next room to witness the thing.” (717.)

Such acts as this are by no means uncommon.

The evidence of William Chamberlain is too revolting to be repeated. (2341.)

The grave-diggers are described as “ a low, depraved, drunken, class of men.”

“ I have seen the men,” says Helsdon, “ that used to dig the graves of which I am speaking, on a Sunday afternoon, obliged to be turned out of the ground, and sent away by the conductor of the ground, in a state of inebriation that was disgraceful to any man.” (23.)

The object of the committee is the public health ; the burial of the dead a means only to arrive at it. The present way of burying the dead is proved to be injurious in the highest degree, the effluvia rising from burial grounds generating fevers ; and therefore, such is the conclusion, no interments shall take place in large towns. This is so great a revolution in the parochial system, so violent an attack upon a thousand associations, that it requires some considerable management to make it palatable ; and certainly it does seem as if the committee had altogether succeeded. The facts brought before it in evidence fully warrant their conclusion, that the nuisance of interments in large towns, and the injury arising to the health of the community from the practice, are fully proved. (Report, p. 3.) In the end it is proposed,

“ That burials be absolutely prohibited, after a certain date, within the limits of such towns or places (whose population exceeds 60,000), except in the case of family vaults already existing ; the same partaking of the nature of private property, and being of limited extent.”

“ That certain exceptions, as applying to eminent public characters, be likewise admitted, with regard to Westminster Abbey and to St. Paul’s.”

Now, of this exception we vehemently disapprove. These eminent public characters may be all laymen—soldiers, sailors, lawyers, literary men—if we may judge of the future by the past. These public characters will not be precisely of that order that the Church would delight to honour. They may be estimable, amiable men, distinguished for such virtues as the world allows, yet immeasurably beneath that standard which this kind of canonization requires us to expect. Licentious poets, sceptical writers, and unbelieving artists, are not the best qualified persons for the honours of burial or of memo-

rial in a cathedral church; and further, we have this peremptory objection to the principle of that exception, namely, that our churches, cathedral, collegiate, and parochial, are not civil but ecclesiastical buildings; not for the world, but *contra mundum*—not for man's vanity, but for God's glory—not for the princes of this world, but for His secret and His lowly ones. If the civil power wishes to preserve the memory of those who have served it faithfully and well,—and right fitting is it, it should do so—let it be done in harmony with the services rendered. Every man in his place—for civil services, civil honours. A good soldier, or sailor, or lawyer, or physician, or musician, or painter, or poet, is not of necessity a good Christian; each and all may be heretics, excommunicate, unbaptized, simply registered; and, surely, for such to be buried in Westminster or St. Paul's is an absurdity. Their eminent publicity of character will only make their folly the more manifest, who have decreed them honours unbecoming their place and calling.

This brings us to the most important suggestion made by the committee:—

“That due space be reserved, *without consecration*,” and within the limits of the intended cemeteries, for the separate burials of such persons or classes of persons as may be desirous of such separation.”

The remedy for the evils described in the Report—and we cannot deny that it is necessary—is to be found in public cemeteries without the large towns, wherein all burials are to be made for the future. It may be very hard to shut up the churchyards in populous places, and to cut off from all, except the wealthy, the possibility of resting beside those whom they loved upon earth. They who went to “His house together” may not sleep beside it any more; they must be carried elsewhere. But we must remember, that we cannot complain; the Church's carelessness has brought its penalty—the carefulness of the State. We have brought it upon ourselves, and must therefore not resist or cry, but meet it as we best can; and if we fail in many particulars, and they, too, of importance, we must bear our burden. We might have buried our dead reverently; we did not; and now the State will bury them decently. We might have kept the consecrated ground for its lawful inheritors; we did not: now we shall have, within the same walls, ground holy and profane,—not as a matter of discipline and penalty upon sinners, but for those who may choose either. The civil power scarcely recognises a man's religion, or even the fact of his being of any religion at all, but merely the health of its living subjects; and therefore removes the dead out of its sight as soon as it may; and places all side by side, uniformly according to rule; merely granting, as a boon, a concession to the prejudices of an age gone by, the liberty of choosing the nature of the ground of burial. This is not to be wondered at; it is a righteous retribution upon us; we admitted into our holy ground the bodies of those who were aliens in their lives, and now they will henceforth drive us out of our own portion. For want of discipline dissenters came in; and,

in order to make that want of discipline lawful, the members of the Church must be hereafter shut out themselves.

The committee has, by some oversight in drawing up the Report, misrepresented the evidence of the Lord Bishop of London, and we are anxious to correct this mistake, both in justice to that energetic prelate, and to the principle which he is supposed to have denied or overlooked. His lordship was asked this question (2967)—

“ *Assuming that a piece of land for a cemetery was purchased by a parish, or by a parochial union of parishes, for the purpose of interment, and assuming that this piece of ground was purchased by a penny rate, or a rate to a certain amount raised upon the parish at large, would there be any objection to a portion of this ground being set apart for dissenters, or for people of any other religious denomination, with this money so raised?* ”

“ *The Bishop.* ‘ I do not see any objection to having a part unconsecrated if any person should prefer being buried in such ground ; of course, it would not be for members of our Church ; the Clergy would be desirous that such persons should be buried in a different part. It would be impossible unless you set apart one for one, and another for another ; you must have a part consecrated, and a part unconsecrated in the cemetery for the interment of those not in the communion of the Church of England.’ ”

“ (2968.) ‘ Your lordship sees no objection to the principle, supposing the money to be obtained by a rate levied upon the parish, to its being applied in that manner ? ’ ”

“ *The Bishop.* ‘ I should say not. I see no objection in principle ; *I do not suffer my objections to interfere with public measures.* ’ ”

Such is the way in which his lordship's evidence is reported by the committee ; and the use that has been popularly made of it is to show that his lordship is committed to approve of these joint-stock cemeteries, where one part of the ground has been hallowed, and the other is common, and, of course, compared with the other, must be considered profane.

Now, what his lordship did say is this : and it by no means “ obviates the difficulty ” with respect to the “ burying of persons of all religious persuasions in the same ground.” The Bishop was asked a certain question, and to that question he replied. The question was really with reference to the application of money raised in a particular way, and derived from certain persons. Now, common honesty requires that those who contribute should have the advantage of their contribution, and therefore if churchmen and men of no church join together, or are compelled to join together, surely they must abide the result, and the prejudices of each and all be equally consulted. The question was, “ Would there be any objection to a portion of *this ground* being set apart for dissenters, or for people of any other religious denomination, *with this money so raised?* ” meaning, we suppose, purchased with this money. Certainly not. Again the Bishop is asked—

“ ‘ Your lordship sees no objection to the principle, supposing the money to be obtained by a rate levied upon the parish, to its being applied in that manner ? ’ ”

“ [The Bishop replies,] ‘ I should say not. I see no objection in principle, at least no such objection as need interfere with a great public improvement.’ ”

This is the answer of the Bishop of London ; but the committee in its Report represent him as saying,

" I do not suffer my objections to interfere with public measures."

Having done this measure of justice to the Bishop of London, who is represented as a tame and spiritless man by the committee, we now proceed with the real principle of the question, and to which the Bishop's attention was not called in the terms of the interrogatory, and to which, of course, he did not feel called upon to advert. The Bishop's answer is upon the assumption of divided cemeteries, not upon the principle of such places, and is therefore no more committed to the theory of the committee than is a witness in a court of justice to the principles, political or moral, of the barrister who may examine him ; and further, as an honest man, he could not have given any other answer than he did.

Though there may be no objection to the divided-cemetery system, when the ground is purchased, as it is proposed, with the money of persons of all creeds,—simply because it is justice to the contributors,—yet there may be, and there is, a very great objection to the principle of that system ; and with this view of the case, the committee, being merely laymen, did not meddle in its corporate relation, though individual members have spoken in a very flippant way of very sacred subjects. One of them, Colonel Fox, used these words : " The coffin and the whole thing," *i. e.* the body. Another, Mr. Vernon, applies the word "customer," to a dead body. The former of these gentlemen seems to have been extremely desirous of the introduction of quick lime, so as to destroy the bodies of the dead as soon as possible ; and we are happy to say, that all those whom he questioned on the subject of quick lime were so far from giving him any encouragement, that they bore all the most unequivocal witness to the great abhorrence with which such a practice would be regarded, though they were, for the most part, raised above such vulgar prejudices themselves. Indeed, it is obvious, throughout the whole of the evidence, that the people in general have maintained a very strict regard—to use no stronger language—for the burial of their own relatives ; and surely, then, it would be extremely impolitic—taking the lowest ground—for the civil authority to interfere in any way that would tend either to check or destroy it. It seems as if the old reverential habit of better days had taken refuge in the coffin of the dead. Baptism is superseded by a civil ceremony ; Matrimony is no longer a holy institution ; and the dead alone have power to awe us ;—the grave procession to the church-yard is the witness still of something more than we can deal with by means of our earthly wisdom ; and whatever evils may have associated themselves with this act of mercy, the last act of love we can show our neighbour in the body, yet the true and real thing is left, and we may hope that, after all, we may in some degree recover ourselves, and bring the living into soberness by our solemn treatment of the dead.

There are certainly indications abroad of very serious intermeddling on the part of the civil power with the ecclesiastical relations of its subjects; this is, therefore, no time for indifference, or for leaving things to find their own level; and we would call upon the clergy specially, and those laymen whom God hath in a manner inspired to be as prophets in Israel in this our hour of need, to lay before the legislative authority of the country the very alarming consequences from the indiscriminate burial of the dead. The cemeteries already in being are as objectionable in their own nature as is possible for them to be. They are the property of persons whose sole tie to them is their gainfulness; sold in the market as if they were canals or railroads. Fees for the burials in the church-yards are not to be commended, seeing that they are forbidden by so many decrees of councils and constitutions of bishops, and are at best but compulsory oblations; but when a body of men join together to make a profit of burials, it becomes perfectly startling; it differs not in kind, but only in degree, from selling the sacraments themselves. The Council of Braga, A. D., 572, in forbidding the consecration of chapels for the gain of their builders, forbade also in principle the consecration of our modern cemeteries: the reason of the rule is clear.

Supposing, now, that parliament has established cemeteries outside towns,—forbidding burials within,—what security has the Church against the maladministration of the same? It is clear that the parochial Clergy cannot in that case bury their own parishioners; and the chaplain of the cemetery will not be able to know whom he buries: he may bury excommunicate persons in consecrated ground, or one unbaptized, or a notorious heretic, or unclean liver. It matters not that such persons are buried in church-yards and in churches even at present; and that, moreover, such persons must by law be buried there, if their friends require it; be it so. Yet surely such a state of oppression is not to continue for ever. The “most tolerant Church” may one day have some toleration for herself. If liberty of conscience be given to those without the Church, it may in time be given to those within. If conscientious objections may be pleaded in bar of paying lawful debts, of taking oaths in courts of justice, and of baptism itself, is it too much to expect that the Clergy may be released from the compulsory use of the keys? Does the Church subsist by divine or by human right? Is she a universal institution or a local establishment? It is absolute tyranny and persecution to compel the priesthood to admit into the communion of the Church, after death, those who never were in it while they lived. Nero and Diocletian were merciful in their dealings with us, in comparison with such a state of things. Our forerunners in the faith were compelled to sacrifice unto devils, or die, but not to give the sacrament of the Church to those who refused her discipline, or lived as her notorious enemies. This is no straining of a reason, or what is called special pleading, in contempt, but the real question at issue, inasmuch as ecclesiastical burial is an act of christian communion continuing after

death; such is the judgment of all the canonists. What will become of discipline, if that mechanical entity—the State—takes cognizance of christian burial? Will it be in the power of the Church to refuse burial to those who stand excommunicate by her laws? or must she bury, side by side with her most dutiful children, the notorious unbeliever—those who die without baptism or even desiring it, apostates, heretics, open schismatics? By her laws, those who fall in duels, robbers of churches, and all public offenders dying without performing their prescribed penance, are to be deprived of burial. If the borough magistrate in large towns, or the justice of the peace in populous districts, are to be guardians—as is hinted in the Report—of the new cemeteries, they become thereby judges in ecclesiastical causes, and clearly in the place of the Bishop, whose only it is to declare who die, or do not, in the communion of the Church. The keys will be transferred by an act of the parliament from the hands of the priesthood into the hands of laymen, who may not be even Christians in name.

Supposing that the consecrated portion of the new cemeteries may be kept from greater anomalies than those to which our church-yards are at present exposed; nay, supposing that in a slight way a greater restriction be enforced with regard to indiscriminate burials; yet we have this one fact still before us:—while the body of a Churchman is buried with the christian rites, it may happen, that within sight and hearing a blasphemous service be going on. Chartists and Socialists are enrolled as protestant dissenters, or simply protestants; and therefore will of necessity be entitled to the full benefit of the cemetery, and to the unrestrained use of their own ceremonial, however profane it be. If these are to be excluded, then the principle of exclusion is admitted, and then the cemeteries are no longer public. If these bodies are denied the use of their own observances, so may the Anabaptists; upon what reason can you then justify the recognition of the Independents, Socinians, Wesleyans? nay, the Church herself may not be safe. Either our dead are to be buried in silence, or to be honoured with religious rites; the latter alternative will doubtless be the rule; for civil and religious liberty, and the rights of conscience, are now doctrines thoroughly enforced. Babel itself was unity, in comparison with this system of uniformity. What endless confusion these cemeteries must give encouragement to!—denial of the truth, teaching of error, blasphemy and profaneness; heathen levity and christian reverence visible together in local union. Surely no man not utterly abandoned of all goodness can consent to this, nor submit to it, unless through overwhelming necessity; who can think of it without alarm? Such scenes ought least of all to be enacted in those places where the dead in Christ are sleeping.

The management of the private burial grounds, mentioned in the Report, may be taken as an illustration, at least, of what we may expect in the proposed cemeteries. Helsdon, whom the Committee first examined, says—

"(7.) 'A new ground was opened on speculation in Golden-lane, Barbican . . . at that ground I have principally officiated as the assistant minister of the Baptist persuasion.'"

"(56.) 'In officiating at those funerals do you officiate for any particular denomination?' 'No, as a public character.'"

Of course, after this, Mr. Helsdon must be buried in St. Paul's or in Westminster Abbey.

"(57.) 'Do you use the funeral service of the Church of England?' 'That is matter of choice; sometimes a short address with extempore prayer has been preferred by some parties.'

"(58.) 'You are a dissenting minister?' 'I am.'

"(59.) 'Were you appointed to this office at the New Bunhill Fields?' 'Yes.'

"(60.) 'Are you connected with any congregation, as a minister to any regular chapel?' 'No, I am not.'

"(61.) 'Where do you generally officiate, among the Methodists, or the Independent connexion, or what?' 'I am more particularly connected with the Baptist denomination.'

"(62.) 'But do you officiate now at all?' 'I do not, nor I have not for the last four years.'"

This reminds one of Tertullian's account of the heretics—"to-day a priest; to-morrow a layman."

Hoole and Martin's speculation in the New Kent Road has a Wesleyan Chapel attached to it; where, in a space of 40 yards in length, by from 20 to 25 in breadth, lie from 1,600 to 2,000 bodies: a methodist preaches in the chapel. "The whole thing a speculation; chapel, burying-ground, and all." (485.) "Is it the custom of dissenting ministers to establish speculations of that sort in this town?—Yes; it has been remarked to me that they gain more money by the dead than the living." (486.) But the person who buries the dead in that place is "one that keeps a shoemaker's shop." Again, we are told, (1008—1012.) "There is the church service read over" "by Thomas Jenner, the person that always attends:" he is "a patten-maker," living close by, "so it suits him very well." There is a burial-ground, the property of Mr. Thomas Tagg, in Globe Fields, Mile End, concerning which we have the following evidence: (1653.) "Who performs the burial service over the dead? A gentleman of the name of Cauch. (1655.) What is he?—I do not know that he is any thing; he has formerly been a shoemaker. (1656.) Does he put on a gown when he buries the dead?—Yes; a surplice. (1657.) What service does he read?—The regular church service. (2139.) Is the ground forming the subject of these questions consecrated or not?" Mr. Tagg, the proprietor, replies, "It was not consecrated by an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, but it was religiously and solemnly set apart for the purpose of burials by one of the Wesleyan ministers."

There is another private speculation in the parish of St. John's, Southwark, the proprietor of which has "what he terms a vault which runs under four houses;" the bodies buried there are in

coffins without lead. (1561.) "Who is the officiating minister?" The answer is given by the Rev. J. C. Abdy. "Of course there is no minister; the person improperly called a minister, *is only the undertaker's man, who acts on other occasions as porter.*" (1562.) "Does he read *the service of the Church of England?*"—"He reads the service,—he also wears a surplice; and there is a house in this same building called the minister's house;" and Mr. Abdy believes that many persons are deceived by this semblance of the Church, thinking that they are burying their dead in consecrated ground.

The new cemeteries will be open, of course, to Mr. Henry Helsdon, to "the gentleman of the name of Cauch," to Thomas Jenner, and "to the undertaker's man." Now, should these parties prefer it, they may use the service of the Church, or their "short address with extempore prayer." What a singularly edifying sight this will be!—in the consecrated ground we shall hear the Church's words, on the other side Mr. Helsdon will deliver his "short address;" and what is much more serious, Mr. Thomas Jenner and "the undertaker's man" will be at liberty to use the service of the Church on the unconsecrated ground. To a dissenter who despises consecration, it is no loss to be buried anywhere, but to the Churchman it is a positive and serious injury; and the two parties are therefore not fairly in a position to receive the same treatment when dead. It seems that the dissenting minister of Enon—a Baptist—buried any body that was brought, without reference to his religion; and when his burial-place became full, burned the wood of the coffins for fuel. In the other places of speculation the repose of the dead was continually disturbed; nay, there was mutilation of bodies, and such exposure of human remains as is literally sickening to read of; coffins are dug through as if they were merely earth, and the bodies within them. We are bound in honesty to add, that the church-yards are not more carefully dealt with; a set of brutal savages were seen playing at nine-pins with the bones in St. Ann's, Soho. "I have seen them," says a witness, (1876,) "play at what is called skittles, put up bones, and take skulls and knock them down." One man says, but it is not clear where this took place, "We used to get a rope and put it round the bodies' necks, and then we dragged them by the rope . . . sometimes the head would come off," (1690;) and another grave-digger saw the head of his own father cut off, and when he remonstrated with his fellow-workmen, "they laughed:" their habits of life had made them incapable of any sympathy with their own companion on so strange a subject; and perhaps he himself would, under other circumstances, have joined them in their cruel levity.

After such fearful abuses as these, we cannot wonder at any kind of interference. Our cup is full, and so we must drink it. We are now to return to the old system that admitted not of burials within towns, but for a different reason; ours is the health of the living, the

old rule was upon the theory of uncleanness. The Jews were taught that the dead bodies were unclean, and he who touched them was unclean. The same principle guided the minds of heathens. "*Corpus in civitatem inferri non licet, ne funestentur sacra civitatis.*" "Let no dead body be brought within the city, lest the holy rites be polluted." Such being the spirit and meaning of the ancient practice, it is obviously wrong to argue from it, or for it, unless for the same reason. Indeed, are we quite sure that the reason does not remain, and that the great mass of our population is Christian? It was the Church that first looked upon the dead without fear of pollution; and it is remarkable how soon it was. The young men who took Ananias to be buried, returned to the assembly the same day, though the law was, "He that toucheth the dead body of any man shall be unclean seven days." He who took man's nature upon him, did thereby cast the shadow of his own holiness over it, as it were, in general; and by a particular sanctification, wrought in baptism, makes our bodies clean; and he who realizes this truth most fully, will treat the dead most reverently. Whatever, then, our follies and mistakes may be, let us not relapse further into evil: we may not be heard, perhaps, if we ask to be reinstated in that position whence we are fallen; but we may be permitted to fall no lower,—to keep our place, poor though it be,—and for ourselves, though we have hitherto shared it too readily with any one who chose to come unto us.

An attempt was made in the committee one day, to show that the "practice of burying within the church originated, and was promoted greatly by, a superstitious opinion in respect to the security of the soul of the departed;" and, though the "Historian of Christianity" said, "I have no doubt whatever of that," yet we would venture to dispute entirely the correctness of this opinion, believing that the practice originated in far other grounds, and was continued in the spirit of its adoption, whatever "superstitious opinions," in the "dark and middle ages," may have mixed themselves up with the popular notions on the subject. How Mr. Milman came to be so positive upon this view of the case we can only conjecture, as in a question of fact, not more intricate than this, he declined to answer extempore. He was asked, (2737,) "An abuse having existed on that subject (burying under churches), and injury having been conceived to arise, a council directed some prohibition to the Clergy upon that subject; is not that so?—*I really must consider; it is a question of ecclesiastical antiquity.*" The other is, too, a question of ecclesiastical antiquity; but a theory could not be so easily raised either on or about the latter, and therefore could not be answered off-hand. We hope we shall not be supposed to attribute to Mr. Milman any disposition to distort facts, or to suppress them, in what we have said; for other parts of his evidence we are thankful. He and many others do not consider that burial in towns is so great a nuisance as some parties have laboured to show; nor do we think it at all likely that,

under ordinary circumstances, and with such care and consideration as the matter requires, any evil would result from burials round the churches, even in large towns and populous places.

How these proposed cemeteries are to be provided, must be left, of course, to Parliament; but we hope that in what we are now going to say, nothing unreasonable shall be found, and certainly not impracticable. Difficulties are sure to be found in all suggestions, when made either in aid of, or against, any scheme or device of others; and therefore we are quite content to be contradicted, or even despised. There is one portion of the new scheme of burials that will press heavily upon the poor. The cemeteries, it seems, are to be at a certain distance from the towns to which they belong, and, in consequence, less accessible. The poor are already overburdened: from Monday morning till Saturday night they scarcely earn more, some perhaps less, than will enable them to live without hunger on Sunday. The committee took this into its consideration. We would throw out, by way of hint, thus much, that the holydays be observed again, and labour lessened upon them.

The Bishop of London gave it as his opinion, that it "would be impossible to set apart one part of the ground for one sect, and another for another." Supposing this were done, the sub-divisions would be endless; and the cemetery must be increased from time to time, according to the multiplication of sects: the division of the ground will be therefore into common and consecrated. Now, as the sects either abhor the consecration of the ground, or at least do not value it in any way, why not have the cemetery of the Church entirely separate, and protected by walls around, and so leave the common cemetery to those who are not in communion with the Church? We by no means agree with the Rector of Whitechapel, who conceives that no objection would be made, on the part of the clergyman, to inter persons who are sectarians in consecrated ground, if they consented that the burial service of the Church of England should be read over the body. (2884.) There are, we trust, very few Clergy who think it an honour to bury dissenters at all; and therefore consider that such a practice as Mr. Champneys speaks of, must be to them extremely painful; the consenting to the use of the service must be really a mockery, and the sooner such burdens on the Clergy are removed the better. There can be no real ground of objection to the separation of the two cemeteries, for if there is to be a visible boundary between the two portions of the ground, there would be no reason, why the separation should not be more palpable still; and as we have found the stream of legislation running in favour of dissenting scruples, let us hope that it may flow, at last, in favour of a Churchman's feelings. The rate for making the cemetery may be raised upon a whole parish or township, Churchman and dissenter contributing; there let their fellowship end, and each have the necessary funds for his own cemetery, leaving its management to

those who own it on the religious view of the case. The Churchman can have no valid ground to object to such a plan, because to bury the dead is a work of mercy ; and we presume the dissenter, in order to be relieved from the ceremonies of the Church, would purchase his freedom, by contributing his share of the rate. But then it must be distinctly understood that the consecrated ground is only for those who die in the communion of the Church, and not for any one who may prefer it. The parochial system is practically lost for the purpose of discipline, and, therefore, the Church must number her children one by one, not by families any more, and least of all by neighbourhoods. It is a painful thing to contemplate, but we have lost our people in the wilderness, and we must seek them one by one. And he, therefore, who shall willingly neglect to communicate at Easter, must, according to the old law, be deprived of Christian burial ; or, if difficulty be felt by some as to the force of the *ipso facto* excommunication pronounced by the canons of 1603, after a long practical abeyance,—if they conceive that the schismatic may, in some cases at least, be treated, when dead, like the swearer or the drunkard—treated, that is, with a charitable hope, even “against hope,” that there may have been a repentance unknown to us, still such a view must be considered by the Church before she be committed to it—and considered no man has a right to predict with what result. All this will probably involve a severe discipline, but still necessary, healthful ; it will be a most efficacious remedy for our many disorders ; it will awe the bold, comfort the weak, and strengthen the feeble-minded. Who knows but we may begin our reformation in sorrow at the grave, and call the dead and the dying to life and health ? We must bear and forbear, for we are not in a condition to condemn in general ; those that still remain within must be dealt with gently, and those without with fear. A slight relaxation, on the part of the State, of the iron chains that bind us, will give us opportunity for moving a little more freely, and yet not interrupt the supposed alliance. Otherwise the Church will most assuredly break her bonds, and in the fearful struggle for her birthright, if struggle she must, kingdoms and nations will have cause for mourning.

We wish to point out the *animus* of the Select Committee, by a very singular instance of unfairness—no, dishonesty is the right word—on their part. In the very front of their Report, as the sum and substance of condemnation of the Church system of burial, (p. iii.) they quote with great complacency—

“The Rev. J. Russell, D. D. (2497.) ‘It is sickening ; it is horrible.’”

What is “sickening ?” what is “horrible ?” why, of course, the whole grave-yard system ; and this on the respectable authority of

Dr. Russell, the rector of Bishopsgate. We now turn to questions and answers 2496, 2497.

"(2496.) Lord Mahon. Have you found much ill-feeling, or any differences prevail, in consequence of the present system of interment?' 'Yes, there have been constant disputes; I have had, over and over again, complaints of the grave-diggers; the grave-diggers will not fill in the grave unless they get 4d. paid; there have been many disputes, and appeals have been made to me on the subject constantly.'

"(2497.) Chairman. 'It would be a source of great satisfaction to you if all that was removed?' 'Yes. It is sickening; it is horrible.'"

It amounts to this, then, that Dr. Russell's condemnation of squabbles among the grave-diggers the Committee think consistent with truth and common decency to turn into a solemn testimony against the whole interment system of the Church, *en masse*.

Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa. By ROBERT MOFFAT, twenty-three years an Agent of the London Missionary Society in that Continent. London: Snow, 1842. Pp. 620.

Specimens of the Authentic Records of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, relative to the Aboriginal Tribes. By DONALD MOODIE. Cape Town: Robertson. London: Richardson. 1841.

Parliamentary Papers relative to Southern Africa, ordered to be printed, 1828—1835.

Mirror of Parliament. London. 1838.

Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country, in Africa. By Captain ALLEN F. GARDINER, R. N. London: Crofts, 1835.

Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa; descriptive of the Zoolus, their Manners, Customs, &c. By NATHANIEL ISAACS. London: Churton, 1836.

THE anticipations of our article of last month relative to Southern Africa, which our limits obliged us to terminate rather abruptly, have been in part realized by the recent intelligence from that quarter. The war with the Dutch boors, to which we shall have occasion to refer before we conclude, has terminated in the virtual accession of a considerable territory to the British crown. This territory is described by the American missionaries, who have been some years settled there, as equal in extent to the whole Cape Colony, and ten times more productive. The part which has been already declared to be British territory, and is now actually occupied by British subjects, is said to contain twenty thousand square miles, or twelve millions of acres. This has been named by the British residents the Province of Victoria.

It extends from the Tugela to the Umzinculu, and from the sea to the Drakenburg mountains. We have already, in our last number, alluded to its fertility and the salubrity of its climate. But we must refer the reader for more detailed information to the volumes of Mr. Isaacs and Captain Gardiner, which we have on this account prefixed to our article. These works, with all others relating to the soil, history, productions, and character of the inhabitants of this new settlement, must at present possess a fresh and peculiar interest, destined, as it seems, to become a most inviting field for British emigration; and, from its geographical position, a valuable emporium for British commerce.* As we shall again have to refer to this subject, we shall now return to the consideration of Mr. Moffat's "Scenes," whom we left in Cape Town, in company with the chief Africaner. This remarkable Hottentot died in March, 1828. One of the Wesleyan missionaries, who had occupied this mission after Mr. Moffat's departure, and who witnessed his last moments, observes, "Although he himself was one of the first and severest persecutors of the Christian cause, he would, had he lived, have spilled his blood, if necessary, for his missionary."

Mr. Moffat had now left Africaner's kraal, to undertake, conjointly with Mr. Hamilton, the mission at Lattakoo. How he was able to pursue his various labours on the scanty means which he describes in p. 107, we are at a loss to conceive, but he seems to have possessed a wonderfully contented mind.

"Some may think," he says, "that my mode of life was a great sacrifice, but habit makes it less so than they suppose. It is true, I *did* feel it a sacrifice to have *nothing at all to eat*, and to bind the stomach with a thong to prevent the gnawing of hunger; water was very scarce, sometimes in small pools, stagnant, and with a green froth, and more than once we had to dispute with lions the possession of a small pool."—*Moffat*. See also *Id.* p. 112.

He was now under the necessity of acquiring, without a teacher, the trade of a blacksmith, in order to keep his wagon in repair. And this knowledge he afterwards found to be an indispensable acquirement.

"We were often exposed to danger from lions, which, from the scarcity of water, frequent the pools or fountains, and some of our number had some hair-breadth escapes. One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the 'Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard: our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, 'Follow me!' and but

* Those who wish for full and accurate information in what relates to the commercial interests and natural productions of Natal will find much satisfaction from the perusal of Mr. S. Bannister's *Humane Policy*, Appendix, London, 1830.

for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monster is perceived, they start like race horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found."—*Moffat*, p. 131.

From among the barbarous customs of the people among whom Mr. Moffat was now placed, we have only space to refer to one, which their poverty probably gave rise to, that of leaving their aged parents to perish. He once addressed a woman whom he had met thus exposed, remarking that he was surprised she should have escaped the lions, who were close to the spot in which she lay. "She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, 'I hear the lions; but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent.'" The dangers as well as privations attending the itinerating expedition of the author among lions, panthers, rhinoceroses, and baboons, form a considerable portion of his amusing volume. His bed was sometimes on these occasions a hole, in which he buried himself, with the exception of his head. Here he acquaints us, he felt "very comfortable."

The London Missionary Society having been, from various circumstances, and especially by reason of the wars of the natives, and the incursions of the Mantatee and Zoolu tribes, till now unheard of, compelled to discontinue their missions among the Hottentots in Namaqua-land, they were afterwards taken up by the Wesleyans,* who have now several missions among these nomadic tribes. The history is next detailed of the mission among the Griquas, a mixed race between the European and Hottentot nations, and one of the most powerful and warlike beyond the frontier. The mission had begun to flourish under the care of Mr. Anderson, when this zealous missionary received an order from the government to send twenty Griquas for the Cape regiment. It will be recollected that Dr. Vanderkemp, as appears from the report of Colonel Collins, above referred to, had always boldly resisted every attempt on the part of the Cape government to make of him a recruiting agent. Mr. Anderson having at first objected to the government order, was menaced with a command to comply or relinquish the mission. He made the proposal to the Griquas, for which his life was threatened, and he found it necessary to withdraw. The Griquas are now governed by an elected chief of great ability, named Waterboer. He combines

* Mr. Boyce, whose "Notes" contain much valuable statistical information, is a Wesleyan missionary. We confess, however, that we were not prepared to find from one of this very "humble body" that the Wesleyan missionaries had to complain of "an insulting distinction" in not being placed on an equality with the clergy of the Church, not receiving the same amount of stipend, &c. Notwithstanding Mr. Boyce's assertion, that the Wesleyans were treated by the government "with the reverse of kindness," it appears, from his own showing, that they are the only dissenters who, as such, obtained grants of land for their own benefit. The grants to the London Missionary Society, to which he refers, were solely for the benefit of the Hottentots.

the offices of legislator, magistrate, and religious teacher, and receives a salary from the colonial government, by whom he is plentifully supplied with arms and ammunition. By these means he has been enabled to keep in check the Bergenaars, (mountaineers,) a body of Griquas who were dissatisfied with his severe discipline and strict administration of justice; and, combining with bodies of Bushmen and Corannas, carried devastation and blood into the Bechuana country. There are about 500 Christian members of the congregation at Griqua town. The present missionary holds the situation of government agent, a combination of offices which the author strongly deprecates. The government allows 50*l.* per annum for the support of schools among these people.

The author next proceeds to the most interesting portion of his missionary life—his residence amongst the Bechuanas, whose existence was first known at an early period of the history of the colony, from the visits of a party of Dutch boors, who attacked them in order to plunder them of their cattle, and butchered great numbers of the defenceless inhabitants. Again, in 1801, they were visited by two Cape gentlemen, sent by government for the purpose of bartering cattle. A short time previous to this, two missionaries, named Kok and Edwards, had settled for the ostensible purpose of instruction, but having no support, they were in a manner compelled to gain a livelihood by barter; at least they seem to have entirely neglected the instruction of the people. One was murdered, and the other returned to the colony. The murderers were put to death by the Bechuana chief, Mohelabangue, who reported the proceedings to the station at Griqua-town. They were visited by Dr. Lichtenstein in 1805; by Messrs. Cowan and Donovan, in 1807; and by Mr. Burchell, in 1812. Messrs. Cowan and Donovan were never again heard of. In 1815, Messrs. Evans and Hamilton attempted to establish a mission amongst them, but the sovereign, finding that their object was not barter, refused to receive them. "The missionaries must not come here," exclaimed the people; and the king responded, "The missionaries must not come here." They were even "followed with hooting and derisive vituperations." They made a second attempt to proceed, but returned for want of provisions. A third attempt was more successful, chiefly through the address of Mr. Read, one of the early associates of Dr. Vanderkemp, who, from his connexion by marriage with the aboriginal tribes, as well as from his peculiar tact in managing the natives, has always possessed great influence among them. In May, 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat (which latter had joined him at Cape Town from England) proceeded to join Mr. Hamilton, who had been now some years in the charge of this new field. The difficulties of the first attempts at conveying knowledge are thus described:—

"During years of apparently fruitless labour, I have often wished to find something, by which I could lay hold on the minds of the natives,—an altar to an unknown God, the faith of their ancestors, the immortality of the

soul, or any religious association; but nothing of this kind ever floated in their minds. 'They looked on the sun,' as Mr. Campbell very graphically said, 'with the eyes of an ox.' To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the governor of the heavens and earth, of the fall of man, or the redemption of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be more fabulous, extravagant, and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas, and jackals. To tell them that these were articles of our faith, would extort an interjection of superlative surprise, as if they were too preposterous for the most foolish to believe. Our labours might well be compared to the attempts of a child to grasp the surface of a polished mirror, or those of a husbandman labouring to transform the surface of a granite rock into arable land, on which he might sow his seed. To gain attention was the first great object of the missionary; and this was not to be done by calm reasoning, or exciting in their minds a jealousy for the honour of their own religious rites and ceremonies, for these they did not possess. What they heard was all right, provided they got a bit of tobacco, or some little equivalent for their time—a thing of no value to them—which they spent in hearing one talk: Some would even make a trade of telling the missionary that they prayed, by which means God directed them to their lost cattle, at a few yards' distance, after having been in search of them several days; and that in the same way he had brought game within reach of their spears."—*Moffat*, pp. 244—246.

The following is the author's account of the government of this people:—

"The government of the people partakes both of the monarchical and patriarchal, comparatively mild in its character. Each tribe has its chief or king, who commonly resides in the largest town, and is held sacred from his hereditary right to that office. A tribe generally includes a number of towns or villages, each having its distinct head, under whom there are a number of subordinate chiefs. These constitute the aristocracy of the nation, and all acknowledge the supremacy of the principal one. His power, though very great, and in some instances despotic, is nevertheless controlled by the minor chiefs, who in their *pichos*, or *pitshos*, their parliament, or public meetings, use the greatest plainness of speech in exposing what they consider culpable or lax in his government."—*Moffat*, p. 248.

Their manners and customs are indeed, upon the whole, very agreeably elucidated by this missionary traveller.

Five years of incessant toil passed on without the slightest impression made on any of the people. The missionaries preached, conversed, and catechized in vain. Every description of annoyance was endured by these zealous men, who were obliged to labour with their own hands for their maintenance.* They were considered a

* The following we select from a goodly catalogue of the daily annoyances to which they were subjected:—If they formed a watercourse to irrigate their gardens, the native women would turn it into their own, and thus leave them many days on a thirsty plain without a drop of water to drink, for which they had to travel to a distant fountain. The natives served them only when they had tobacco, medicines, or other presents to supply them with. They had to send their linen a hundred miles to be washed. Whatever vegetables they raised were stolen. When the missionary was preaching, a thief would put his head into the chapel, and satisfying himself that he was in the pulpit, would go to the house and carry off what he could lay his hands upon. If Mrs. Moffat ventured to remonstrate, her life was threatened. Upon one occasion they stole a cast-iron pot, but finding that on being subjected to the fire it flew into pieces at the first stroke of the hammer, they conceived it

strange race of beings who could tolerate such hardships; and many of the wiser sort conceived that they must have been "criminals who had fled from their native land, and were afraid to return."

At this time an unexpected event gave a new turn to the prospects of the mission. Various powerful and warlike tribes from the north, before unheard of, the most formidable of whom were the Mantatees, were approaching the scene of the mission. Mr. Moffat, having, at the risk of his life, made several ineffectual attempts to approach and parley with these people, was at length obliged to call in the aid of his old friends the Griquas, who were distant five days' journey. Their chief, Waterboer, with a body of one hundred horsemen, well armed with muskets, promptly responded to the call. A parley was again attempted, but in vain. After a sanguinary conflict of many hours, (in which between four and five hundred were slain,) for the terrible details of which we must refer the reader to the work, suffice it to say that, for the present, the missionaries, with their families, retired for safety to Griqua-town, and that the Mantatees returned in the direction from which they had been driven onward by more powerful tribes. This event seemed at the time to have preserved the colony itself from devastation.

The mission having been eventually resumed, in 1824, Mr. Moffat paid a visit to Makaba, king of the Bauangketsi, a journey of many days.

"Sitting down beside this great man, illustrious for war and conquest, and amidst nobles and counsellors, including rain-makers and others of the same order, I stated to him that my object was to tell him my news. His countenance lighted up, hoping to hear of feats of war, destruction of tribes, and such like subjects, so congenial to his savage disposition. When he found that my topics had solely a reference to the Great Being, of whom, the day before, he had told me he knew nothing, and of the Saviour's mission to this world, whose name he had never heard, he resumed his knife and jackal's skin, and hummed a native air."—*Moffat*, p. 403.

After a conversation on the leading doctrines of the gospel, this savage warrior thus addressed him:—

"'Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!' 'Why,' I inquired, 'can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not "add to words" and speak of a resurrection?' Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, 'I have slain my thousands, (bontsintsi,) and shall they arise?'"—*Moffat*, p. 405.

On Mr. Moffat's return through the country of the Barolongs,

"bewitched, and concluded pot-stealing to be a bad speculation." When the missionaries returned from preaching, they frequently found a stone in the pot where they had left a leg of mutton.

who were at this time at war with Makaba, he found it in possession of the terrible Mantatees. He had with his party of Griquas to fight his way through them. A battle and much slaughter ensued. Some hundreds of captured cattle, together with some of their women, which had fallen into the hands of the Barolongs, were restored by the Griquas to the astonished Mantatees. It was affecting to see the children left to perish in their flight by their affrighted mothers. Many of them were saved through the author's exertions. A constant ferment now succeeded, each division still very distrustful of another. The missionaries were surrounded by a banditti, consisting of Griquas, Hottentots, Corannas, Bushmen, and Bechuanas, who had already butchered hundreds in cold blood. They were compelled to leave the station, and take refuge at Griqua-town, leaving Mr. Hamilton, who was without any family, behind. In the meantime the Mantatees had destroyed the powerful tribe of Bauangketsi, and slain the redoubtable Makaba, amid heaps of his warriors. The Wesleyan missions were broken up, and the missionaries driven into the colony. Mr. Moffat, however, with his family, was enabled to resume his labours.

After many years of drought, they had, in 1826, been blessed with abundant rains, which covered the earth with verdure, when swarms of locusts, which had not been seen for more than twenty years, infested every part of the country. This, it seems, did not, after all, prove so great a plague as it at first portended.

"We could not feel otherwise than thankful for this visitation, on account of the poor; for, as many thousands of cattle had been taken from the natives, and gardens to an immense extent destroyed, many hundreds of families, but for the locusts, must have perished with hunger. It was not surprising that our scanty supplies, which we were compelled to procure from a distance, were seized by the hungry people. If our oxen or calves were allowed to wander out of sight, they were instantly stolen. One day two noted fellows from the mountains came down on a man who had the charge of our cattle, murdered him, and ran off with an ox. Some time before the whole of our calves disappeared; two of our men went in pursuit, and found in the ruins of an old town the remains of the calves laid aside for future use. On tracing the footmarks to a secluded spot near the river, they found the thieves, two desperate-looking characters, who, seizing their bows and poisoned arrows, dared their approach. It would have been easy for our men to have shot them on the spot, but their only object was to bring them, if possible, to the station. After a dangerous scuffle, one fled, and the other precipitated himself into a pool of water, amidst reeds, where he stood menacing the men with his drawn bow, till they at last succeeded in seizing him.

"The prisoner had a most forbidding appearance, and we could not help regarding him as a being brutalized by hunger; and, in addition to a defect of vision, he looked like one capable of perpetrating any action without remorse. His replies to our queries and expostulations were something like the growlings of a disappointed hungry beast of prey. There were no authorities in the country to which we could appeal, and the conclusion to which the people came, was to inflict a little castigation, while one of the natives was to whisper in his ear that he must fly for his life. Seeing a young man drawing near with a gun, he took to his heels, and the man

firing a charge of loose powder after him, increased his terror, and made him bound into the marsh, and fly to the opposite side, thinking himself well off to have escaped with his life, which he could not have expected from his own countrymen. He lived for a time at a neighbouring village, where he was wont to describe in graphic style his narrow escape, and how he had outrun the musket-ball. When told by some one that the gun was only to frighten him, he saw that it must have been so; he reasoned on our character, made inquiries, and from our men sparing him in the first instance, and ourselves giving him food, and allowing him to run off after he had received a few strokes with a thong, he concluded that there must be something very merciful about our character; and at last he made his appearance again on our station. He was soon after employed as a labourer, embraced the gospel, and has, through Divine grace, continued to make a consistent profession, and is become an example of intelligence, industry, and love."—*Moffat*, pp. 450—452.

Mr. Moffat, finding that he could not expect much success without a complete knowledge of the language, (having hitherto made use of interpreters,) proceeded for a few months to the country of the Barolongs to devote himself exclusively to this object. His route lying through a country where the lions surrounded him in half dozens, a lion on one occasion, having seized one of his oxen in his presence, devoured it at a meal. Having at length arrived at his destination,—

"The people were kind, and my blundering in the language gave rise to many bursts of laughter. Never in one instance, would an individual correct a word or sentence, till he or she had mimicked the original so effectually, as to give great merriment to others. They appeared delighted with my company, especially as I could, when meat was scarce, take my gun and shoot a rhinoceros, or some other animal, when a night of feasting and talking, as if they had had a barrel of spirits among them, would follow. They thought themselves quite lucky in having such company, as one who could supply them occasionally with both food and medicine."—*Moffat*, pp. 458, 459.

"Being in want of food, and not liking to spend a harassing day, exposed to a hot sun, on a thirsty plain, in quest of a steak, I went one night, accompanied by two men, to the water whence the supply for the town was obtained, as well as where the cattle came to drink. We determined to lie in a hollow spot near the fountain, and shoot the first object which might come within our reach. It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. 'What is that?' I asked Bogachu. 'Ririmala,' (he silent,) he said; 'there are lions, they will hear us.' A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visitors were two buffalos, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mosi, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly towards us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visitors were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas

next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas, and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply."—*Moffat*, pp. 461—463.

Five years more had thus passed away, and little or no impression was made on the native mind: the prospect, however, at length began to brighten. Hymns and spelling-books were prepared in the native language, and a school was commenced. They soon had about forty scholars, and the attendance at public worship was good. Another attack was now made on the mission; but, after some bloodshed, the missionaries were preserved, and not a man among the robbers would have escaped, but for the humanity of Mr. Moffat's people. The marauding party of mountaineers had deliberately murdered all the unoffending natives who had fallen into their hands. Again an attack, commanded by a Coranna chief, consisting of two hundred Griquas and others, well-dressed and armed with muskets, was warded off by the address of Mr. Moffat, who met them with a flag of truce. These people had attacked and plundered his friends, the Barolongs.

A strong excitement now suddenly began to prevail, which took the missionaries by surprise. It first exhibited itself in violent emotions, in which the *men*, an unusual thing, wept copiously. Others would fall down in hysterics, and had to be carried out. The first convert was a runaway slave from the colony, who sent his master 125*l.*, the proceeds of ivory which he had collected, as the price of his freedom. Another convert, without having received a hint to that effect, built a school-house. Six new candidates for baptism presented themselves, in the presence of an unusual number of spectators, and amidst much excitement and confusion. In the evening they sat down together to commemorate the death of our Lord.*

A corresponding change took place in the habits of the people. The natives now began to irrigate the soil and plant tobacco. Ploughs, harrows, spades, and mattocks became indispensable: the cultivation of the soil, which had hitherto devolved upon the women, was now undertaken by the men. Mr. Moffat has not informed us to what extent this progress in civilization has reached, but we know that the Kafirs still disdain to use the plough, and that the males will not degrade themselves by cultivating the soil, a labour which devolves upon the women.

"Our congregation now became a variegated mass, including all descriptions, from the lubricated wild man of the desert, to the clean, comfortable, and well-dressed believer. The same spirit diffused itself through all the

* On the previous Friday they had received a present from a gentleman in Sheffield of communion-plate and candlestick.

routine of household economy. Formerly a chest, a chair, a candle, or a table, were things unknown, and supposed to be only the superfluous accompaniments of beings of another order. Although they never disputed the superiority of our attainments in being able to manufacture these superfluities, they would however question our common sense in taking so much trouble about them. They thought us particularly extravagant in burning fat in the form of candles, instead of rubbing it on our bodies, or depositing it in our stomachs. * * * They soon found to read in the evening or by night required a more steady light than that afforded by a flickering flame from a bit of wood. Candle moulds and rags for wicks were now in requisition, and tallow carefully preserved, when bunches of candles were shortly to be seen suspended from the wall, a spectacle far more gratifying to us than the most charming picture, an indication of the superior light which had entered their abodes."—*Moffat*, pp. 507, 508.

The strong excitement which prevailed at the first conversions to Christianity in 1829 had ceased, but a steady progress in reading and instruction succeeded. The Gospel of St. Luke was printed in the language of the Bechuanas in 1830, and a printing-press was soon after introduced into the mission, when lessons, spelling-books, and catechisms (we believe the Assembly's Catechism was the one selected) were prepared for the schools.

"Although many of the natives had been informed how books were printed, nothing could exceed their surprise when they saw a white sheet, after disappearing for a moment, emerge spangled with letters. After a few noisy exclamations, one obtained a sheet with which he bounded into the village, showing it to every one he met, and asserting that Mr. Edwards and I had made it in a moment, with a round black hammer (a printer's ball) and a shake of the arm. The description of such a juggling process, soon brought a crowd to see the segatisho (press), which has since proved an auxiliary of vast importance to our cause."—*Moffat*, p. 564.

One of the most difficult subjects with which the missionary has to contend is the practice of polygamy. If a native has embraced the Christian faith, what is he to do with his ten, twenty, or thirty wives, especially in a country where men will not work in the field, and his wives are almost his only labourers? If he makes choice of one, which is it to be, and what is to become of the remainder? We have heard that Dr. Vanderkemp did not consider polygamy so absolutely forbidden by the Christian religion, as to insist on a convert's turning off all his wives; and that all he required was, that, if single, he should not marry more than one wife after his conversion, and, if married, he should confine himself to those to whom he had already been united. Mr. Moffat acquaints us, that this formidable barrier of polygamy has, in numerous instances, given way to the principle sanctioned by Christianity—"that not an elder only, but every man," (so he interprets this much agitated passage,) "should be the husband of one wife;"—that the first wife should be considered as having the rightful claim, unless she voluntarily renounces it, which has sometimes been done; in which case it is understood that the others are provided for by the husband so long as they continue unmarried. It is well known that Kama, a respectable Kafir chief, converted by the Wesleyans, has, amidst much opposition from

his nation, persevered in marrying but one wife, at the risk of his life and possessions.

In the years 1837 and 1838, large additions were made to the number of converts, and in Griqua-town and the Kuruman, an infant school was instituted, some of the natives purchased wagons, and the use of clothing became general. As the station was 600 miles from a market town, a trader was allowed to establish himself at the mission. A new and enlarged place of worship was opened, when the congregation amounted to between eight and nine hundred. There are now, according to Mr. Moffat, two hundred and thirty members of the church, or communicants. Among these is reckoned Mothibi, the old chief himself. The whole country is filled with schools and chapels founded by the "Wesleyan and Paris Missionary Societies, extending from Kaffraria in the East to the Kalagare desert in the West."

We have already made some allusion to the Zoolus, a powerful tribe, who from having destroyed several intervening nations, at length settled in the neighbourhood of Natal.* Chaka, a murderous tyrant, having in the year 1828 been put to death by his brother Dingaan, the latter succeeded to the dominion, which he held until recently destroyed in his turn by the Dutch boors and a neighbouring chief; and the bloody engagement which has recently taken place between these emigrants and her Majesty's troops, has naturally drawn the attention of the people of this country to that portion of the world and its occupants, with whom we are likely to be soon better acquainted. As one of the avowed objects of the occupation of Natal by Britain is the protection of the native tribes, we have been anxious to gain some

* Natal, as we learn from Mr. Moodie's work, was first known to the Dutch in 1685, from the circumstance of a vessel having been wrecked there. The reports made by the crew to the Cape government of the fertility of the soil, and the friendly disposition of the inhabitants, were so flattering, that they despatched a vessel for the express purpose of purchasing the harbour from the native chief, Ingoosi. The purchase was made with all due formalities in 1690, but it appears to have been immediately abandoned, and no settlement seems to have been made there before the year 1823, when Lieut. Farewell, R. N., a private trader, again purchased it from the tyrant Chaka, the chief of the Zoolus, a powerful tribe, which had come originally from the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay, and had exterminated the native inhabitants of Natal. The Cape government refused to recognise the port as a British dependency, or to sanction Lieut. Farewell's proceedings, while, in the mean time, a considerable number of Englishmen had settled there. But the protection which was withheld from the peaceable and loyal British settlers has been at length yielded to the more formidable and rebellious Dutch boors. After the boors had established themselves in that quarter, the offer was made them on the part of the English government of confirmation in their lands by the Queen, if they would consent to recognise her authority. This they positively declined, and this circumstance, together with the ferment which was created on the frontier by their repeated disputes with some of the native tribes, who were friendly to the English government, led to the despatch of a military force to Natal, in May last. The results of the recent conflict between this brave band and the Dutch boors are two well known for us to enlarge on. It terminated in the officer commanding the British force which had been sent to relieve the besieged garrison, proposing terms to the boors, (who still refused to submit.) These terms were a general amnesty, and the un molested possession of their lands, provided only that the boors would take an oath of allegiance to the Queen. They were, after some hesitation, accepted.

information respecting them, with which to present our readers. On the subject of the emigrant boors, Mr. Moffat's book contains no information. We could have wished to have obtained more full details than we have hitherto been able to procure respecting the causes and history of their emigration from the colony, which has lately increased to such an alarming extent. From the little which we have seen, we can only collect that great numbers of the boors have been, for the last fifteen years, (but more especially since the Kafir war in 1834, when they were disappointed in their expectations of obtaining a portion of the Kafir territory,) crossing the frontier in search of more extensive pasturage than they could find within the colony. But, discontented with the British government in consequence of the abolition of slavery, and the inadequacy of the compensation money,* and the inability any longer to coerce the Hottentots into their service, as well as too indolent to follow the examples of the industrious British settlers, these men, throwing off their allegiance to their sovereign, have, after many bloody conflicts with the native tribes, and especially the Zoolus, at length formed a settlement in their country, where they have built towns, and formed a regular republic, on the spot, where, a few years since, one hundred of them were treacherously massacred by the chief Dingaan, who, under pretence of friendship, had invited them to a feast, requesting them not to bring their arms. The wily politician, doubtless, dreaded the effects of allowing them to settle in his territory, and adopted this method of ridding himself of a disagreeable neighbour. This bloody scene took place in presence of the Church missionary, Mr. Owen.† The

* We understand, at the same time, that the majority of the emigrant farmers never possessed a slave in their lives.

† The first attempt to introduce religious instruction among the Zoolus, was made in the year 1835, by Captain Gardiner, R. N., who went to reside among them for that purpose, and continued his occupation for about twelve months, with the intention of opening a way for a Church of England Mission. Many interesting particulars, respecting his intercourse with the natives, and especially with the sanguinary monster Dingaan, as well as some useful information respecting the productions of the soil, the climate, &c., will be found in his "Journey to the Zoolu Country." The American Board of Missions (Presbyterians) commenced a mission among them at the close of the same year, and the Church Missionary Society, on the representation of Captain Gardiner, sent out the Rev. F. Owen, who remained among the Zoolus, from May, 1837, until after the massacre of the Dutch boors, which took place on the 6th of February, 1838, when the mission was relinquished. Mr. Owen himself removed to the country of the Matabele, but the South African Mission was eventually abandoned to the Paris Society, which had formerly a mission at the same station. The American Missionaries among the Zoolus also thought it prudent to quit the country upon the massacre of the boors, but resumed their stations, after the establishment of peace between the boors and Zoolus, in 1839, when the tyrant Dingaan was succeeded by the present chief, Umpandi. The reports of the American Missionaries speak in encouraging terms of the progress of the Zoolus under their instruction. They have now four stations at Natal; and notwithstanding the tyranny of the chiefs,—“the earth affording few specimens of despotism so all-pervading, so inexorably severe, as that of Dingaan and his predecessor Chaka,”—the Zoolus are represented as “open, frank, social, and happy, and free from the gross sins of heathenism; they are not drunkards, though the boors are beginning to give them drink. Though polygamy is universal, they are not licentious; they are not addicted to stealing. Their hearts and minds are in a state favourable to the reception of the Gospel.”

subsequent incursions of these farmers on some of the tribes friendly to the British, induced them to call upon us for protection, which was readily granted; and at the same time the Dutch boors were promised, if they would submit to the queen's government, to be left in possession of the lands which they had acquired. This reasonable proposition (that is, on the assumption that there are no other legitimate claimants) they peremptorily rejected, alleging that they were an independent power, and that they had made over the country to the king of the Netherlands. Hence arose the bloody battle with the Queen's troops, of which the last arrivals from the Cape conveyed the intelligence.* Of the Zoolus themselves, the accounts which we

* The following details respecting this event, which we have taken some pains to collect from various sources, will probably be found not uninteresting at the present juncture.

The first *general* movement of the emigrant boors (or farmers) took place in 1835, upon the alleged ground (among others) of dissatisfaction at Lord Glenelg's policy in regard to the Kafir treaties. In this, and the two following years, about 5,000 left the colony, and proceeded eastward in the direction of Natal, intending, as they stated, to settle in some vacant country at a distance from the coast. Having entered into friendly relations with various tribes, they passed the Caledon river in the month of September, 1836, when a party of Moselekatze's scouts fell upon a small detachment of the boors, who were approaching this chieftain's territories by a route which he had prohibited, and destroyed them, with their wives and children, at the distance of about 300 miles from the chief's residence. This attack produced a signal chastisement. On the 1st of January, 1837, the boors commenced their attack on the unsuspecting natives, destroyed fourteen villages, with their inhabitants, including 1,000 of the best fighting men. Moselekatze was compelled to make an ignominious retreat into a ravine, with a few followers, and has not since been heard of. The emigrants now drew near the pass in the Drakenberg range of mountains, which separates the Zoolus from the Bechuanas, when a small party advanced, in January, 1838, to treat with Dingaan, the Zoolu chief, for the unoccupied ground between the Tugela and Umzinkulu rivers. The boors reminded Dingaan of the success of their attack on his enemy, Moselekatze, when he proposed to them, as part of the terms of the treaty, that they should attack and subdue the Mantatees, under the chief Sikonyela, and recapture a quantity of cattle, of which Dingaan stated they had deprived him. The boors complied, and, after a bloody attack on the Mantatees, who, however, had given them no cause of offence, recaptured the cattle. Mr. Retief, the leader of the boors, although strongly warned against the step, now proceeded, accompanied only 1,100 men, to the residence of Dingaan, in order to ratify the treaty, when they were inveigled by this treacherous chief, and every individual among them massacred in cold blood. This, we have observed, took place on the 6th of February, 1838.

Two days afterwards, the Zoolus fell upon the remainder of the party while asleep, and commenced butchering men, women, and children. They were, however, at length repulsed with much slaughter. The loss of the boors, including women, children, and servants, amounted to 554 individuals. In a subsequent attack made by the English residents on a Zoolu village, the greater part of the English were killed.

Some time after this (December 15th, 1838,) the Zoolus were signally defeated, 4,000 killed, and Dingaan's capital taken and destroyed; when he was compelled to sue for peace, and signed the original convention, ceding the territory west of the Tugela. This convention was signed in presence of a British officer, who had been sent, in consequence of these troubles, with a detachment, to seize Port Natal, as a preventive measure, under a proclamation dated November 14th, 1838, in which, however, the government disclaimed any intention whatever of retaining permanent possession of the country, either as a British dependency or otherwise; and, in a government note, dated April, 1838, notifying the convention, the government disclaim being any party to the treaty, or recognising it as affecting the question between the Queen's government and the emigrants as to their pretence of independence.

The

have already received are but meagre; but we are happy to learn, that a complete account of the manners and customs of this tribe may be expected from the pen of that able and scientific traveller, Dr. Andrew Smith, surgeon to the Forces at Chatham, who visited the chief Dingaan a few years since for this purpose. In the mean time we are much obliged to Mr. Moffat, for the very interesting account which he has given us of his visit to Moselekatse (sometimes called Umsilikas,) the chief of a portion of this tribe, which broke off from the tyrant Chaka, and formed a separate government, not many days' journey from Mr. Moffat's mission. From his account of his journey to this celebrated chief, "the Napoleon of South Africa," we shall furnish a few extracts, referring the reader to the work itself for more complete information.

It was at the close of 1829, that Moselekatse, king of the Matabele, or Abaku Zoolus, having first heard of the existence of white men or missionaries, sent two of his *lintuna*, or great men, in company with two traders who had visited him from the colony, for the purpose of obtaining a more particular knowledge of his white neighbours. Although in a state of nudity, which shocked the more delicate feelings of the Bechuanas, their natural politeness far exceeded any thing to which the missionaries had been accustomed, and evinced the rank of their new visitors. As their destruction on their way home was threatened by the Bechuana tribes, they prevailed on Mr. Moffat to accompany them, which he did under the apprehension of the consequences to the mission of the ambassadors of such a power being butchered on the road. That the journey was a perilous one, will be evident from the following passage, which we select at random from several of the same character.

The boors again, in September, suspecting fresh treachery on the part of Dingaan, meditated another attack on him, but they were anticipated by his half-brother Umpandi, who, having been obliged to fly for his life, collected a large body of men, completely routed Dingaan, destroyed 3,000 of his people, and was himself proclaimed chief, with the full approbation of the boors, and to the joy of all parties. He is described by the American missionaries as a sensible and well-disposed man; and though inferior in natural talents to Dingaan, possessed of an honest and good heart, and equally kind to the farmers and the missionaries. The boors are represented by the same authority as the scourges of the natives; their ignorance, divisions, and ungodliness rendering it impossible for them to unite in any good form of government; and as for independence, they are stated to be far less fitted for it than the worst of all the South American states. They are described as exceedingly illiterate, with an instinctive dread of all government. One of the missionaries, however, writes, that, "considering their ignorance, the farmers are the best-disposed people I have ever met with. As a body, the boors intend to treat the blacks justly and humanely—that is, according to their ideas of justice and humanity." This, the same intelligent writer informs us, includes "making hard and unequal laws for the aborigines." As a strong proof of their conscientiousness, may be stated the fact, mentioned by Mr. Boyce, that they have refused the ministration of a *soi-disant* missionary, on the grounds of his having never been ordained; preferring to leave their children unbaptized, and marriage by civil contract, until their wants in this respect are supplied.

As to the end of Dingaan, we learn that he wandered off to the north-east, where he was taken and put to death by an enterprising chief, named Sopusa, whom he had formerly twice invaded. This is, doubtless, the same person whom Captain Gardiner (p. 167,) describes as Sobuza, king of the Unquani, who had been formerly subdued by Chaka.

"At Sitlagole river, about 160 miles from the Kuruman, we halted in the afternoon, and allowed our oxen to graze on a rising bank opposite our wagons, and somewhat farther than a gun-shot from them. Having but just halted, and not having loosened a gun, we were taken by surprise by two lions rushing out from a neighbouring thicket. The oldest one, of enormous size, approached within ten yards of the oxen, and bounding on one of my best, killed him in a moment, by sending his great teeth through the vertebræ of the neck. The younger lion couched at a distance, while the elder licked his prey, turning his head occasionally towards the other oxen, which had caught his scent and scampered off; then, with his fore-feet upon the carcase, he looked and roared at us, who were all in a scuffle to loosen our guns, and attack his majesty. Two of our number, more eager to frighten than to kill, discharged their muskets; and, probably a ball whistling past his ear, induced him to retire to the thicket whence he had come, leaving us in quiet possession of the meat. At Meritsane, the bed of another dry river, we had a serenade of desert music, composed of the treble, counter, and bass voices of jackals, hyenas, and lions."—*Moffat*, pp. 515, 516.

"On the sides of the hills and Kashan mountains were towns in ruins, where thousands once made the country alive, amidst fruitful vales now covered with luxuriant grass, inhabited by game. The extirpating invasions of the Mantatees and Matabele had left to beasts of prey the undisputed right of these lovely woodland glens. The lion, which had revelled in human flesh, as if conscious that there was none to oppose, roamed at large, a terror to the traveller, who often heard with dismay his nightly roaring echoed back by the surrounding hills. We were mercifully preserved during the nights, though our slumbers were often interrupted by his fearful howlings. We had frequently to take our guns and precede the wagon, as the oxen sometimes took fright at the sudden rush of a rhinoceros or buffalo from a thicket. More than one instance occurred, when, a rhinoceros being aroused from his slumbers by the crack of the whips, the oxen would scamper off like race-horses, when destruction of gear, and some part of the wagon, was the result. As there was no road, we were frequently under the necessity of taking very circuitous routes to find a passage through deep ravines; and we were often obliged to employ picks, spades, and hatchets, to clear our way. When we bivouacked for the night, a plain was generally selected, that we might be the better able to defend ourselves; and when fire-wood was plentiful, we made a number of fires at a distance around the wagon. But when it rained, our situation was pitiful indeed; and we only wished it to rain so hard that the lion might not like to leave his lair."—*Moffat*, pp. 518, 519.

Having passed through the friendly tribes of the Barolongs and the Bahurutsi, Mr. Moffat wished to bid them farewell, as they were beyond the reach of danger, but their entreaties prevailed on him to proceed to the frontier of Moselekatse's dominions.

"Having travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a

spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten any thing that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong; so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load, they removed these for fire-wood."—*Moffat*, pp. 519, 520.

On arriving at Moselekatse's first cattle post, Mr. Moffat wished to return, when the following scene took place:—

"The two chief men arose, and after looking for a while on the ground as if in deep thought, 'Umbate, laying his right hand on my shoulder, and the left on his breast, addressed me in the following language: 'Father, you have been our guardian. We are yours. You love us, and will you leave us?' and pointing to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, 'Yonder,' he added, 'dwells the great Moselekatse, and how shall we approach his presence, if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us, for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain to cause your return; and before the sun descend on the day we see his face, we shall be ordered out for execution, because you are not. Look at me and my companion, and tell us if you can, that you will not go, for we had better die here than in the sight of our people.' I reasoned, but they were silent; their eyes, however, spoke a language I could not resist. 'Are you afraid?' said one; to which I replied, 'No.' Then said 'Umbate, 'It remains with you to save our lives, and our wives and children from sorrow.' I now found myself in a perplexing position, these noble suppliants standing before me, 'Umbate, whose intelligent countenance beamed with benevolence, while his masculine companion, another Mars, displayed a sympathy of feeling not to be expected in the man of war, who could count his many tens of slain warriors which had adorned his head with the ring or badge of victory and honour."—*Moffat*, pp. 522, 523.

The journey began to increase in interest.

"The ruins of many towns showed signs of immense labour and perseverance; stone fences, averaging from four to seven feet high, raised apparently without mortar, hammer, or line. Every thing was circular, from the inner walls which surrounded each dwelling or family residence, to those which encircled a town. In traversing these ruins, I found the remains of some houses which had escaped the flames of the marauders. These were

large, and displayed a far superior style to any thing I had witnessed among the other aboriginal tribes of Southern Africa."—*Moffat*, pp. 523, 524.

One of the messengers preceded him to make his "path straight to the abode of his sovereign." At length, after a journey of many days, "There," said 'Umbate, "there dwells the great king, the elephant, the lion's paw."

We select the following from the many extraordinary scenes which took place during Mr. Moffat's visit to this chieftain, which was protracted ten days.

"The following morning was marked by a melancholy display of that so-called heroism which prefers death to dishonour. A feast had been proclaimed, cattle had been slaughtered, and many hearts beat high in anticipation of wallowing in all the excesses of savage delight; eating, drinking, dancing, and singing the victors' song over the slain, whose bones lay bleached on the neighbouring plains. Every heart appeared elate but one. He was a man of rank, and what was called an Entuna, (an officer,) who wore on his head the usual badge of dignity. He was brought to headquarters. His arm bore no shield, nor his hand a spear; he had been divested of these, which had been his glory. He was brought into the presence of the king and his chief council, charged with a crime, for which it was in vain to expect pardon, even at the hands of a more humane government. He bowed his fine elastic figure, and kneeled before the judge. The case was investigated silently, which gave solemnity to the scene. Not a whisper was heard among the listening audience, and the voices of the council were only audible to each other and the nearest spectators. The prisoner, though on his knees, had something dignified and noble in his mien. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, but his bright black eyes indicated a feeling of intense interest, which the moving balance between life and death only could produce. The case required little investigation; the charges were clearly substantiated, and the culprit pleaded guilty. But, alas! he knew it was at a bar where none ever heard the heart-reviving sound of pardon, even for offences small compared with his. A pause ensued, during which the silence of death pervaded the assembly. At length the monarch spoke, and, addressing the prisoner, said, 'You are a dead man, but I shall do to-day what I never did before; I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father'—pointing to the spot where I stood. 'I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood, for his sake I spare your life; he has travelled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white; but he tells me that to take away life, is an awful thing, and never can be undone again. He has pleaded with me not to go to war, nor destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his own home again, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake, for I love him, and he has saved the lives of my people. But,' continued the king, 'you must be degraded for life; you must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter the towns of the princes of the people; nor ever again mingle in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the field, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the desert.' The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon, and exalt in songs applicable only to One, to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But no, holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied, 'O king, afflict not my heart! I have merited thy displeasure; let me be slain like the warrior; I cannot live with the poor.' And, raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued; 'How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honour which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!'

His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now, my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honours he had won at the point of the spear—honours which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish—to exile and poverty, among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom.”—*Moffat*, pp. 539—542.

In illustration of the patriotism of these people we are informed that—

“The very monarch who was thus influenced by the presence of the Christian missionary, needed only to ask his warriors, ‘Who among you will become a sacrifice for the safety of the state, and the country’s good?’ and his choicest men would have run upon the thick bosses of the enemy’s buckler.”—*Moffat*, p. 542.

The above scene was followed by others still more affecting, for which we must refer the reader to the narrative. Mr. Moffat having taken his leave of this warrior, arrived at his station in safety, and subsequently paid him a second visit, in January, 1835, in company with the expedition of Dr. Smith, when he remained two months at his court, and had an opportunity of acquiring much valuable information respecting the manners of this newly-discovered tribe.

Some American missionaries who had lately arrived in the colony having at this time proposed to commence a mission among the Matabele, Moselekatse consented to receive them on Mr. Moffat’s representation; but, having arrived at the station in 1836, their prospects were blasted by an inroad of the disaffected farmers, who were located in their neighbourhood. These farmers had a severe conflict with Moselekatse, but eventually retreated to the Orange River, sweeping away with them the American missionaries. There appears to be some mystery about this affair; for while Mr. Moffat attributes the breaking up of the mission to the unrestrained power of the farmers, he regrets that “there should have been causes real or alleged for such a procedure.”

Moselekatse’s power has been since on the wane, owing to the attacks partly of Dingaan, partly of the Bergenaars, and partly of the emigrant farmers. He has retired to the north, and the expelled natives have since congregated on the domains of their forefathers.

The Bergenaars appear to be now completely destroyed. Pestilence, the Bushmen, and beasts of prey, were enemies too strong for this lawless banditti. Their ringleader became a beggar, and died the victim of remorse and shame.

We can offer but a few observations on the religious views of the native tribes. Mr. Moffat considers them a nation of atheists. The Matabele seem, however, to have a name for some invisible agent—“Morimo,” which the author says they apply, not to a being or power, but to the state of the dead, or the influence of the manes of the dead. This is the word which the missionaries now use to denote the Deity. Moselekatse seemed to think that the spirit of his father had some influence on his successes and conquests. We find, however, one of

the rain-makers, who are the only priests among them, thus arguing against a future state: "You say that I am immortal, and why not my dog or my ox? What is the difference between the man and the beast? None; except that man is the greater rogue of the two." Such ceremonies as they possess, Mr. Moffat looks upon as the invention of sorcerers, or the mere fragments of what has passed into oblivion. We are inclined to give the preference to this latter opinion; how else can we account for the universal practice of circumcision which prevails among all the South African tribes, with the solitary exception of the Hottentots, and the distinction between clean and unclean animals, which is strictly observed by the Kafir and Tambookee, and probably other tribes? These rites evidently connect them with a more ancient race. It must be acknowledged that Dr. Vanderkemp and all the missionaries are united in considering the Kafir tribes as destitute of all belief in a Supreme Being, for whom they have not even a name, much less any external form of religious worship. Their ceremonies, such as slaughtering an ox to procure rain, or to restore the sick, or when an accident takes place from lightning, Mr. Moffat holds to be the invention of sorcerers. The ox on this occasion is smothered by holding his nose in a vessel of water. Their covenants are also made by slaying an ox, accompanied by certain symbolical rites.

The ceremonies at the burial of the dead may assist in throwing some light on the ideas entertained by a people respecting a future state. Mr. Moffat informs us that they address the dead; and has caught at this practice in order to prove to them that their ancestors must have believed in the immortality of the soul. The following is his description of the usual ceremonies upon such melancholy occasions:—

"When they see any indications of approaching dissolution in fainting fits or convulsive throes, they throw a net over the body, and hold it in a sitting posture, with the knees brought in contact with the chin, till life is gone. The grave, which is frequently made in the fence surrounding the cattle fold, or in the fold itself, if for a man, is about three feet in diameter, and six feet deep. The interior is rubbed over with a large bulb. The body is not conveyed through the door of the fore-yard or court connected with each house, but an opening is made in the fence for that purpose. It is carried to the grave, having the head covered with a skin, and is placed in a sitting posture. Much time is spent in order to fix the corpse exactly facing the north; and though they have no compass, they manage, after some consultation, to place it very nearly in the required position. Portions of an ant-hill are placed about the feet, when the net which held the body is gradually withdrawn; as the grave is filled up, the earth is handed in with bowls, while two men stand in the hole to tread it down round the body great care being taken to pick out every thing like a root or pebble. When the earth reaches the height of the mouth, a small twig or branch of an acacia is thrown in, and on the top of the head a few roots of grass are placed; and when the grave is nearly filled, another root of grass is fixed immediately above the head, part of which stands above ground. When finished, the men and women stoop, and with their hands scrape the loose soil around on to the little mound. A large bowl of water, with an infusion of bulbs, is then brought, when the men and women wash their hands and the upper part of their feet, shouting "*pùla, pùla,*" rain, rain. An old

woman, probably a relation, will then bring his weapons, bows, arrows, war-axe, and spears, also grain and garden seeds of various kinds, and even the bone of an old pack-ox, with other things, and address the grave, saying, "there are all your articles." These are then taken away, and bowls of water are poured on the grave, when all retire, the women wailing, "yo, yo, yo," with some doleful dirge, sorrowing without hope."—*Moffat*, pp. 307, 308.

In tracing the origin of a people, in the absence of history, language is one of the surest aids. On this subject our information is scanty; for no one seems yet to have turned his attention to an etymological study of the native dialects. It would appear that these dialects resolve themselves into two parent stocks, the clicking tongue of the various tribes of Hottentots and Bushmen, and the softer and more euphonious language of the various tribes of the Kafir family. All the African nations to the southward of the equator, with the exception of the Hottentots, speak idioms which belong to one and the same family of languages. The dialects of Congo belong to one of these stems; the idioms of the Amakosah (or Kafirs, commonly so called) constitute a second; and the Bechuana seems to be, in some respects, intermediate between the two.* The Mozambique language belongs to a third, connected by extensive analogies in the vocabulary. A dialect of the same language is said to be spoken by the natives of the Comoro islands, and written by them in the Arabic character.

The following specimen from the beginning of Genesis will give some idea of the Bechuana, or as it is called by the natives, the Sechuana dialect, the former being the name of the people, the latter of the language:

GENESE, Khaolo 1.

"1. Mirimo o loa bopa magorimo le lehatsi motsimologoñ. 2. Lehatsi le le ropehetse, le sina sepe; mi gole lehihi ha gorimo ga boten. Mi Moea oa Morimo o elame gorimo ga metse. 3. Mi Morimo oa re, a leseri le ne; mi ga na leseri. 4. Mi Morimo oa bona leseri ha e le molemo; mi Morimo oa khao ganya ha gare ga leseri le lehihi. 5. Mi Morimo oa bitsa leseri Motsi, mi lehihi oa le bitsi Bosigo. Mi go le ga na mabanyane, mi go le ga na mosho, motsi oa eintla."

It will be observed, that each word ends with a vowel. The only exceptions are nouns in the ablative case, plural and definite verbs, and the interrogatives why, how, and what, which all terminate in *ng*.

The language of the Kafir, or Amakosah, tribe has a slight sprinkling of the Hottentot click, which it has no doubt received from its vicinity to those people. The various tribes of the Hottentots understand each other without the aid of an interpreter. This is not the case with the Bushmen, whose dialects differ materially. The chief peculiarity of their language is that of the addition of a croaking in the throat to the Hottentot's click. The New Testament has been

* Pritchard.

translated into the Namaqua dialect by one of the missionaries, a German, who married a native woman.*

Mr. Moffat's work contains much curious information regarding the natural history of the country. We have often heard of a man's out-staring a lion, but we believe that the anecdote in p. 139, respecting one of Mr. Schmelen's congregation who had to endure a hungry lion's glare, within a yard of his feet, for two days and two nights continuously, is unique in the annals of zoology.

"He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme: the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed, the man, in describing it, said, 'he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet.' Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his 'toes roasted,' and his skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life."—*Moffat*, pp. 139, 140,

It would appear, that in the neighbourhood of the Matabele this animal is not so readily charmed.

We have now gone through a great portion of Mr. Moffat's volume, certainly without any disposition to criticise. Notwithstanding the high colouring which characterises the author's style, we have no reason to suppose that any of his facts are intentionally exaggerated;† we have, however, sometimes stumbled on some pas-

* Among other singular anecdotes of native talent, is one respecting the memory of a wild native Bechuana, who, on Mr. Moffat's first visit to his tribe, recited, *verbatim*, to an astonished audience, a sermon which Mr. Moffat had just finished preaching, and which had taken an hour in the delivery! This man subsequently became a convert.

† In p. 88, Mr. Moffat gives us what he calls a ludicrous history of a pianoforte, which emitted harmonious sounds from a grave in which it had been concealed. On what principle of pneumatics vibration took place where the external air was excluded, he has not attempted to explain.

sages with which we confess ourselves not a little puzzled. Among these is the flourish in p. 2, where the author observes that, but for British power and sympathy, "Africa, to this day, might have had the tri-coloured flag waving on her bosom, bearing the ensigns of the mystery of Babylon, and the crescent of the false prophet, and the emblems of Pagan darkness." What, in the name of wonder, has the tri-coloured flag to do with the crescent or with paganism? Has the author forgotten, that the president of the Paris Protestant Missionary Society (which he has so much eulogised) is a gallant French admiral? and as for Babylon, which certain infallible interpreters assure us is only another name for the church of Rome, we can assure the author that Dr. Griffiths,* the present learned bishop of the "Latin rite" at the Cape of Good Hope, arrived in that colony under the protection of the Union Jack.

We should like to have risen from our task without descending to the arena of controversy.† Mr. Moffat's book, we are happy to say, furnishes us with little inducement to do so.‡ Not so, however, his

* "My lord Griffitz, bishop, apostolic vicar of the Cape of Good Hope," as he is styled in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. This brings to our mind a misnomer which we lately met with, in respect to another vicar apostolic, in Tholuck's Commentary on the Hebrews, where he speaks of "Winemann's *Horæ Syriacæ*." The author he describes as an "Italian scholar, born in Spain, of English parents, of German origin." Who could have recognised Dr. Wiseman under this disguise?

† We have already had occasion to notice Mr. Moffat's inaccuracy in our last number, p. 556, in ascribing the fiftieth Ordinance to Dr. Philip. The following are the dates to which we then referred, as proving the utter incorrectness of the statement. The ordinance was enacted at the Cape, July 17, 1828; on the 15th of July, same year, Mr. Buxton introduced his motion on the subject. On the 3d of August, 1828, Sir George Murray wrote to the Commissioners for their Report. On the 1st of July, 1830, the Commissioners' Report was received. This report proves that Sir Richard Bourke was, as we have stated, the author of the measure, which was confirmed by the king in council, in January, 1829. Mr. Boyce cavils at this ordinance, (which he says has been "pompously styled the charter of the Hottentots' freedom,") inasmuch as it "cost the government nothing beyond the trouble of compiling the document," and only "restored the Hottentots to liberty, and freedom of action," without granting them compensation for "the whole colony, the numerous flocks taken from their ancestors, and the injustice of two centuries," adding that "their present feelings of dissatisfaction are the natural consequence of the intellectual advancement of a people once too degraded either to feel or understand their claims." He admits, however, that, "although its immediate effect has been anything but beneficial to the majority of them, there has been a manifest improvement in the condition of the industrious portion of the people since the fiftieth ordinance," and that "there are few of the Hottentot race met with, who are not clothed in some fashion or other with European garments," while "the Kafirs, Bechuanas, and Fingoes, (whom Sir Richard Bourke had permitted to enter the colony by a separate ordinance, No. 49) are in the weekly receipt of wages, averaging those of respectable labourers in England, and generally distinguished by their superior style of dress, as well as by their industry and aversion to intoxicating liquors." The circumstance of having previously legislated for these "native foreigners," as they are styled in this ordinance, and the manifest impropriety of granting them greater privileges than those enjoyed by the actual natives of the colony, were the grounds stated by Sir Richard Bourke, in his despatch to the Secretary of State, which accompanied these documents, as an apology for his "unauthorized legislation" in favour of the Hottentots and other free persons of colour included in the fiftieth ordinance.

‡ As a proof of the moderation of the views of some of the missionaries of the London Society at the Cape in speculative points, we beg to refer the reader to p. 42, where Mr. Moffat speaks of the difficulties which they have had in eradicating from

reviewers. One of them (we presume much to his annoyance) will have it that he is a "Bishop;" while another, a "Churchman," derives from the labours of the London Society an argument against the succession of the Christian ministry. His argument is something like one of Voltaire's against the truth of the Christian religion. Such a person, for instance—a respectable member of the Society of Friends—is a very benevolent character; ergo, our blessed Saviour never said, "Go and baptize." Doubtless, the reviewer will be consoled by the assurance contained in Mr. Moffat's "Scenes," that if "Africa had once her Cyprians and bishops, and her noble army of martyrs,"* she has now in their place "a noble band of . . . baptist missionaries."† However we may grieve at our want of union with many whom we honour and respect, and however gratified we may feel at every successful effort to promote the happiness of mankind, we know that "union is strength;" and that, as there is but one truth, we believe that our only security for attaining that truth is by union with the Church, which, by her succession of ministers, her catholic creeds, her sacraments, and apostolic liturgy, has preserved the "faith once delivered to the saints."

Under all circumstances, it is our sacred duty to give our scattered flocks the benefit of the Church's ministrations. We are aware that at the Cape the number of clergy of the Church of England is at present but small. There are in all, we believe, but twelve Stations. So far, however, from there being any objection to extending the episcopate to that colony, we are satisfied that, had we begun, as in New Zealand, with sending out a bishop, we should probably have been now in possession of that ground which we shall have to dispute with the Romanist and the dissenter. Let us, however, not be dismayed; our prospects are brightening, and we trust that we may see our Church, in her complete organization, extending the rich blessings of the gospel of Christ among her African sons.

We had nearly forgotten to say a word on the subject of Mr. Moodie's "Specimens." The work, when finished, will contain all the official documents relating to the intercourse of Europeans with the aboriginal tribes, from the year 1649 to the present period, and will be found an extremely curious and valuable accession to our information on these subjects. We have already cited some of the passages of Colonel Collins's report, which forms one of the "Specimens." We shall conclude with two others.

"Soon after we had passed the Dole River, we found the former residence of a Maroon slave, a native of Malabar, who had been brought from it to his master, only a few weeks before, in the hope of a reward, by the Kafirs whom we were in search of.

the minds of the Hottentots some of Dr. Vanderkemp's ultra-notions on predestination. Mr. Moffat also makes some just remarks on the "wild notions" which were produced among the natives by their unaided attempts at interpreting the Scriptures for themselves.

* Moffat, p. 2.

† Ibid. p. 612.

"The poor fellow had been six years in this unfrequented tract. A companion, whose grave we perceived at a distance of several miles beyond his habitation, had for the first few months cheered his retreat, but he had passed the remainder of this time without the company of a human being. The first hut he had constructed was concealed in the wood. The second showed that he had built it with more confidence, for it was placed outside, and an undisturbed residence of several years having given him reason to suppose that he might end his days in this peaceful abode, he had begun to build on a large scale; but had only completed half his new mansion, when he was deprived of all his possessions. Whether he supposed the land under large wood better than that naturally without any, I cannot say, but he had cleared about two acres, which he had converted into an excellent garden, containing vegetables, tobacco, and fruit trees, well watered by a fountain which his labour had appropriated to his particular use. The dung of elephants and buffaloes, which are both exceedingly numerous in this quarter, had served him for manure; and a heap of their bones, and of those of elands, boschboks, and other antelopes, of whose skins he had manufactured good clothing, cut according to the European fashion, manifested his success in the chase, or rather his ingenuity in contriving pits and snares to catch these animals. His industry had even extended to the baking of earthenware; and this new Robinson Crusoe had contrived by his own exertions to unite in his solitude almost all the comforts that are enjoyed in civilized and social life. Indolence had certainly had no share in prompting his flight; nor had the fear of punishment been the cause of it, for he had never committed any crime.

"Desirous to acquire some information respecting the country which I was about to enter, I sent for this extraordinary man. The fear of his escape, and the weight of his fetters, had made it necessary to bring him in a wagon. Thus chained, it was his master's intention to avail himself of his future services; but observing to him that it was possible he might frustrate his vigilance and draw other Maroons to the difficult country which he had lately inhabited, I directed that he should be immediately taken to the Cape, and there changed or otherwise disposed of."—*Report*, p. 28.

The next case relates to the slave trade.

"This vessel belonged to the Dutch East India Company, and was commanded by a man named Muller; she sailed about forty years ago from the Cape for the island of Madagascar, to exchange copper and merchandise for slaves. Having arrived at her destination, a chief and party of natives were invited on board, and having been lulled to security, were bound and carried off.

"The ship having made Cape Point on her return, the captain supposed all danger past, and released his prisoners; they instantly seized the ship and put all their kidnappers to death, except the captain and a few persons whom they spared for the purpose of navigating the vessel back to Madagascar.

"The savages knew that they had come from the point where the sun rises, and could not be much deceived during the day respecting the proper course to be taken; but in the night the ship was always steered in a contrary direction. At length they arrived off Point Aiguillas, and the vessel was anchored at Schoonberg; the mate, who was the only person who had any influence over the minds of the late captives, having persuaded them that this country was part of their own, and that they should proceed on their voyage as soon as some repairs were performed to the vessel.

"Letters, descriptive of their situation, were inclosed by the captain in bottles, and committed to the sea, and were both received by some inhabitants who happened to be fishing near the spot. The affair was reported to the landdrost, who assembled a party immediately, and placed them in ambush at a short distance, directing some slaves and Hottentots to light a fire. This was the signal of friendship, and aid requested to be made by

the captain, who ran the ship on shore as soon as he observed it. The savages, supposing the people they perceived were unconnected with any nation like their base betrayers, swam in a body to the beach, where they testified their joy by dancing and acclamations. Their festivity was not of long duration. Those who did not fall by a discharge of musketry, or prefer a watery grave to slavery, were again secured.

"The author of this infamous transaction, fearing that his conduct in liberating the prisoners, which was done against the advice of his officers, might subject him to punishment when known in Holland, or else unable to bear the stings of conscience, put a period soon afterwards to his criminal existence."—*Report*, p. 30.

When reading such scenes as these, we cannot avoid seriously reflecting on the debt which we still owe to the sable sons of Africa, as well as the blessings which we have already conferred, and which have enshrined in so many grateful hearts the name of Wilberforce.

We are happy to find, that the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (the value of whose agency in the protection of the native tribes has been already felt and acknowledged) has resumed its labours in Southern Africa; and we repeat our hope that the public will afford the means of sending out a bishop, without delay, at the present auspicious crisis.* Had our limits allowed, we should have wished to have made some observations on the ridiculous crusade which the *Record* is now making against this venerable Society. The foundation of this attack is a tract said to be issued by the Society, in which missionaries are described to be "clergymen sent out by the Church to preach the gospel in foreign lands;" and in which it is stated that the only "right sort of ministers are those ordained by the bishops."† Upon these grounds the public are invited to withdraw all their subscriptions, and give them to the "only orthodox bodies, the Colonial Church and Church Missionary Societies," of which the "Record" assumes to be the organ, and which he has taken under his special protection. We would only recommend our cotemporary to look into the last Anniversary Sermon, preached before the Church Missionary Society by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, ‡ when his hostility will probably be somewhat moderated, by finding the principles at which he is so much alarmed, maintained in much stronger terms by his own *protégé*. We are happy, at the same time, to find these principles spreading, and that in quarters where we should least have expected it.

* A considerable sum has been already subscribed towards the building of an Anglican church at Natal. We trust the time is now past when we shall have to be indebted to the favour of other communities for the use of a building to worship in. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Church was, for many years, indebted for the use of a place of worship to the kindness of the Presbyterian and Wesleyan communities.

† The inference attempted to be drawn by the Rev. S. A. Latrobe, who commenced this attack on the Society, is, that, "if so ordained, whatever may be their disqualifications, they are right sort of ministers"!!

‡ "Imperishable assurance ('Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!') reaching not to the apostles alone, but, without controversy, to all who should be ordained by them, and from them, to the consummation of all things... Awful trust committed to the Church!... Are we not then warranted in inferring, that all our efforts for the evangelization of the world, ought to be, as closely as possible, connected with our branch of the Church of Christ?"—*Sermon by Rev. Hugh Stowell*.

- Louisa ; or, the Bride.* By the Author of the "*Fairy Bower.*"
 London: Burns. Fcap. 8vo. 1842. Pp. 302.
- Feats in the Fiord.* By HARRIETT MARTINEAU. London:
 Knight. 18mo. 1841. Pp. 375.
- Ivo and Verena ; or the Snow Drop.* London: Burns. 18mo.
- Masterman Ready.* By Captain MARRYATT. Vol. II. Lon-
 don: Longman. Fcap. 8vo.
- Winter's Tale.* London: Burns. Sq. demy.
- Spring Tide.* By the Author of "*Winter's Tale.*" London:
 Burns. Sq. demy.
- Holiday Tales.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY. London: Burns.
 Sq. demy.
- The Shadow of the Cross.* By the Rev. W. ADAMS. London:
 Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Sm: 8vo.
- Robert Marshall—The Stanley Ghost—The Old Bridge.* By the
 Author of "*The Fairy Bower.*" London: Burns. 18mo. 1842.
- Penny Books.* First Series, with Wood Cuts. Lond.: Burns. 1842.
- Halfpenny Books* First Series, with Wood Cuts. London: Burns.
 1842.

WE must proceed rapidly to notice, and to give our readers some information concerning, our remaining stores of *Didactic Fiction*. Mr. Gresley's *Holiday Tales*, must not only be very acceptable to every one, but must also, we think, occasion some surprise, though of an agreeable nature. We mean that few not personally acquainted with that gentleman would, we think, have suspected him of so light a fancy, and of being able successfully to condescend so far. For his other tales always struck us as in themselves a condescension. We found a grave divine, of a serious cast of thought, after many years honourably spent in the studies and the duties of his calling, suddenly trying the experiment of *fiction*, and succeeding in the enforcement of high truths of great concern, by means of pleasing tales, quiet easy playfulness, and a shrewd undercurrent of humour. Having done so much, we should not have expected a man of Mr. Gresley's *calibre* to have done more in the way of condescension. But lo ! he has condescended farther, and with no less success than before. He has given us an excellent volume of stories for young children, and, like all good children's books, one which the grown-up will read with pleasure, and may read with advantage.

The volume consists of four tales, told to the children, at Christmas, by the father, mother, uncle, and aunt, of a household. The second begins with an excellent fairy tale, of which, however, the idea is by no means new—that of representing Conscience under the symbol of something worn about the person, which gives notice if we are about to do anything wrong. We have a dim flickering recollection of an old and beautiful story, in which the prince, who is its hero, receives, on his early accession to the throne, a ring, which he is carefully to wear, and which pricks his finger when he is close upon sin. After

suffering some inconveniences from it, he flings it from him, and pays a fearful penalty for doing so. Annette, in Mr. Gresley's tale, receives from the fairy Gratiana a gentler monitor than this—a watch to be worn on the left side, which, “if ever you are tempted to be naughty, will strike gently and go ‘tick, tick.’”

But if the leading thought of the first of Mr. Gresley's tales be not very original, that of the second—the Giant Atmodes—is wholly so; and as we feel sure that our readers resemble us in being fond of really good allegory, we will give them enough of this to let them judge of its general meaning and scope, wishing that we could accompany it with its impressive illustration—the frontispiece.

“Mr. Bull was a very respectable elderly gentleman, well to do in the world, upright, honest, and hospitable, but rather too fond of money. To be sure, he had a large and increasing family, and was naturally anxious to provide a maintenance for them. But, to say the truth, he was very fond of making himself comfortable; and fell, like many others, into the error of thinking that the only way of doing so was by making himself rich.

“It was Mr. Bull's custom, after dinner, when Mrs. Bull had withdrawn, to sit and ruminate on things in general—such as the price of funds, cattle, and corn—the state of commerce—the glory and wealth of England;—then he would think how remarkable it was that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen—and he would snap his fingers, and cry ‘A fig for Bony!’ and hum a verse of his favourite song:

“ ‘While by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the sirloin smoking hot on the table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.
Oh, the roast beef of old England,
And oh, the old English roast beef!’ ”

“One evening, having finished his bottle, Mr. Bull proceeded to the drawing-room rather earlier than usual.

“Thomas, the man-servant, had just set out the tea-things, and placed the kettle on the fire—for they were old-fashioned times of which we are speaking—and Mrs. Bull had gone up stairs to see the children put to bed, where she was detained rather longer than usual, because little Dicky was naughty, and would not have his hair combed.

“The old gentleman seated himself very comfortably in his arm-chair, and placed his feet on the fender, intending to await Mrs. Bull's return, when—how it happened was never exactly known—but as he was meditating on the great increase of his family, and the necessity of doing something for them, he witnessed, between sleeping and waking, the following extraordinary vision:

“It appeared to him as though an unusual volume of steam began to issue from the spout of the tea-kettle, until it spread through the whole room; then collecting itself together, it gradually assumed the form of a gigantic human figure. The figure was that of a forge-man, or iron-founder; his shirt-sleeves were tucked up, so as to display a pair of muscular arms; on his head was stuck a striped cotton night-cap; and a rough leathern apron overspread the nether part of his person.

“Resting with one arm on an enormous iron crow-bar, and sticking the other a-kimbo on his hip, the figure thus addressed him:—

“ ‘Mr. Bull, you see before you the giant Atmodes.’ ”

“ ‘The giant what?’ said Mr. Bull, not in the least alarmed; for he had pretty good nerves.

“ ‘The giant Atmodes.’ ”

“ ‘That is a very odd name,’ said Mr. Bull.

“ ‘I am called by some the Giant of Steam,’ replied the figure.

“ ‘Oh! now you speak English, I understand you,’ said Mr. Bull; ‘and pray, Mr. Giant, what may your business be with me?’ ”

" 'I am come,' said the giant, 'to offer you my service.'

" 'And what work are you able to do?' inquired Mr. Bull.

" 'Able!' said the giant, with a contemptuous smile, extending his brawny arm, 'I am able to do any thing. I could move the world, if I had a place to stand on.'

" 'You seem able-bodied enough,' said Mr. Bull, 'there is no denying that; and what wages do you ask?'

The giant paused a moment; and Mr. Bull awaited his reply.

" 'Well, sir,' said he at last, 'I will tell you what. Though I look so strong, I cannot live without a good fire. My constitution requires a good deal of heat; so if you will keep me well in fuel out of your coal-pits, I will engage to work for you.'

" 'Well, I will think of a job for you,' said Mr. Bull, 'if you will call again to-morrow; or, perhaps, you had better favour me with your address.'

" 'You have only to call me,' said the giant, 'and I shall be at your bidding. Whenever you want me, please to set a kettle or boiler on the fire, and pronounce the following words:—

Fe, fa, fum—come, giant, come,
With fire and smoke—with coal and coke,
Whizzing, fizzing—thumping, bumping,
Come, giant, come!

" 'This is very strange,' thought Mr. Bull. 'And pray, Mr. Giant,' he said, 'how do I know that this is all true?—what token can you give me that it is a reality?'

" 'Oh, you want a token?' said the giant, with a cunning look; let this be your token: and with that he raised his massive crow-bar, which was red-hot, and gently touching Mr. Bull's toe, vanished with a loud laugh amidst a cloud of smoke and steam.

" Mr. Bull started from his chair in an agony of pain, and the giant was nowhere to be seen; only the tea-kettle had boiled over, and was pouring from its spout a torrent of scalding water, a portion of which had fallen on Mr. Bull's foot.

" Mr. Bull sat pondering in his chair all that evening, so that his wife complained she could not get a word out of him. All night he lay without a wink of sleep, first turning to this side, and next to that, in great perplexity of mind. The next day he passed partly in his study, and partly walking up and down the gravel walk, with his hands in his pockets, in deep meditation. When the evening was come, and they were again alone together at tea (a meal at which Mr. Bull was accustomed to be more than usually communicative), he thus abruptly addressed his wondering spouse:—

" 'My dear Mrs. Bull,' said he, 'have you ever seen a giant?'

" 'A giant!' answered Mrs. Bull; 'no, indeed, never.'

" 'I have,' said Mr. Bull, with a very marked emphasis.

" 'You don't say so,' said Mrs. Bull; 'why I thought they had all been destroyed in the time of Jack the Giant Killer.'

" 'Not all,' said Mr. Bull, in the same significant tone.

" 'And pray,' said his wife, 'when and where was it that you saw this giant?'

" 'Yesterday evening, in this very room,' answered Mr. Bull; 'and if you like, you shall see him too.'

" It was a hard struggle which took place in the good lady's breast between her fears and her curiosity; however, the latter prevailed, and she signified her determination to be introduced to the gigantic visitor. Accordingly, when the servant had removed the tea-things from the table, Mr. Bull said—

" 'Thomas, you may leave the tea-kettle.'

" 'Sir?' said Thomas, looking astonished.

" 'You may leave the tea-kettle, Thomas,' again said Mr. Bull, in rather a peremptory tone.

" As soon as Thomas was gone, and the door fastened, Mr. Bull placed his wife in a convenient situation to witness the scene, and then proceeded with his incantation. The steam poured from the kettle—the awful words were spoken—and the giant again appeared. Mrs. Bull uttered a slight cry of

terror at the suddenness of the apparition, but otherwise conducted herself with great propriety.

"Sir," said the giant, raising his hand respectfully to his night-cap, and drawing back one leg, 'I have come at your bidding.'

"'Tis well," said Mr. Bull; 'I have thought of a job for you.'

"Only name it, and it shall be done," said the giant.

"One of my coal-pits," continued the old gentleman, 'is full of water; and if you are really as good a workman as you profess to be, I shall thank you to empty it.'

"To hear is to obey," said Atmodes; 'all I shall want will be a good large kettle and a few iron pipes.'

"Mr. Bull promised that they should be provided; and the giant vanished from the room, much to the relief of the good lady.

"Atmodes was as good as his word: the apparatus was completed, and Mr. Bull soon had the satisfaction to see the water disappear from his coal-pit, and his men hard at work again at the bottom of it. Unfortunately, as the giant was working hard to finish his job, the boiler burst, and the hot water and fragments of the vessel were scattered far and wide, scalding several men, and maiming one for life. Mr. Bull was very angry, and blamed the giant; but Atmodes declared it was no fault of his, for Mr. Bull should have made the boiler stronger; and to this Mr. Bull had nothing to answer, but that the boiler should be stronger the next time.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Bull, 'what do you think of our new servant?'

"Why, he is a useful sort of giant," said Mrs. Bull.

"We must find another job for him, now that he has cleared out the pit. What shall it be?'

"Mrs. Bull, who, like her husband, had an eye to what was useful, said, 'Don't you think, dear, that the giant might make us a good piece of broad cloth for winter clothing?'

"I daresay he would," said Mr. Bull; 'suppose we ask him.' The giant was summoned, and had no objection, provided the proper materials were prepared: 'and I shall want a few hands,' he added, 'to bring me coke and other refreshments.'

"Well, suppose we send to the workhouse—there are a good many idle fellows there; it will be a nice job for them.'

"So the giant set to work at weaving, and soon produced a fine large piece of broad cloth, enough to clothe the whole family from top to toe.

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Bull, 'that now Watty is at work (for they had got quite familiar with the giant, and used to call him Atty, or more commonly Watty), I have thought that he might make a few more pieces of cloth to sell to our neighbours. What say you, Watty?'

"Well," said the giant, 'I must have a few more hands to feed me: no giant can work without victuals.'

"That's rather awkward," said Mr. Bull, 'for all our hands are pretty well employed. However, I suppose we must send for Joe Carter from the field, and Will Ditcher. That bit of draining may stand over for a while.' So the labourers were sent for out of the field, and turned into stokers, and had to supply coke and water to the giant. They did not much like the job, for it made them as black and dirty as colliers; and they heartily wished that Watty and his engine had been at the bottom of the Red Sea. However, master would have it so, and they were obliged to submit. So Watty worked away, and made pieces of cloth, one after another; and his master set up a great shop in the town, and supplied all the neighbours round. And so Mr. Bull began to get very rich, though the farm was not so well looked after as it had been; and he was obliged to borrow now and then a few bags of wheat from his neighbours for the consumption of the family, which he did not quite approve of."—*Holiday Tales*, pp. 31—48.

All this is very well and very pleasant, but not quite fair after all; for surely "the farm has been quite as well looked after" (far better

indeed) during the progress of manufactures, as it had ever been before, if we are to take the phrase in its obvious sense, and that which the young will put upon it. We mean that, along with the progress of the mechanical arts, there has been a proportionate progress of the agricultural one, *viewed as an art*.

When he says that "the farm was not quite so well looked after as before," Mr. Gresley must surely mean, that, in his apprehension, since the triumphs of the steam-engine, there has not always been in the public mind the same due sense of the importance of the agricultural interest, and of its nearer connexion with the roots of national life than any other, as there may have been before. But, as we have already said, such an explanation is not very likely to occur to children, and if they enter into the author's allegory at all, this part of it must tend to mislead them.

But, further, we own that questions as to the relative importance of different interests, or rather, speaking to the present point, the question of the Corn Laws, have no legitimate place in *didactic fiction*. For, however momentous may be the results at which a man allows himself to arrive on the subject, however connected may be his arrival at such results with his general moral state, and however great his consequent responsibility in arriving at them, it nevertheless is not one which has any direct or immediate connexion with morals or religion. It cannot be pre-judged on general grounds of morality or religion. A distinct independent opinion upon it can only be gained legitimately by an independent investigation of the questions it involves—questions of fact, not of principle. Now this is a task obviously far above either the calling or the capacity of a child; and, though few seem to think so, not very much within the calling or the capacity of most grown-up people. If the number of opinions expressed on the Corn Laws were reduced to the number of persons entitled to have an opinion on the question, it would be discussed very quietly indeed. We do not mean that no man is ever to speak or act in reference to it, who has not thus independently investigated the question with full capacity of doing so. A thoroughly modest man may feel, that, where he cannot see his way for himself, he is entitled to throw the *onus probandi* on those who advocate a serious change; he may also have greater confidence generally in the leading men on one side than in those on the other; and, as far as he understands the argument at all, he thinks it in favour of the opinion to which the other causes we have mentioned incline him. Now such a person may conscientiously even vote against a total repeal of the Corn Laws, for the combined reasons we have alleged; but if even he—a grown-up, modest, candid man—cannot believe himself entitled to an opinion of his own on such a question, why should we even try to inoculate a child with any doctrine on the subject whatever? We may add this one consideration, not altogether unworthy surely of attention, that there are many families, whose younger members Mr. Gresley must surely wish to benefit, in which

a glance at this part of *Atmodes* might create a prejudice against the whole book.

But though we deprecate any attempt to prepossess the minds of the young on a subject not directly moral or religious, we think the allegory of *Atmodes* may be most profitably applied to the enforcement of grave and important truths. Though there can be no good reason for directing a child's attention to the question, whether we over-estimate the secular uses of machinery, in comparison with other things of secular use, there is every reason for showing him how we have been over-estimating secular things altogether; and how machinery, in these last days, has been one of our great snares in this respect;—how the *giant Atmodes* is only a benefactor when we use him as a slave; but how we have allowed him to be the lord over us; how we have sold ourselves to a most abject bondage under him, and seen things only as he has permitted us; how we have made mechanical progress nearly every thing; how some of us have almost fancied that by means of it we can do all things; how, in our godless exultation, we have forgotten that the life is more than the raiment; how, consequently, whilst cultivating arts relating to ourselves, we have been neglecting and starving our own selves. This it is well early to impress on the young in a mechanical age like ours, and we wish that Mr. Gresley had more fully worked up his allegory in this direction.

From Mr. Gresley's playful, let us turn to Mr. Adams's serious, allegory,—a most beautiful and holy one. The word *allegory* is to some minds an alarming one. Christopher North has a forcible denunciation of the whole art in the first volume of his "Recreations;" and we honestly own that we ourselves hate it most cordially in certain forms. An allegorical piece of sculpture is to us thoroughly nauseous; and sorry we are, that so many of England's mighty dead are destined to survive in such cold, distasteful, and anything but breathing, marble. Neither do we take kindly to allegories, of which the scenes are caves, valleys, and the banks of rivers; and the principal personages HUMILITY, BIGOTRY, RELIGION, and SUPERSTITION, with their names printed, as we have now carefully done, in capitals, by means of which we suppose they become living persons. Last century was the great age of allegories of this sort, which the present, with all its faults, has too much sense to read. But it is a hacknied saying, that the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use. The human mind has a natural delight in resemblances and correspondences. We like to have something given us to find out. We like imagery,—and what is an allegory but imagery on a colossal scale? We do not at all believe that the young and uneducated take up the "Pilgrim's Progress" for the sake, as we think we have heard said, of the story, without any reference to its meaning. On the contrary, our own recollections are of great delight in tracing out the meaning, great mortification at mere incidents, such as the martyrdom of Faithful, that could not be made to fit with it. We

were never told in those days to suspect the doctrinal soundness of the book, so that our eagerness in penetrating its symbols was uncloyed with any suspicion of the worth of those symbols,—a suspicion which need have no place in regard to Mr. Adams's allegory: its theology being as orthodox and catholic, as its symbolic imagery is happy and beautiful. To each chapter a catechism is prefixed, which will greatly help the parent or instructor in turning the book to good account. Where all is so beautiful, it is idle to quote; but if we must avow a preference, it is for the history of Wayward. Alas! the reason of the preference is, that he represents too many of us, and gives cause for a greater variety of applications of the allegory than any of the other characters.

The leading symbols are the following:—the sun is seen by the narrator to arise, dispelling a "thick darkness;" a beautiful garden comes to light, surrounded by a "clear narrow stream," which reflects "the brightest and clearest rays" of the risen sun, while all beyond it is wrapt in "a thick and gloomy fog." Out of this fog children are continually appearing, having no escape from it but by crossing this narrow stream, out of which they emerge in pure and perfect loveliness; and each receives a white garment, to be kept undefiled, and a little cross, to be constantly carried, and under the shadow of which he is continually to walk. The garden is full of attractions,—full of lovely flowers and tempting fruits; but amid all these there is danger;—serpents are lurking amid the fairest coverts. Their rule is to touch nothing on which the shadow of their crosses will not fall. If they first see that shadow resting there, then they may pluck in safety. Now Wayward has continually walked without carrying his cross before him;—he has not parted with it; he always means to bring it out and use it on an emergency;—but ordinarily he goes on without it. Walking thus, he gets his white garments sadly soiled; and, even when he has the opportunity of walking in the stern path of repentance, he quits it. At last,—and here is the part which strikes us as so ingenious, and even profound—

"At length in his wanderings he came to a long high wall, on the Western side of which there was a tree loaded with nectarines, riper and more beautiful than any he had before seen. Now, at first, he seemed as though he were going to turn away, for, though he held not his cross, he knew at once that the bright sun shining in the East could shed no image there; and yet he lingered and looked wistfully at the fruit; and as he looked, he perceived one gathering from the tree, whose garments were yet white, and whose cross was in her hand. I also looked at her that gathered the fruit, and I could read the name of "Self-deceit" imprinted upon her brow; and I saw there was something foul and horrible even in the very whiteness of her garments, and that wan and ghastly were the images that fell from her cross. Now, I began to wonder how those images were formed, and behold! there gleamed in the air behind her a dark blue flame; then I discovered that there were false meteor lights in the Garden of the Shadow of the Cross: doubtless they were placed there by the enemy of the King, in order to tempt the children to taste the poisonous fruits; but I shuddered exceedingly when I saw that the cross might thus be converted into an instrument of destruction: yet so unlike were the false images to those formed by the clear and brilliant sun in the East, that they could deceive none but the eye that had been long a stranger to the real image,

and the heart that was anxious to believe them true. Even Wayward, as he drew nigh, trembled, and felt there was something unnatural in the shadows that fell on the Western wall; but when Selfdeceit offered him one of the ripest nectarines, and pointed triumphantly to the pale outline that might be traced upon it, he was tempted, and he took it and did eat. While he was eating, some of the juice oozed out from the fruit (for it was very ripe) and fell upon his clothes: it marked them with a stain which, though they were already much discoloured, was of a deeper crimson than any I had seen before. Wayward threw down the remainder of the nectarine, and was hastening away, but Selfdeceit called to him to stop, and said that she could very easily remove the stain. So Wayward stopped, and Selfdeceit took a substance which seemed to me like chalk, and rubbed it over the spot on which the juice had fallen, and not that spot only, but over the whole of the garments of her companion, until she had produced upon them the same foul and horrible whiteness that I had remarked upon her own. When it was done, I thought that Wayward tried to smile, as though he again were clean; but the smile passed away in a sigh, for in his inmost heart he knew that the stains were hidden but not removed, and that the all-seeing eye of his Father could perceive them still.

"Yet he did not fly from Selfdeceit as he ought to have done, but still continued in her company, eating the fruits on which the false images fell, and allowing the treacherous chalk to be rubbed upon his clothes. The children did not walk very long together; but during that time the appearance of Wayward became so altered, that before they parted I doubt whether Mirth could have recognised him again: the form emaciated by disease, the feverish and uncertain step, the hectic flush on his sallow cheek, and the wildness in his bloodshot eye, had left but little of the gay, though careless child, who had run so lightly after the butterfly on the green. Yet, great as was the change in his appearance, owing to the poison on which he lived, the change that had taken place in his dress was greater still; for his garments were more disguised by the strange whiteness caused by the chalk, than they could have been by the darkest stain. He was, however, fast becoming accustomed to its use, for it was astonishing how many accidents befell Wayward and Selfdeceit as they moved along;—sometimes they slipped, and rolled into the mire; sometimes they were tripped up, and fell on the swampy grass; sometimes they stained themselves with fruit; sometimes noxious reptiles would crawl over their clothes; and sometimes foul spots, as in a leprosy, would suddenly break out upon them, without any cause which they could discern: and on each of these occasions, Selfdeceit would take out her chalk, and apply it to her companion's garments and her own.

"In this wretched way they kept walking side by side, until they came to the borders of a great wood, and there Selfdeceit bade her companion go first, saying that she would follow; but Wayward drew back, and refused to advance farther before he had first consulted his cross. I do not know why at that particular moment he should have paused; it may be that it merely proceeded from his usual dislike to go first; or it may be he was frightened by a deep and angry sound, even as the roaring of a lion, which issued from the wood, and yet his ears had now grown so dull, that I cannot tell whether he heard it at all; and I think it most likely that he only delayed, because the scene brought back to his memory the hour in which he had stood with Mirth, at the entrance of the myrtle-grove, when the holy image had warned them both to turn aside. But be the cause what it may, he stood still, and drew his long-neglected cross from his bosom.

"It was, indeed, a scene that caused my heart to beat high with interest. Wayward was standing a little in advance of Selfdeceit, and one step more would have brought him within the borders of the wood; and, as he raised his cross with a trembling hand, I could see a smile of mockery pass over the countenance of his companion. In a moment the meteor lights were flickering in the air around them, and a crowd of confused and ghastly shadows fell at the feet of the bewildered boy. He had suffered his eyes to become so very dim, that it

was in vain he now endeavoured to distinguish the true image from the false; but I observed that from that very uncertainty he hesitated whether to advance; and I believe at last he would have turned aside, had not Selfdeceit with her own hand lighted a torch behind him, which threw one long deep shadow in the direction of the forest.—*Shadow of the Cross*, pp. 51—58.

We must also express our satisfaction at seeing the Christian Knowledge Society, embellishing a publication so well and strikingly as it has done the present.

The Winter's Tale, and Spring Tide, are both admirable tales; though the last page of the former requires alteration. The author will see that, as expressed, the chronology seems absurd; seems as if some of his personages, living in the reign of Domitian, had survived the Saxon invasion.

Of the second volume of *Masterman Ready*, we can say no more than that it is equal to the first. We have already commended the author's vein on religious subjects, when he chooses to get into it. Our only regret for the present is, that, in making his hero, Old Ready, not merely contented, but willing, to spend the rest of his life on the island with his Bible, he speaks in the language of ultra-Protestantism, as though the possession of a Bible could compensate for the want of those things whereof the Bible speaks, and the necessity of which it imperatively pronounces.

After all that we have said of the authoress of the "Fairy Bower," it seems sufficient in regard to "Robert Marshall," the "Stanley Ghost," and the "Old Bridge," to refer to our title, where they are announced as by her. The three constitute a series, and are to be read in the order in which we have put them. They will be well placed in the hands of schoolboys.

* Mr. Burns' little packets of penny and halfpenny books are most tempting as presents for children; and we have great pleasure in assuring our readers, that as much proportionable care has been bestowed on their composition as on some of the excellent tales of a higher class which we have been reviewing.

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1. *Dissertazione sul Sistema Teologico degli Anglicani detti Puseysti* [sic] *letta nell' Accademia di Religione Cattolica il dì 30 Giugno, 1842, da Monsignor Carlo Baggs, Rettore del Collegio Inglese. Estratto dagli Annali delle Scienze Religiose.* Vol. XV. Num. 43. Roma, Tipografia delle Belle Arti. 1842. 8vo. Pp. 35.
 2. *Jesuitism traced in the Movements of the Oxford Tractarians.* By HENRY FISH, A.M. London: Hamilton & Co., and J. Mason. 1842. 8vo. Pp. 64.

THE very tritest among the *loci theologici* of the day is the supposed identity of "the Tractarians" with the teaching of the Roman Church. We are in a hurry to arrive at our immediate point, so we shall waste no time in proving the existence of this impression: in fact, we might as well attempt to prove the existence of St. Paul's itself. Go where

you will, read what you will, look where you will, the same image presents itself; universal nature has put on one monotonous hue; the Tractarian medium colours every landscape; sunlight and cloud are alike one neutral tint; the one vast wrangle takes every property of nature and of spirit;—it cools the dowager's muffin, it corks the epicure's wine, it wrinkles the maiden's brow, it aggravates the testiness of dotage: deep down in the Carinthian mine are heard troubled whisperings of the Oxford Tracts, and No. 90 is scratched as a memorial on the Pyramids. Puseyism! Every one has heard of it, and every one knows what it is. District visitors and aldermen—divinity professors and pew-openers—pot-houses and proprietary chapels—spouting clubs and the Stock Exchange,—all are equally learned, and, wonderful unanimity! all are agreed. The Christian Observer and the Weekly Dispatch—the placards on the wall and the Visitation Sermon—the City Mission and the Bengal Hurkaru,—all ring one cuckoo note—"Popery in disguise!"—"Oxford and Rome!"—"Semi-papists!" One might as well deny that the sun shone at mid-day, as doubt that the Tractarians were only Jesuits masked in English surplices: to dissent from this were to be scouted alike in drawing-room and tap-room,—so we give it up.

True it may be that the parties who are thus put together by their friends reclaim against the forced alliance: like an ill-assorted couple told by their prudent parents to do the amiable to each other, they keep at a safe distance; they do all they can to show that they are not engaged; they are positively uncivil in public, and are never seen together in private. But all this, we are told, is only to blind the world to the real truth; it is but throwing dust in the popular eyes; it is the old story of *amantium iræ*: so, be it that the parties are ever so much at variance, be it that they proclaim their differences on every occasion, all this is to go for nothing; it means nothing,—or, if any thing, rather the strength of some secret love than what it seems to betoken—irreconcilable variance.

But, seriously, this is just the state of the case between the leaders of the present theological movement and the Church of Rome: Mr. Newman may write a thick octavo volume, especially directed against the unscriptural and unprimitive teaching of Romanism; Dr. Pusey may, in letter after letter, pointedly and even painfully draw out a long and saddening catalogue of sins, not only permitted, but prescribed, by the chief doctors of the papal obedience; tract after tract, and writer after writer, may reject, protest, plead, condemn;—but all in vain; the case is judged; papists we are and must be, whether we confess it or not, whether we like it or not.

"Sic visum Veneri: cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco."

And if this be so with one reluctant party, how stands the case with our yokefellow? Are there no thunders of dissent along the blue Italian skies? Is the time-honoured Lion of the Vatican all bland

and yielding? Are there no murmurs against this new alliance in the halls of the Curia? Let us hear Monsignor Carlo Baggs.

Dr. Baggs succeeded Dr. Wiseman as Rector of the English College in Rome, an office which he now holds. An Englishman by birth, we believe that he has not been appointed to the (so-called) English Mission; which fact may account for the somewhat slender acquaintance with the details of the present controversy which he displays;* an acquaintance, however, which we feel bound to add, could only be gained by personal residence among us for the last ten years. In literature he is known for a lecture on the Supremacy of the Pope, and also for a letter to Mr. Burgess, now of Chelsea, but then English Chaplain at Rome, on some point which the latter gentleman hazarded in a volume of travels. Altogether, we believe Dr. Baggs to be possessed of an adequate reputation; and perhaps the fact that he has resided altogether at Rome, may strengthen his testimony, standing apart, as the Anglo-Roman rector does, from all local and temporary prejudices. We mention this the rather, because many persons might justly be surprised at the very offensive appellation which Dr. Baggs has thought proper to affix to the system upon which he lectures: in the mouth of any but a foreigner, such phrases as "*l'autore Puseista*," *passim*, "*il rev. sig. Oakeley Puseista*," "*il sig. Ward Puseista*," (p. 31,) are as vulgar and coarse as they are ridiculous. Had Dr. Baggs been aware, that, by common consent, they are relegated to the scullery and the Record Newspaper, he would not have put himself out of the pale of decent controversy by condescending to such dirt. We suspect, however, that this sort of language betrays a graver disqualification in Dr. Baggs for the work which he has undertaken, than the mere accident of residence. In the Rector of the English College we might have claimed some little acquaintance with the English divines,—at least with the prayer-book of our English Church; but Dr. Baggs, good easy person! lectures on with the most implicit faith that Dr. Pusey, to take a single example, was the very first person who ever taught baptismal regeneration in the English Church. "It is supposed that the name of Puseyite† given to the disciples of this school arose from this last writing of Dr. Pusey (Tract on Baptism); because the doctrine it maintains has been openly branded as heresy by the Anglican protestants."—P. 16.

Our immediate reference to Dr. Baggs's lecture is not to refute it, or to pronounce upon its value or conclusiveness, one way or the other; but simply to make use of it as an independent testimony only to this single fact—that be Puseyism (to use his own word) or

* Such as the unscrupulous, or rather unsuspicious, use which he makes of the publication, "*One Tract More*;" which, though good in itself, is certainly unauthorized.

† It seems but fair to add the Rector's apology for the use of this term:—"Io mi servo della parola Puseisti (benchè essi lo rigettino) non per disprezzo, che anzi li vorrei trattare con tutta carità e rispetto, ma perchè è il termine che si capisce meglio degli altri," (p. 14;) which seems to amount to this, that, fair or unfair, true or false, I will use a nickname, even though its use should preclude all controversy by begging the disputed question, simply because it is—the most vulgar.

be Tractarianism (to use Mr. Fish's) true or false, be it scriptural or unscriptural, catholic or uncatholic, Anglican or ant-Anglican, protestant or unprotestant, anyhow it is not Roman; and thus far Dr. Baggs is as good a witness as we could have brought into court, worth a thousand Tablets and True Tablets, and the other sweepings of the low Romanism of this country. It may suit vulgar Romanists, as we have often said, to identify the Oxford school with Rome, and this for the same purpose that the Jesuits, two centuries and a-half ago, disguised themselves as Puritans, *viz.* for the purpose of dividing the Church, knowing that "united we might do any thing;" but there are Romanist divines too high-minded and honourable for this trickery, and Dr. Baggs is one of them.

It is allowed on all sides that the celebrated Tract No. 90 was the nearest approximation to an apology for Rome: how does it appear to Dr. Baggs?

"In this 90th Tract the author seeks to reconcile the Anglican Thirty-Nine Articles with the Catholic doctrine, and especially with the decrees of the Council of Trent. It was hoped at first, by some, that this would be an important step to prepare for the union of Anglicans with that afflicted Holy Mother Church which they had so long abandoned. The author, however, in his letter to Dr. Jelf, written in March, 1841, says, 'I can declare most honestly, that my reason for writing and publishing it, without which I should not have done it, and which was before my mind from first to last, was, *the quieting the consciences of persons who considered [falsely, as I think*] that the Articles prevent them holding views found in the primitive church.*' (Postscript, p. 1.) He says again, 'I was led especially to exert myself with reference to this difficulty, from having had it earnestly set before me by parties I revere, to do all I could to keep members of our Church from straggling in the direction of Rome.' (Letter, p. 29.) Pusey teaches the same in his letter to Jelf. *It is clear then that it is not union with the church of Rome, but perseverance in separation, which is the object of Tract 90.*"—*Dissertazione*, p. 18.

Again, on the distinction drawn between œcumenical and general councils, after quoting Dr. Pusey,†—

"Divines of the Roman communion might, if God hereafter should give them repentance, rescind the Council of Trent, as not being a council truly General or Œcumenical. But they approach to us, by abandoning what is Romish, and adhering to what is catholic in their church, and we maintain what is catholic, and approach not to what is Romish:."

Dr. Baggs proceeds,—

"Such principles certainly *give no hope* for the union of such authors with the Catholic Church."

In like manner the Romish Doctor proves the opposition which exists, not between the Thirty-nine Articles and the Romish doctrine, but between the (so-called) Tractarian gloss on the Articles; and concludes, in each separate case, that such writers were definitely pledged against any union with Rome; he sums up thus:—

"In short, it is lamentable to see how much *hatred against the faith of Rome* is nourished by each of the professors of whom we have spoken. Thus, for

* This clause Dr. Baggs omits.

† Dr. Baggs is wrong in stating that Dr. Pusey considers the infallibility of true general councils as an opinion *inter pie credibilia*, and not a point of faith. The Oxford professor *quotes* this from Hammond.

example, Mr. Newman says, 'The corrupt system of Rome cannot be reformed, it can only be destroyed; and this destruction would be its reform,' (Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 15;)* and Pusey, writing to Jelf, after having heavily calumniated the ecclesiastics of Rome, cites a saying of some one, 'Roma veduta, fede perduta.' When we hear such things said against the Rock upon which Christ has founded his Church, we will content ourselves with exhorting," &c.—P. 32.

A more unimpeachable testimony is the following, which, though somewhat of the longest, we transcribe.

"Now what is the object of these works? [the Tracts for the Times.] Here are the very words of Tract 72, entitled, 'Archbishop Ussher on Prayers for the Dead.' 'The objects of making the above extract from his learned work have been as follows: first, in order to present before the reader a clear and conclusive argument against the Romanists, whose tenet of Purgatory seems therein to be fairly encountered and exposed. This, be it observed, is proposed as the chief object of this series of Tracts, viz. to erect safe and substantial bulwarks for the Anglican believer against the Church of Rome,—to draw clear and intelligible lines, which may allow him securely to expatiate in the rich pastures of Catholicism, without the reasonable dread, that he, as an individual, may fall into that great snare which has bewildered the whole Latin Church—the snare of Popery.'—P. 54.

"In the same strain we read in Tract 71, which Newman, in his letter to the Bishop of Oxford, acknowledges to be his own:—'It will be the object, then, of these Tracts, should it be allowed the editor to fulfil his present intention, to consider variously the one question with which we are likely to be attacked. Why, in matter of fact, we remain separate from Rome.' (P. 2.) In it the author proposes a defensive position as that which the Anglicans should adopt against the Romanists, as he calls them; with consummate astuteness [*con somma astuzia*] he counsels his readers to avoid fundamental questions, such as the authority of the pope, the rule of faith, the Real Presence;† and to put forward rather what he calls the 'practical grievances' to which he pretends that Christians in the Romish communion are subject, such as the denial of the cup to the laity, the necessity of the priest's intention to the validity of the Sacraments, the necessity of confession, the [unwarranted] anathemas of the Roman Church against heretics, (amongst whom there may be the relations and friends of one who thinks, perhaps, of becoming a convert to Romanism,) purgatory, the worship of images, the invocation of saints; as an illustration of which he gives the solemn blessing pronounced by the pope on Easter Sunday. He then maintains that we ought not to be content with the decrees of the Church—for example, with the Tridentine decrees; but that we should interpret these decrees by the practice of the Roman Church, and the teaching of its doctors. For example, the author admits that the decrees of

* This reference is defective, as are very many of those adduced by Dr. Baggs; and since we have not an opportunity of searching for the original, we have taken it from the Italian: of the substance, though not of the very words, we are certain from recollection. Dr. Baggs might have added, "While this system exists we can have no peace with that Church of Rome," (Newman's letter to Jelf, p. 21;) "Till Rome moves towards us, it is quite impossible that we should move towards Rome," (Tract 75, quoted *ibid.* p. 33;) and were this the place, the list of such passages might be extended almost indefinitely from the same author.

† It is obvious that Dr. Baggs states Mr. Newman's object with considerable unfairness: it is not *fundamentals* which Mr. Newman avoids; but he reserves *abstract* and *sacred* subjects. The controversy must begin with practical subjects, and for this reason: if a prejudice, in its high sense, is raised in favour of the Anglican system by a simple contrast with the practical errors of Rome, enough is done for common minds, which are unfit for high and holy discussions: by establishing this presumption against Rome, there the matter rests, and ought to rest, for them.

Trent, with regard to image worship and the invocation of saints, may admit an honest interpretation:—‘Now we know, in matter of fact, that in various parts of the Roman Church a worship approaching to idolatrous is actually paid to saints and images, in countries very different from each other, as for instance, Italy and the Netherlands, and has been countenanced by eminent men and doctors; and that, without any serious or successful protest from any quarter.’ (P. 17.) These authors, although better instructed than their predecessors in catholic things, are wont sometimes to disfigure not only the practices, but also the doctrines of the Catholic Church; and it would not be difficult to make a selection of their mistakes upon this matter. *The intention of the Tracts being to oppose Catholicism, in them styled Romanism, it will not excite surprise to discover that, besides many passages dispersed here and there against the Catholic Church, there are some entire Tracts directed against transubstantiation and purgatory, and that they give an anti-catholic interpretation to prayers for the dead.*”—Pp. 14—16.

From all which we draw this brief and intelligible conclusion. Here is Dr. Baggs, a sensible and accomplished Romanist himself, sitting down to discover the real gist of the Tracts for the Times; from a patient study of these volumes, he finds their authors uniformly avowing their intention as controversial *against* Rome; he not only gives them credit for sincerity in this the object which they proclaim, but he goes on to prove that their tracts, their reasons, their explanations, are utterly inconsistent and irreconcilable with the accredited teaching of the Roman Church. He says over and over again, that the Oxford writers are not Catholics, that they misunderstand Catholicism, that they misrepresent it, that they have nothing in common with it; and as he studiously identifies Romanism with Catholicism, it follows most certainly that they have nothing in common with Romanism. And this is all that we contend for, *viz.* that Dr. Baggs has admitted, in his Italian dissertation, that the object of the Tracts for the Times (we may lay aside the inquiry whether successful or not) is exactly that which the authors all along have avowed, and their opponents all along have denied: *i. e.* to oppose, and not to uphold, the Roman system; to develope, in pure primitive catholicism, not a half-way house to Rome, but a safe port from it. And it seems superfluous to add, that, if we want to know what Roman doctrine really is, and if he pronounces that “Puseyism” (to use his own ugly phrase) is not it, nor anything like it, he is a far higher authority in such a question than the *learned divines* of Bath and Cheltenham.

Before parting with the (for the most part) candid and right-minded Rector of the English College, it is well to notice that he falls into the error of attributing the Tracts on Reserve, &c. to Mr. Newman, (p. 17;) and we must beg very earnestly to protest against the offensive and sneering way in which he speaks, not only of Dr. Pusey, but of high religious exercises.

“Pusey maintains that the above five sacraments, are sacraments only in the sense of *sacramentalia*: and therefore he calls preaching, the creed, prayer, Holy Scripture, martyrdom, and even his beloved *fasting* (*ed anche il suo prediletto digiuno*), sacraments.”—P. 24.

Such a sarcasm at holy things is worthy of the Record, rather than

the *Annali delle Scienze Religiose*. And we think it very unfair in Dr Baggs, (p. 33,) to cite from Tract 81, (p. 4.) these words—

“All that is necessary for enjoying the privileges committed to the Church, is belief in the Apostles’ Creed, and that teachable spirit that does not introduce novelties.”

Here the Italian doctor stops,—the tract writer proceeds—

“upon it; but in her articles and liturgy she aims at directing into the truth, in all its parts, such as wish ‘to follow on to know the Lord.’”

Of Mr. Fish and his pamphlet we have very little to say. We have placed his work in contra-position to that of Dr. Baggs, only because he takes the very opposite ground, and maintains an opinion in which he is countenanced by writers more respectable than himself, *viz.* that Tractarianism is not Anglicanism, but pure Romanism; and this he endeavours to prove by three parallel columns of extracts, after a fashion which certainly has not novelty to recommend it; indeed, Mr. Goode, and writers of that class, have worn it threadbare. Henry Fish, A.M., has a very ingenious theory, peculiar to himself, which is almost as interesting in the way of romance, as the Arabian Nights, or Grimm’s Tales; it is, that certain Oxford divines are actually neither more nor less than Jesuits—*bonâ fide* emissaries of the sacred college—just genuine accredited successors of Parsons and Campian, with secret instructions, dispensations, rules, and vows, signed and sealed from the Vatican. He concludes with a plump declaration, that

“There is the strongest presumptive evidence that the Jesuits are again in active operation, endeavouring to subvert the faith of the Protestant Reformed Church of England.”

We have not the heart to dispel Mr. F.’s comfortable vision,—like Coleridge,

“His eyes make pictures, when they are shut,”

—and we leave him to the full and undisturbed enjoyment of his day-dream: few will seek to share it with him; like an eastern despot, he will reign alone in his city of cloud-land, a fantastic vision of his own creation. To do this gentleman justice, he has read a good deal about the Jesuits; in fact, he has read rather too much. We suspect that it has produced a Jesuit-phobia, and that there is a little monomania in it; if his cook sends up the mutton half-dressed, we guess that he would call out “No Popery!” and instantly smell out a Jesuit tampering with the bottle-jack. To relieve the tedium of what we have been saying, we present our readers with Mr. Fish’s peroration.

“Oh that the Protestant feeling of the nation could be aroused on this question! We are amazed at the indifference which is manifested. The enemy is diligently at work, while the professed friends of truth are sleeping. Would to God we could awake them! What are the Bishops, what are the Universities, what are the Clergy, what are the followers of the Reformers doing? Do they know what is going forward, or do they not? Is not this a vital question? Is it not a question which affects the existence of Protestantism in this nation,

and also the doctrines for which the martyrs of the English Church, Bilney and Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, Hooper and Bradford, Tindal and Frith, and others of glorious memory, shed their blood? And shall we surrender our birthright quietly? Shall we give up the trust committed to us? Shall we stand by and see Popery, under the guise of Church of Englandism, invidiously palmed upon the nation, and not lift up a warning voice? God forbid! Men of Israel, help! There are traitors among us, and traitors of the worst kind, traitors to the truth; men who are corrupting the essential verities of our holy religion, and trying to carry the national establishment back to Rome. Make no surrender,—give them no quarter. Excite the public mind against them. Raise the cry from one end of the land to the other, ‘We will have no Popery!’ Urge all you have influence with neither to hear the advocates of their system, nor bid them God’s [sic] speed. Divest them of their disguise. Rip up their sophistries. Show the Church and the nation what, notwithstanding their apparent candour and sanctity, they in reality are. If the insult which has been offered to the protestantism of this country were properly understood, there would be no possibility of suppressing the general indignation which would be felt.”—P. 64.

Why, what would the man have? If there is not storm enough, what a glutton in hurricanes Mr. Fish must be! After this prayer for a tempest, in spite of his name, we do not believe that he is a Fish at all; a fish is a good peaceful creature, which hides himself in the mud or at the bottom, when the wind blows: surely it is a *Stormy Petrel in disguise!*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Of the Government of Churches. A Discourse pointing at the Primitive Form. By HERBERT THORNDIKE, A.M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; afterwards Prebendary of Westminster. Edited by the Rev. DAVID LEWIS, M.A. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Stewart, 1841. 1 Vol. 12mo.

THIS valuable reprint promises to be exceedingly useful, and deserves more attention than it has received. Thorndike is one of our most fearless divines; and though we may demur at some of his positions, we cannot but admire his depth and learning. His style, however, is very unpleasant. He was a confessor during the Great Rebellion, and at the Restoration he deserved a bishopric. It is said, but without sufficient reason, that his extreme opinions prevented his advancement. He was one of the coadjutors at the Savoy Conference; the only one, indeed, on the side of the Church below the degree of Doctor in Divinity. His works are exceedingly scarce; the “Just Weights and Measures” ought at once to be reprinted. We wish that we could give a more satisfactory answer to a frequent question, “What is the Committee of the Anglo-Catholic Library about?” We have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the diligent and careful way in which Mr. Lewis has executed the thankless and unostentatious office of editor; till it has been tried no conception can be formed of the trouble attendant upon a reprint.

From his judicious preface we are tempted to make an extract, just now very suitable:—

"These evils would not have arisen if the people saw with their eyes the continuance of the ancient system—the Bishop on his throne in the cathedral church, with the presbytery sitting around him, and the deacons standing by; therein shadowing forth, even upon earth, the perfect estate of the Church triumphant which St. John saw in his vision. And what has been gained by making the clergy independent of the Bishop? The laity has become independent of them. The conversion of benefices into freeholds is, in some measure, a desecration of ecclesiastical goods. And who has not mourned over the consequence of this? It has given occasion to the civil rulers to meddle with the things of God, and to take upon themselves what the apostles exercised originally—the distribution of the alms of the Church. Not contented with this, they have gone further; they have alienated that property which was given for the maintenance of divine service, and for the support of the poor, the orphan and the widow. The cause of episcopacy, and of consecrated goods, cannot be, in reality, but one: and wherever either has been unlawfully interfered with, then the other has also suffered."—Pp. xviii.—xxx.

The Recreations of Christopher North. In 3 vols. Vol. III. Blackwoods, 1842.

HERE is a third volume of the book to which we so lately called attention, equal to either of its predecessors. The papers on Dr. Kitchener are, we think, on the whole the best, certainly the most laughable. Our space does not admit of much quotation, nor shall we make any from the essay (if essay it may be called) to which we have referred, and content ourselves with the following extract on owls, from Christopher in his aviary:—

"The eagles, kites, and hawks, hunt by day. The owl is the Nimrod of the night. To do him justice, he has a truly ghostlike head and shoulders of his own. What horror to the 'small birds rejoicing in Spring's leafy bowers,'—fast locked, we were going to say, in each other's arms, but sitting side by side in the same cosy nuptial nest,—to be startled out of their love-dreams by the great lamp-eyed beaked face of a horrible monster with horns; picked out of feathered bed, and wafted off in one bunch within talons, to pacify a set of hissing and snappish and shapeless powder-puffs in the loop-hole of a barn. In a house where a cat is kept, mice are much to be pitied. They are so infatuated with the smell of a respectable larder, that to leave the premises they confess is impossible. Yet every hour, nay, every minute of their lives, must they be in the fear of being leaped out upon by four velvet paws, and devoured with kisses from a whiskered mouth, and a throat full of that incomprehensible music—a purr. Life, on such terms, seems to us anything but desirable. But the truth is, that mice in the fields are not a whit better off. Owls are cats with wings. Skimming along the grass-tops, they stop in a momentary hover, let drop a talon, and away with Mus, his wife, and small family of blind children! It is the white, or yellow, or barn, or church, or screech owl, or gilly howlet that behaves in this way; and he makes no bones of a mouse, uniformly swallowing him alive. Our friend, we suspect, though no drunkard, is somewhat of a glutton. In one thing we agree with him, that there is no sort of harm in a heavy supper. There, however, we are guilty of some confusion of ideas; for what to us, who rise in the morning, seems a supper, is to him who gets up at evening twilight, a breakfast. We therefore agree with him in thinking that there is no sort of harm in a heavy breakfast. After having passed a pleasant night in eating and flirting, he goes to bed betimes, about four o'clock in the morning; and, as Bewick observes, makes a blowing hissing noise, resembling the snoring of a man. Indeed nothing can be more diverting to a person annoyed by blue devils, than to look at a white owl and his wife asleep. With their heads gently inclined to each other, there they

keep snoring away like any christian couple. Should the one make a pause, the other that instant awakes; and fearing something may be wrong with his spouse, opens a pair of glimmering winking eyes, and inspects the adjacent physiognomy with the scrutinizing stare of a village apothecary. If all be right the concert is resumed, the snore sometimes degenerating into a snort or snivel, and the snivel into a blowing hiss."—Pp. 91—93.

In addition to our recent remarks, we must make one complaint. Although the transitions from grave to gay are many of them exquisite, and not seldom instructive, we are often carried from the most riotous fun to the most sacred themes far too suddenly. Especially does this defect stand in the way of reading the book aloud to others. It is not seemly to name the holiest Name, and to speak of redemption, judgment, and eternity, with eyes wet with the ungovernable laughter excited only a moment before. We intreat the inimitable author to be on his guard against this fault when he resumes his Recreations, as we trust he speedily will.

Charges of the Bishops of Oxford, Exeter, Salisbury, and London. 1842.

WITH feelings of no ordinary kind, with respect and gratitude to the right reverend authors of the Charges now before us, and with a renewed sense of the promises made to the Church, and the perception, as we cannot but think we have, of a fulfilment of those promises in the forbearance, the temperate wisdom, and seasonable firmness lately displayed by our Bishops, do we now redeem the pledge we gave last month of more particularly considering the documents in question. We have already disclaimed the intention of in any way criticising them; but we wish to show in what, even more than in their learning and ability, their real value appears to us to consist.

We have always felt that the recent movement in the Church had its work only to begin, so long as it was confined to individuals, however numerous, and however excellent and influential. What we wanted was not to see accessions of people, one by one, to a particular school, however much we might respect that school, and however right we might think it in most respects to be; but to see the Church at large assuming her true attitude, and proclaiming her true principles. To this result we are now, we trust, approaching. Henceforth no man can fairly say that the Anglican movement is merely the progress of a party or a school. In great and essential points it is becoming a corporate movement. The Bishop of London's Charge, and its results, tend strikingly to this. Differences of opinion among Churchmen there doubtless are, and will, perhaps, for a good while continue to be. Varying schools within the sacred pale are not, we feel sure, in themselves opposed to the true idea of the Church, or the will of her Divine Head; they only become so when their variety ceases to be subordinate, when the ground of unity is made to disappear. Now we have always held that the Church and the Prayer-Book supply this ground, and present the Clergy of different schools—always, of course, putting actual heresy out of the question—with

sufficient means of acting together as a united army. The Bishop of London now enforces the experiment. His Lordship could not, we are sure, have hit on a better plan of hushing disputation, than by setting his Clergy not to talk, but to act. Sympathy and a fellow-feeling must surely arise between those whose time is spent in doing the same things in the very same way. Following the course prescribed by St. Paul, they may well hope to reach the result he promises, Phil. iii. 16, 17. Uniting in the consistent use of the Prayer-Book may, and we trust will, lead disputants at last to try the "more excellent way."

As to the results of his Lordship's Charge, we hear some most gratifying statements. In Essex, we understand, both Clergy and laity are entering into the new and better course prescribed for them in a becoming spirit. Nearer home we have heard one or two less satisfactory accounts. It is but charity to those clergymen who have hitherto been living in violation of the Rubric, and who after their diocesan's exhortation have continued doing so, to suppose that they have only been waiting for some marked occasion—the commencement of the present Advent, for instance, or, at latest, the opening of the new secular year—to enter on another course. But, in case this be not their intention, we warn such Clergy to consider what they are doing. The subject of rubrical engagements is one which the laity are beginning to understand; and recent events will, of course, increase their familiarity with it. Now, on no subject do too many of the Clergy appear to less advantage than in their mode of dealing with this,—in the kind of arguments which they are willing to use against observing holydays, &c. If, then, they would escape the imputation of being double-minded and half-hearted, let them see to it in time, and enter on that unreserved fulfilment of their engagements which is the only way of dealing with engagements that the conscience can contemplate with safety to itself.

After what we have said, it is idle in us to recommend all the Charges now before us, and also, we trust, superfluous. In case, however, which is not very likely, any should not have met with the Bishop of Exeter's, we call particular attention to his remarks on the recent judgments in the Court of Arches and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council concerning the burial of Dissenters. They are exceedingly important, and must receive careful consideration.

"*American Notes for general Circulation.*" By CHARLES DICKENS.
London: 2 vols. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

WE thank Mr. Dickens for allowing us this glimpse at his veritable and undoubted self; and it is of the writer rather than of his book, which has been already seized upon as public property by the daily prints, that we are about to speak. The book, indeed, supplies peculiar facilities for this purpose; it is a matter-of-fact narrative, even to dryness; and this feature, which has proved a disappointment to the admirers of his previous publications, is in our eyes its principal

recommendation. As censors of English literature, we consider ourselves specially charged to point out the different moral tendencies of those who supply it. And this we shall now proceed to do in few words, for the sake of those who are not likely to read the "American Notes," in the case of Mr. Dickens.

His book, then, marks him to be what we have already expressed our conviction of his being—a thoroughly humane man. He is copious in describing the asylums and prisons of America, and in illustrating the influence of slavery upon the national character. Next, the book is perfectly free from egotism and vanity; not a word is said of the various fêtes and entertainments by which the Americans sought to do him honour, or to conciliate his favourable judgment; nor are there any sketches of individuals high in station or otherwise notorious. For this, too much praise cannot be given him. He is, we know, a violent Radical, sneers at the bigotry of the English universities, and lauds the liberality of "Unitarian Churches," which, however deplorable, is only what we expected.

For Mr. Dickens, then, *personally*, we are by no means without respect. His excellences are his own; his faults, the prejudices of his situation and the results of an imperfect education: of the effects of the *writings* with which his name is universally associated, we entertain the most fearful auguries. They have created a taste for caricature, which is corrupting all truth and soberness; and among the herd of writers who will follow in his wake, it may safely be predicted, that none will be restrained by those good feelings which he possesses in an eminent degree, from availing themselves of an engine so ready for assailing whatever is good and holy.

There is no difficulty in guessing the reception which the volumes before us will meet with in America. The English Liberal Papers seem, indeed, to claim them as on their side; but we much overrate the shrewdness of our Transatlantic brethren if they do not discover them to be really more severe than anything which has yet been written; for the author robs them of intellect and taste and refinement, and represents them as thoroughly brutalized by the "damning spot" of slavery. Meanwhile nothing can be attributed to prejudice; for it is evident that the writer commenced his tour with the full determination of praising every thing that he saw. Nothing, in fact, can be more striking than the contrast between the first and last chapters. We will venture to say that a more effectual damper could not have been given to the taste for visiting the United States of America.

The Teacher's Companion; designed to exhibit the Principles of Sunday School Instruction and Discipline. By B. W. COLLINS, Superintendent of the St. Bride's Sunday Schools. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. DANIEL MOORE, B. A. Minister of Christ Chapel, St. John's Wood. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 12mo. Pp. 320.

ON first looking into this book we found it impossible to repress a smile; the extreme simplicity of good Mr. Collins, and the verbose

pomposity of Mr. Moore, who, we should imagine, is much more used to the platform than the school-room, on any unimportant subject would be simply ridiculous; but here they give rise to many painful reflections, for they illustrate very vividly the practical working of the Church in what are considered the best ordered portions of our large towns.

We will endeavour, by the aid of Mr. Collins, and such little experience as we possess, to give a sketch of the system; not meaning, of course, that the parish of St. Bride's is responsible for every feature in the picture, but proposing, rather, to give a general idea or representation. Certain philanthropic ladies and gentlemen are very fond of children; parents, they think, in the lower classes, are not so; and therefore they determine that it would be very desirable to collect together some four or five hundred, and to get the Misses So-and-so and sundry interesting young men to come and teach. Accordingly they appoint themselves a committee for this purpose. The vicar is called upon, who expresses his full concurrence, and promises to preach a sermon once a-year in aid of the funds. Upon this, the committee go to work; call upon the parents, and induce them, upon the promise of a reward, (a halfpenny book, perhaps, from the "Religious Tract Society,") to send their children. A "superintendent" is appointed by the committee, rules drawn up, and a teacher is appointed to each class. Now, let us follow the system. Of course there is no room for 500 children in the church; therefore some public service must be devised, of which the two principal elements are, the lusty singing of sundry of Mr. James Montgomery's hymns, and an extempore address by Mr. Superintendent.

We are acquainted with an instance in which, as an act of great condescension, the clergyman was asked to come and "read prayers" before the commencement of the lay sermon.

The more direct business of the school consists in the exposition of Scripture by the class teacher, and in inquiring into the "experience" of the scholars; in encouraging them to ask questions, especially "What they must do to be saved?" and in inviting them to join in prayer by classes. This we learn expressly from Mr. Collins. The catechism is usually not taught, as opening debateable questions.

In this picture we are not conscious of using the slightest exaggeration. We repeat, however, that we do not make St. Bride's answerable for all that we have said; though we believe we are correct in stating, that throughout the whole of Mr. Collins's remarks, there is no mention of the clergyman, of the Church services, or of the Church catechism; nor are the teachers ever once instructed to regard the children under their care other than as aliens from God, to be gathered into His fold by *their* instrumentality.

And what must be the result? The direct teaching, in nine cases out of ten, is, from sheer ignorance, heretical; but granting, which is the alternative most to be desired and most probable, that all that is taught is speedily forgotten,—is not the ground prepared for every Dissenting practice? Extemporary prayer and preaching, lay agency, Dissenting hymns, inquiries about "experience" and "conversion," is certainly a strange sort of training to be carried on under

the patronage of the Church ; and must surely end in making our people either schismatics or *infidels*. A Sunday School without the parish priest *appearing* as its moving principle, which is not preparatory to the devout and intelligent use of the Church service, and which does not set the two sacraments before the pupils as the two *termini* of instruction—the points from whence they start and whither they are tending,—is to our minds a positive nuisance, a nursery of schism. If children are to be wrongly taught, we had much rather that Dissenters, and not Churchmen, should be the instructors.

Edwin the Fair ; an Historical Drama. By HENRY TAYLOR, Author of "*Philip van Artevelde*." London: Murray. 1842. 12mo. Pp. 262.

ONE of our recent numbers contained a critical inquiry into the degree of credit to be attached to the conflicting histories of St. Dunstan. In that article, however, our dispute with Messrs. Churton and Wright was not so much upon the general character of the Saint, as upon certain matters of fact connected with his history. We were then unacquainted with Mr. Taylor's drama, which assumes all that has ever been said in his dispraise to be undoubted truth. Now, against this sort of "dramatizing," we must most strenuously protest. Let an author, in this kind of composition, disregard "the unities" as much as he will ; or even depart, under limitations, from the strict letter of history ; but he is certainly without excuse, when, for the sake of effect, he deals untruly with historical personages. If the spirit of the age, or what is thought by the writer to be the spirit of the age, is to be embodied in one character, that character should be altogether fictitious ; but it is a shameful departure from christian truth to make any real person responsible for all the sins or infirmities of his contemporaries.

We confess that we are particularly jealous of the reputation of Archbishop Dunstan. It is a remarkable fact, and strikingly illustrative of the false position in which we have allowed ourselves to be placed, that we have given up the characters of all our greatest ecclesiastics as though they were indefensible. As the historian surveys the annals of the English Church, there are three great names—all occupants of the see of Canterbury, which arrest his attention as having exerted a permanent influence upon the fortunes of the Church. These are St. Dunstan, St. Thomas à Becket, and the martyred Laud ; and yet so completely have we isolated ourselves in feeling from catholicity even in time, that we have agreed to surrender them altogether to their libellers. Tories have vied with whigs, and churchmen with dissenters, in running down and calumniating these great men ; to whom, perchance, in their several generations, the Church may be indebted, under God, for her life, her dignity, and her orthodoxy. This statement may well consist with the belief that one or all of them had more of the wisdom of the serpent than the christian character, *in its perfection*, allows of. But that they were all men of the highest principles and holiest motives is, we think, indisputable ; thank-

ful should we be to God, who raised up such champions for his Church in the days of her trial; and undeserving shall we prove ourselves of the mercies we enjoy, if we do not use the light which is now being shed upon history, from ancient sources, to vindicate their fair fame.

We should rejoice to see some of our many modern ecclesiastical poets attempting the historical drama. They could not have a better subject than Dunstan: the fact of his advocating the regular Clergy to the exclusion of the seculars was merely the accidental, though unfortunate, form imparted by the times in which he lived to a noble "zeal for the house of God," which literally "consumed" him, by a premature old age.

We have only further to add, that Mr. Taylor's poetical merit in this his second drama, is, in our judgment, far below that of his former.

An Old Man's Rambles. Parts I. and II. Leeds: Green.

THESE are the first two of a series of tracts in the course of publication, by Mr. Green, of Leeds, to whose industry and enterprise we are indebted for many valuable works. If the succeeding numbers of these tracts are equal to the two which have been already published, they will soon obtain an extensive circulation. They are calculated to interest the heart as well as the head; and while conveying sound instruction, display considerable powers of talent and imagination. There is, indeed, a vigour and sprightliness about them which would almost induce us to suspect, that the old man who is constantly leaning on his staff, is not *quite* so old as he appears to be.

Memoir of the Life of the late Rev. PETER ROE, A.M., Rector of Odogh, and Minister of St. Mary's, Kilkenny, &c. By the Rev. SAMUEL MADDEN, A.M.

WE have not, as may have been observed, taken much notice of such *Acta Sanctorum* as in these days are published in as great profusion as ever in former, and, as we generally think, more saint-worshipping ones. We have been willing enough to believe that the Housmans, Breays, Wilkinsons, &c., of whom we have lately heard, were, in the main, good and devoted men, and that their labours have been very useful in the places where they were carried on. But the only thing that could justify singling out their memory from the herd, would be something in their lives, thoughts, or actions, that had a distinct peculiar relation to the Church in general, of which we find nothing in the cases to which we have alluded; nay, more, if the men were, as we quite believe them to have been, sincere servants of their Master, we can hardly conceive greater injury to their memory than publishing and perpetuating their slanders against their brethren,

which, on our hypothesis of their piety, they themselves must now see to have been excusable only on the plea of gross ignorance.

Had the Reverend Peter Roe been an Englishman, he would either have been a better divine, and so not written many things which his biographer has chosen to preserve and publish, or he would have been an illustration of our remarks, supposing his life and letters to have had their present fate of being made public. But with an Irish clergyman of zeal and influence, the case is different. The facts with which they were occupied are matters to us of curiosity and interest; and we are always glad to see something more of the religious history of Ireland. Moreover, Irish Evangelicalism hitherto has been, we think, a manlier and truer development of religious zeal than its counterpart in England. No one who knows what went on some years ago in the sister isle, will say that its devout clergy were Christians of soft luxurious habits. They had rough work to do, and rough trials to bear.

Mr. Roe, judging from a very hasty glance at the bulky memoir before us, seems to have been a good straightforward man, of active habits, untiring zeal, and some discrimination. He seems to have had a *feeling* of an unsteady kind, that dissent does not spring from the spirit of holiness. This his biographer shares with him. Indeed, the latter goes beyond his hero—in some places writes like a sound churchman, who knows that the Church is a divine institution. We extract a fact from his lucubrations in the natural history of Dissenters new to us, though not very incredible.

"Some years ago, a phrenologist went to a separatist place of worship to scrutinize the heads of "the church" there assembling. Theorising beforehand on the subject, he concluded that he should see the organ of *veneration* very strongly developed in all the heads which, from partial or total baldness, were exposed to his searching eyes. But his theory was doomed to disappointment; for he came away, declaring that he never saw an assembly, in whose phrenological development the organ of veneration was so deficient; and that he was totally unable to account for the fact, that a number of persons, so deficient in that organ, should act as they did in religious matters."

We commend the following to the speakers at Exeter Hall:—

"Upon the whole, Mr. Roe seems to have been much gratified with his tour. Some things indeed displeased him; among which we may instance the applause given to favourite speakers at the religious meetings, and what he seems to have thought a tendency to temporise in some of the preachers whom he heard. As to the first, we are aware that the practice may be defended by an appeal to antiquity; for we are told, as by Bingham and others, that the clapping of hands, and other noisy modes of expressing gratification, which were at first used in the theatres and in the Senate, were at last suffered in the Church; and that the people applauded the sermons of John Chrysostom—"some, by tossing their garments; others, moving their plumes; others, by laying their hands upon their swords; and others, waving their handkerchiefs, and crying out, 'Thou art worthy of the priesthood! Thou art the thirteenth apostle,' &c. But even with this authority against us, (which, by the way, is not drawn from the most ancient days, or from the purest ages,) we do think, that in meetings partaking so much of a religious character, and where the eternal truths, whereon depend the everlasting destinies, both of the speakers and of the audience, are brought before the mind, a solemn and sober tone becomes the speaker, and an equally solemn and sober frame of mind is most suitable to the hearer."

We are glad to announce new editions of Mr. Paget's "Milford Malvoisin," and of Mr. Acland's "Liturgia Domestica." The latter is in great part remodelled, and we think improved.

"Monumenta Antiqua, or the Stone Monuments of Antiquity yet remaining in the British Isles, particularly as illustrated by Scripture:" also "Dissertations on Stonehenge—the Pyramids of Egypt—and the Round Towers of Ireland," by R. Weaver, author of "Scripture Fulfilled," (London, Nicholls,) is a work that bespeaks the author an amiable and a religious man, but at the same time sadly deficient in that most indispensable qualification for the antiquary—discrimination. His theory appears to be, that Scripture contains a type of everything. For example, the word "Gilgal" he interprets to mean "circle;" therefore the altar which the Israelites set up there is the model of the Druidical circular stones. Again; some persons have considered that the Round Towers of Ireland were originally constructed for the worship of fire. Mr. Weaver applauds the conjecture; with this amendment, that the object worshipped was not fire, but the great fountain of light and heat, the sun—in other words, Baal. Once more; the well-known "Rocking-Stones"—where shall a type be found for them? Our author is evidently at fault; but inasmuch as the priests under the law were to judge all disputes "at the place which the Lord their God should choose," he inquires, in a tone which it would be cruel to disappoint, "Why may not these rocking stones be employed by the Druidical priests for pronouncing 'the sentence of judgment,' when applied to on matters of controversy?" We presume that this is one peculiar development of the great Protestant principle, "The Bible, and the Bible only;" and as long as persons keep their lucubrations to themselves we should be among the last to discourage them; but we must beg leave to remind them that the world contains a great many cavilling individuals who from a book of this kind will not fail to extract just that profane ridicule, which would annoy no one so much as the amiable and unwitting author who had given them the occasion.

"The Heroes of England;" that is, the Lives of the Black Prince, Drake, Raleigh, Blake, Marlborough, Woolfe, Abercrombie, Moore, Nelson and Wellington, by Lawrence Drake, (London: Cundall, 12mo. pp. 312,) is a book well calculated to interest the young, for whom it is intended. The writing is of a plain and manly character! and there is no "Uncle Oliver," or other sexagenarian moralizer attempting to "improve" the narrative; descending upon the wickedness of war, or upon the barbarism of the "dark ages."

Another not uninteresting little work from the same publisher, is "Cottage Traditions, by Jefferys Taylor." It is the history of an ancient family from among the peasantry of England, and betokens more than common ability in the writer; but why chronicle the mispronunciations of the poor? we do not doubt the fact of Oliver Cromwell having been metamorphosed into "all-of-a-crumble;" but it is a poor joke to print after all.

Having noticed disparagingly, on a former occasion, "Essays written in the intervals of Business," (Pickering,) we are bound to record that the public has so far falsified our auguries as to call for a second edition, which has just appeared. This circumstance alone is a strong argument that we were wrong, for there is nothing in the subjects handled in the book to give it any adventitious or ephemeral interest. It is certainly very graceful, and its unpretendingness may be one cause by which, after a hasty glance, it is apt to be set aside. We found it to improve decidedly on further acquaintance.

"Episcopalia" (Parker, Oxford,) is a neat little reprint of six letters on the ministry and discipline of the Church, addressed by Bishop Compton to his Clergy between the years 1680-5. Bishop Compton, it is well known, was one of the two prelates who voted for electing a king instead of a regent, at that critical moment when James fled the country. His testimony, therefore, is the

more unexceptionable in favour of practices now too much neglected; as catechizing, public celebration of baptism, observance of holydays, respect due to the canons, &c.

A volume of ill-selected scraps and uninteresting stories, called "Peter Parley's *Annual*," (a title which looks to less of longevity would, we think, be more applicable,) has reached us. It does not directly teach either radicalism in politics, or dissent in religion; but wherever the *animus* of the compiler appears, it betrays that mean low tone to which, above all things, we would desire to keep our youth strangers.

Mr. F. H. Blaydes, Student of Christ Church, Oxford, has just published the "Birds" of Aristophanes, (the first of a series which he proposes to publish,) furnished with concise Latin notes, both critical and exegetical, (Parker, Oxford). The undertaking is a bold one for a B.A., but it appears to be carefully and judiciously commenced. Schoolmasters will be much indebted to Mr. Blaydes for thus making a *single* play of Aristophanes for the first time available to them.

In "Norway and her Laplanders" (Murray) Mr. Milford appears to have given a *bond fide* record of his impressions of a people who, to an Englishman, must always be an object of interest, seeing that they are the descendants of the bold Northmen who once overran his own land.

Mr. Parker, of Oxford, in compliance with a suggestion of Bishop Doane, has just sent forth an English edition of the "Sermons and Poetical Remains" of the Rev. Mr. Winslow, late Curate to the Bishop at Burlington, New Jersey, to which is prefixed the sermon preached at his funeral. He appears to have been a very promising young man; though perhaps it is scarcely in harmony with the severe character of Catholic Christianity to set up a model from among our own contemporaries, of what "the Catholic Churchman" should be.

Another volume ("the Age of Great Cities") has reached us from Dr. Vaughan, of dissenting notoriety, concerning which we will only observe that the fact of such arrant trash meeting with a sale, (for we presume that Dr. Vaughan would not publish unless he gained a profit thereby,) proves incontestibly that a demand exists for some philosophical account of the present appearance and prospects of society. We should be glad to be able to recommend such a volume.

Two new volumes of the Oxford Translation of the Fathers have appeared; St. Chrysostom's Homilies on the Statues, and the first part of Tertullian. The latter is enriched by an admirable preface, embodying a most thoughtful estimate of this Father's life and melancholy fall, by Dr. Pusey; and among its notes by an elaborate essay on the validity of heretical and other baptism. To all who have tried the tenebrose pages of the great African doctor, an English version will be most acceptable; and the ripest ecclesiastical scholars must bear willing testimony to an observation which occurs in the original prospectus of this undertaking, "that knowledge of Latin alone will not suffice to read Tertullian."

"Plain Lectures on Christian Truth and Duty, founded on the Catechism," (Burns,) is a little work which seems to have originated in the desire of the head of a family to supply, by domestic teaching, the lack of the Church's catechetical duties. It is the production of a very earnest and right-toned mind. We recommend it willingly, not only for the purpose suggested, but as a school-book it meets a great deficiency. The Clergy who are reviving the practice of regular public catechizing, may learn much, both from its temper and execution.

It may be sufficient to announce the publication of "Thoughts on the Study of the Holy Gospels, intended as an Introduction to a Harmony and Commentary, by the Rev. Isaac Williams." (Rivington.) Its author's reputation will recommend it adequately. It is a matter of thankfulness that he is systematically prosecuting a plan of which we have such a beautiful fragmentary specimen as the volume on "The Passion." Emphatically it is a book for the inner life; to be cherished and loved, not to be talked about.

"Dora Melder," (Longman,) edited by the Rev. Chas. B. Tayler, of Chester, as a refinement of imposture in the bookselling line, surpasses anything we have yet met with. The duties of editor to a Novel or Tale are at best rather intangible; but what need there can be for an editor to a *translation* (as this is) it exceeds our imagination to divine. In order to make the absurdity the greater, it would seem that Mr. Tayler is even ignorant of the language from which the translation is made! Our readers will infer, that a book that requires so much trickery to make it pass, cannot have much intrinsic merit. "Good wine (says the old proverb) needs no bush."

"The Rioters" is a tale by Miss Martineau, intended to convince the discontented operative, upon true principles of "Catallactics," that the destruction of property is not the most likely way of increasing wealth in a country. We have only two objections to such attempts; first, that they are nugatory; and secondly, that they proceed upon the infidel assumption, that there is some other and better way of reforming men's corrupt minds than through grace. Our readers will remember that we noticed, some time since, the singular propensity of Miss Martineau to come forth like the stormy petrel in the tempest. We presume that she is a believer in "homœopathy," and considers that what in a healthy state of the body politic would certainly have a tendency to foster discontent and revolution, is, in its present diseased state, the most likely cure for that complaint.

"Excursions in and about Newfoundland," by J. B. Jukes, (London, Murray, 2 vols. 8vo.) is the production of a sensible and honest man, who pretends to nothing which he does not really possess. Joined with a good deal of personal narrative, the reader will here find much interesting information regarding the cod-fishery, the capture of seals, and the natural history of the island in general. The only strictly scientific part of the work, however, is the report on the Geology of Newfoundland, which Mr. Jukes was employed by the local government to prepare. A more complete historical and statistical account (for those who seek only facts) will be found in Sir Richard Bonnycastle's two volumes, "Newfoundland in 1842" (Colburn).

A Mr. Charles Whitehead, "author," his title-page informs us, of "the Solitary," (would that that work had continued *solitary*!) has just turned the touching history of Richard Savage into a three volume "romance of real life" (Bentley). To make a profit out of the misfortunes of the distressed is at best but a questionable piece of morality; but to seize for that purpose on one whose trials had called forth, and been immortalized by, the compassionate sympathy of Dr. Johnson, in his admirable "Life," and to make him the subject of "comic illustrations" by "Quiz," or "Phiz," or some such person, is an outrage upon taste and feeling which we hope will be severely resented on the author.

"Church Hymns for Congregational Use," (Oxford, Shrimpton, 18mo. pp. 48,) present a better selection than we had at all thought it possible to have made from English literature. We cordially recommend them.

The "Poetical Remains" of the late Miss Margaret Davidson, (Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard,) contain some very pleasing specimens of versification; but the "biography" in the same volume, by Washington Irving, has too much of the excitement-system in it for our tastes.

"Outlines of English Grammar, compiled for the use of National and other Schools, by Alexander Wilson, Master of the National Society's Central School," (Rivingtons,) while evidencing the skill of the compiler in the art of simplification, contains some such preposterous absurdities as must bring discredit and ridicule upon the committee who permit such a production to possess in any degree the sanction of their name. Mr. Wilson, no doubt, is a shrewd man; but when he would instruct children that there are but two tenses, he should be informed that nature has decided this question before grammarians were heard of; or when he would exclude "the article" from among "parts of speech," he should be admonished, that grammar is the common possession of all civilized nations, and that an unwarrantable departure from its primary laws is an offence against the reason and feelings of his whole species. We much regret to see the respectable name of the National Society lent to such crudities, which better befit the meridian of Edinburgh.

We owe an apology to our readers for not having noticed the recent numbers of the "Christian's Miscellany, (Green, Leeds,) which, while affording as much variety as the most fickle taste could desire, maintains in all the same soundness of principle which characterized its commencement. "A History of the Church in Scotland," and "Two Letters to a Dissenting Friend on Church Principles," are the contributions for October and November. Extracts from Bingham "on the Primitive Church" supply two numbers; and selections from the works of Wordsworth and Coleridge, as illustrative of their views upon the great questions now debated in the Church, furnish forth two more. Surely no one can read the sentiments of these two great men without respect; and they certainly show, that the revival of Catholic truth was called for by the cravings of the most earnest minds of the last generation. In the case of the latter of the two numbers, we must, however, protest against such a proceeding as giving only part of a sonnet.

"Polynesia: or an historical account of the principal Islands in the South Sea, including New Zealand, by the Right Rev. Michael Russell, L.L.D. &c." (we suppose his Presbyterian employers will not permit him to add the title of his See,) forming volume 33d of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," appears an interesting volume; but the title-page is not the only place in which the writer seems hampered by the circumstances in which he is placed. The Church may surely look for less of compromise in her rulers. A bishop is a bishop still, even when writing for a Presbyterian series.

We gladly welcome a little volume containing "Selections from the early Ballad Poetry of England and Scotland, edited by Richard J. King, B.A. of Exeter College" (Pickering;) and hope that it may serve to spread a taste, not only for reading, but also for composing in, this kind of poetry. The Ballad seems naturally to associate itself with an attempt to revive a love for the "olden time."

In the new edition of "The Whole Duty of Man,"—an exquisite little volume, also published by Pickering,—we perceive that the editor assigns the work to Archbishop Sterne; whereas Mr. Pridden, in his recent edition of the "Art of Contentment," had as boldly pronounced Lady Pakington to be the author. To us it appears that, in so far as their respective volumes go, each may be right; for if ever internal evidence were to be trusted in a question of authorship, we are bold to assert that the two works never came from the same hand. The former is a model of pure English writing; while the latter is replete with latin words and classical modes of expression, which render it peculiarly difficult of comprehension to the unlearned.

Volumes of Poetry multiply so much upon us, that it is impossible to award them more than a short notice. We must not omit to say, however, that we have been much pleased with "Hymns, and Scenes of Childhood—or, a Sponsor's Gift," (Burns : and Dearden, Nottingham.) The first part, especially, contains some pleasing and simple lays.

Sacred Poetry has also received the following accessions :—"Songs of Faith, &c. by Sir Aubrey de Vere," (Pickering ;) "The Waldenses and other Poems, by Aubrey de Vere," (Parker, Oxford ; Rivingtons ;) "Nature Displayed, by the Rev. J. B. Morris," (Rivingtons,) "The Christian's Sunday Companion, by Mrs. Sargent," (Smith, Elder & Co.) To these we must call particular attention very soon. Meanwhile we cannot refrain from announcing the delight with which the only one of these vols. whose acquaintance we have formed,—*"The Waldenses"*—has inspired us. The author is a true and original poet.

We were glad on receiving "Roman Forgeries and Falsifications, &c. by the Rev. Richard Gibbings, M.A. Rector of Raymunderdoney, &c." (Grant & Bolton, Dublin,) 1842, to see at last an Irish clergyman meeting his standing enemy Popery, by better and truer weapons than have hitherto been used in the Sister Isle. Mr. Gibbings seems to be a gentleman of industry and learning.

We feel bold to recommend Mr. Cherry's "Illustrations of the Saints' Days, &c.;" a series of plain Lectures to a country congregation. (Cleaver, 1842.)

The Rev. Capel Molyneux's trashy publication on Baptismal Regeneration, has produced two intelligent and right-minded replies, "Baptismal Regeneration tried by the Word of God, &c. by Presbyterian," (Fellowes,) and "the Baptism of Jesus Christ vindicated, by Aquila," (Groombridge.) The title of the latter is, we think, unfortunate. We may mention that a third tract on the same subject will shortly appear.

We ought sooner to have noticed "a Second Pastoral Letter, &c." by Charles Lyne, (St. Austell, Drew,) a caution to his flock by their Pastor against the various forms of sectarianism to which they are exposed.

We have great pleasure in announcing the appearance of the "First Report of the Yorkshire Architectural Society," (Green, Leeds, 1842,) which seems to be drawn up with great skill.

We trust that the attention which it deserves so well will be given to the Archbishop of Armagh's Charge, lately published in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Journal." There can be little doubt that unless the Church lifts up her voice pretty loudly, the present ministers will continue in Ireland the dreadful system of education invented by the Whigs, and misnamed "national."

We have just received the Archdeacon of Surrey's recent Charge, from which we hope to make one or two important extracts in our next number. We take this opportunity of announcing a second edition of his Sermons preached before the Queen.

We recommend to attention the Charge delivered by Archdeacon Thorp at his recent Visitation, (Rivingtons.) The notes are both interesting and important ; and as showing what considerable results may follow from small beginnings, we call notice to the origin of the Cambridge Camden Society as narrated therein.

"Sermons addressed chiefly to Young Persons, &c. by Matthew M. Preston, M.A. Vicar of Cheshunt, (Seeley, 1842,) are the work of a gentleman

who unites to a fervent spirit a singular aptitude for the difficult work of addressing the young in suchwise as they will listen to with interest.

We recommend among single sermons, "Christ's Death the Life of the Saint, by Rev. G. A. Poole," (Harrison, Leeds,) "Obedience to the Church as she is, &c. by the Rev. L. F. Page," (Rivingtons,) and "the Connexion of Ritual Observances with the Jewish and Christian Economy," preached at the Lord Bishop of London's recent Visitation, by the Rev. F. Ainger.

We cannot say as much for "Faithfulness in the Stewardship of the Mysteries of God," preached on the same occasion, by the Rev. T. Dale, (Seeley & Burnside.)

Mr. Pelham Maitland, of St. Peter's, Walworth, has published an impressive sermon, (Burns,) "The Burial Service; its Legitimate Use dependent on Church Discipline," which we recommend heartily. Recent events have compelled the Clergy to inquire carefully into the baptism of children brought for Christian burial; and some excitement, but in the end great benefit, has accrued, from the refusal of this sacred office by some of the Clergy of one of the large metropolitan parishes to unbaptized infants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.]

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF TITHES THE TRUE PRINCIPLE, THE OFFERTORY THE REAL INSTRUMENT OF CHURCH EXTENSION.

No. X.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BRITISH CRITIC."

SIR,—It is unreasonable to expect that your eyes should be open in every direction. "Indignor quando bonus dormitat Homerus," express my feelings on reading the allusion to the tithe question in the last number of your Review. In Bishop Andrewes' dissertation, which I rejoice to think has been recently republished by a layman, the author thus sums up the evidence:—

"Two patriarchs—as many prophets—Christ—his apostles—the whole Church—fathers—councils—history—both laws, civil and canon—reason—the imperfect pieces and fragments of the heathen—and, finally, experience itself, have brought in their evidence for tithes (De Decimis, 1629.)

Dr. Tillersley, at the conclusion of his elaborate work,* observes—

"Besides the concurring opinion of the Holy Scriptures and Fathers for the divine right of tithes, while I consider how the practice of tithing hath been

* Appendix to "Animadversions upon Selden's History of Tithes," (p. 127.) London: 1621.

accounted *inter causas fidei*, a matter of faith; *inter rudimenta fidei*, a principle of faith; *pars religionis*, a part of religion, and converts have been esteemed thereby; *subjugates Domini*, under the yoke of the Lord; I have never much inclined to this conjecture, that religion was sound, and by public authority settled, but that tithes were the due of the priests and of the clergy, and the duty of the people and laity; that every where the duty hath been in precept, and the due in practice."

It seems exceedingly remarkable that a doctrine supported by all this evidence should have to encounter the prejudices of churchmen at the present day, when the spiritual destitution in our metropolis and manufacturing towns seems to *force* the subject upon our notice. You do well to admonish the clergy to submit, if it be necessary, cheerfully to the spoiling of their goods;—but why abstain yourself, or exhort others to abstain from warning the state and the laity of the danger of laying sacrilegious hands upon that which has been dedicated to the service of God? This is surely not a temporal but a spiritual grievance. Far more important considerations are involved in tithes than the secular interests of the clergy. The *lucra decimarum* we may well dispense with; but the *damna animarum* in this matter is the awful consideration. Perhaps, by our silence, others may be misled, and they may inherit a curse or forfeit a blessing. To honour Almighty God with our substance is a positive duty: the yearly thank-offering for the yearly increase is quite as essential as the daily prayer for the daily bread. Whoever may be the receivers of the sacred tribute, the payment of tithes is part not only of revealed, but of natural religion: Heathens will rise up in judgment against us, of this generation. We are busily employed in converting foreign nations, when, in this matter, we have not yet converted ourselves. With our sale of livings, with our moduses, our impropriations, our commutations, we have been daubing the sacred edifice with untempered mortar: but you cannot have sufficiently considered the *sacred foundation* of the tithe system, or you would never have said that those who would call attention to it were entering on a visionary crusade. Those are the visionary crusaders who would christianize the world with parliamentary grants or guinea subscriptions. From the most superficial view of the old and new parts of London, we may see most clearly the difference between the old and the new system. "Tithes are, strictly speaking, to be paid for such things only as yield a yearly increase by the act of God;"* but from thence it would follow, by parity of reason, that the tenth of all increase is to be dedicated to the service of the altar. The payment of the tenth, as a positive duty, kept alive the principle, that money consecrated to God would yield a most abundant increase. The tenth was the *minimum*, but much more was offered; hence the number of churches in our ancient towns. The scarcity of churches in our new towns, or the new part of our old towns, will of itself convince us that something is wanting in our system. There are points in the Anglo-Saxon Church and the Church of the Fathers, which we have not sufficiently considered. We have a visible proof

* Watson's Compleat Incumbent. London: 1712. vol. ii. p. 888.

of the difference between modern and ancient theology. I hope I shall not be accused of undervaluing the labours of those to whom we owe so much for the revival of Catholic truth, if I lament that they have not *prominently* put forward the tithe system as involving in itself a practical principle of such overwhelming importance. He who runs may read the consequences of our neglect in this matter. I certainly would as strongly deprecate as they, all improper agitation upon the subject of tithes, but I think the British Critic should rather encourage than discourage those who would use the language of firm, patient, and persevering remonstrance. You speak unadvisedly when you observe that our yearly increase of churches and *endowments* (!) far outstrips any possible loss. During the last few years we have indeed been building churches with one hand, but we have been robbing those in existence with the other. In reference to subscriptions to the Endowment Fund, the committee (of the Metropolitan Church Fund) again regret that they have little to report. I will predict that those and similar committees will go on expressing their regret from year to year till Churchmen can learn that the payment of tithes is a positive duty. But if you would look back not only for the last few years, but for the last 150 years, you will find that nothing has been done, or next to nothing, for the endowment of churches. If any one would continue "*Kennett's Case of Impropriations, and of the Augmentation of Vicarages*," an *hiatus valde defendendus* would be found between the publication of Dean Prideaux upon tithes,* and the notice of this subject in the last number of the "British Critic."

I rejoice to hear, that one lay impropriation has already been restored to the Church, and the restoration of another is in prospect. The blood is beginning to warm—pray desist from chilling it. But these observations are only introductory to an extract from Kennet, to which I now call your particular attention.

"It was upon this excellent design of improving the maintenance of the poorer clergy, that the king sent his letters directed to the archbishop of Canterbury, dated July 17, anno reg. 3, to command an inquiry to be made through his province, of all rectories, vicarages, and other ecclesiastical promotions, upon which any usurpations had been made by the patrons or other pretenders, since the 30th year of the late Queen Elizabeth. And in pursuance of these orders the archbishop sent his letters to all the suffragan bishops to execute the said inquiries, dated July 30, 1632.† It was under these hopes that among the good things projected to be done by Archbishop Laud, the tenth was to find a way to increase the stipends of poor vicars. And for this purpose he resolved, 'if he lived to see the repair of St. Paul's near an end, to move his majesty for the like grant from the high commission for the buying in of impropriations as he had now for St. Paul's; and then he hoped to buy in two a-year at least.' The archbishop's care and concern in this matter were indeed so evident, that by the malice of his enemies, it was made a criminal objection to him at his trial, as his own words may best represent it.‡ 'Then follows the instance, that I had a purpose to abolish all impropriations. The first proof alleged was a passage out of Bishop Montague's book, p. 210. That tithes were due by

* The Original and Right of Tithes: London, 1726.

† Ex libro instrumentorum, &c. penes Jacobum episc. Linc. MS. f. 128.

‡ Troubles and Trial of Archbishop Laud, p. 237.

divine right, and then no impropriations might stand. And Mr. Pryn witnessed very carefully, that this book was found in my own study, and given me by Bishop Montague. And what of this? Doth any bishop print a book, and not give the archbishop one of them? Or must I answer for every proposition that is in every book that is in my study, or that any author gives me? And if Bishop Montague be of opinion that tithes are due by divine right, what is that to me? Your lordships know many men are of different opinions in that difficulty, and I am confident you will not determine the controversy by an Act of Parliament. They were nibbling at my diary in this, to show that it was one of my projects to fetch in impropriations; but it was not fit for their purpose; for it is there expressed, that if I lived to see the repairs of St. Paul's near an end, I would move his Majesty for the like grant for the buying in of impropriations; and to buy them from the owners is neither against law, nor against anything else that is good; nor is it any usurpation of Papal power.'

"It was owing to the good intentions and great examples of the king and the archbishop, that about this time there were many instances given of restoring impropriate tithes and glebe to the Church by the worthy lay possessors of them. The learned Sir Henry Spelman had published, in 1613, '*A Tract of the Rights and Respects due to Churches*;' it was written, as the title informs us, to 'a gentleman, who having an appropriate parsonage, employed the Church to profane uses, and left the parishioners uncertainly provided of divine service in a parish there adjoining.' And the author's dedication tells us, that 'he drew it up on occasion of his good uncle complaining (as God would have it) that he was much crossed in the building he was in hand with, upon a piece of glebe of his appropriate parsonage at Congham;' to which this nephew of his answered, 'That he thought God was not pleased with it, inasmuch as it tended to the defrauding of the Church, adding, among some other words, that he held it utterly unlawful to keep appropriate parsonages from the Church. And perceiving that his uncle's heart was so moved by God, as to seem tractable in this matter, though it concerned his profit; he made bold to add a continuance of that happy motion, and by the blessing of God to cherish and inflame those blessed sparks, in which his heart had happily conceived, &c. Thirty years after the first edition, this tract was reprinted by the author's son, Mr. Clement Spelman, and very probably at the request of Archbishop Laud, with a declaration, 'that it was written and at first published with an intent to dissuade a profanation of churches, and to persuade a restitution of tithes and impropriations to the Church.'

"To prosecute this pious design, Sir Henry Spelman, with great diligence, had inquired into the right of tithes, how it stood by the law of nature, by the law of God, by the law of nations, and by the law of the land, how appropriations began. That after the impropriation the parsonage still continueth spiritual; and that no one is properly capable of an appropriation, but spiritual men. Yet, that the king may better hold impropriations than his lay subjects, &c. This work, according to the appointment and trust of the author, was published in 1647, by Jeremiah Stevens, B. D., who, in a useful preface to the reader, gives this good account of the happy influence and great successes of his former book, 'If any demand what success the labours of this worthy knight found among the gentlemen of Norfolk and other places, where he lived long in very great esteem, and publicly employed always by his prince and country, in all the principal offices of dignity and credit; it is very observable to allege some particular testimonies worthy to be recorded to posterity, and with all honour to their names, who were persuaded presently upon the reading of his first little treatise, to restore and render back unto God what was due to him.'

"And first the worthy knight practised according to his own rule; for having an impropriation in his estate, viz. Middleton, in Norfolk, he took a course to dispose of it, for the augmentation of the vicarage; and also some addition to Congham, a small living near to it: himself never put up any part of the rent, but disposed of it by the assistance of a reverend divine, his neighbour, Mr.

Thoroughgood, to whom he gave power to augment the vicar's portion, which hath been performed carefully; and having a surplusage in his hands, he waits an opportunity to purchase the appropriation of Congham, to be added to the minister there, where himself is lord and patron.

"Next Sir Ralph Hare Knight, his ancient and worthy friend in that country, upon reading of the first book, offered to restore a good parsonage, which only he had in his estate, performing it presently, and procuring licence from the King, and also gave the perpetual advowson to St. John's College in Cambridge, that the heirs might not afterwards revoke his grant, wherein he was a treble benefactor to the church. And the college hath deservedly honoured his memory with a monument of thankfulness, in their library, and also wrote a respectful letter of acknowledgment to this excellent Knight, to whom they knew some part of the thanks to be due, for his pious advice and direction.

"Sir Roger Townsend, a religious and very learned Knight of great estate in that county, restored three impropriations to the church, besides many singular expressions of great respect to the clergy, having had a great part of his education together with Sir John Spelman (a gentleman of incomparable worth), eldest son to Sir Henry, and by his directions both attained great perfection and abilities.

"The like I have understood of others in that country, but cannot certainly relate their names and all particulars at this present; that shire abounding with eminent gentlemen of singular deserts, piety, and learning, besides other ornaments, as Cambrden observeth of them.

"In other parts, divers have been moved with his reasons to make like restitution, whereof I will mention some. As Sir William Dodington, Knight, of Hampshire, a very religious gentleman, restored no less than six impropriations out of his own estate, to the full value of six hundred pounds yearly and more.

"Richard Knightley, Esquire, of Northamptonshire, lately deceased, restored two impropriations, Fausley and Preston, being a gentleman much addicted to works of piety, charity, and advancement of learning, and shewing great respect to the clergy. The right Honourable Baptist Lord Hicks, Viscount Cambrden, besides many charitable works of great expense to hospitals and churches, as I find printed in a catalogue of them in the Survey of London, restored and purchased many impropriations. 1. He restored one in Pembroke-shire, which cost 460*l*. 2. One in Northumberland, which cost 760*l*. 3. One in Durham, which cost 366*l*. 4. Another in Dorsetshire, which cost 760*l*. He redeemed certain chantry-lands, which cost 240*l*. And gave pensions to two ministers, which cost 80*l*. Besides legacies to several ministers. The particulars are more fully recited in the Survey to which I refer, page 761.

"Mrs. Ellen Gouldston, relict of Theodore Gouldston, doctor of physic, a very learned man, being possessed of the impropriate parsonage of Bardwell in Suffolk, did first procure from the king leave to annex the same to the vicarage, and to make it presentative, and having formerly the donation of the vicarage, she gave them both thus annexed freely to St. John's College in Oxford, expressing many godly reasons in a pious letter of her grant, to advance the glory of God to her power, and give the world some testimony, that she had not been a fruitless observer of those who taught her, that knowledge without its fruit, and that love of Christ without love to his church, was but an empty mark of an empty faith. Thus with devout prayers for a blessing from God upon those which should be chosen rectors there, she commenced the deeds and conveyances of the parsonage for ever to the college.

"And this way doth justly seem the best manner of restitution, it being a double benefit to the church, both in providing carefully for the parish, and selecting out of the Universities able and worthy divines in due time and manner without any corruption, which the colleges are careful to avoid; and therefore that course was followed by Sir Ralph Hare already mentioned, by the prudent advice of Sir Henry Spelman; which course, if it had been observed by them, who lately were employed in purchasing of impropriations, they had

freed themselves from sinister suspicions, by divesting themselves wholly of any profits reserved to their disposing, and might have much advanced the glory of God by diligent preaching within the compass of few years; and many would have been persuaded easily to become contributors and benefactors to their purposes. Divers colleges in Oxon, having been anciently possessed of impropriations, have of late taken a course to reserve a good portion of their tithe corn from their tenants, thereby to increase the vicar's maintenance. So that the best learned divines are willing to accept the livings; and yet the college is not diminished in rents, but loseth only some part of their fine when the tenants come to renew their leases.

What is now considered by Churchmen a visionary crusade, was one development of the Church in the seventeenth century. "It were, peradventure," Bishop Montague observes, "*pretium operæ* for any man, or some men that had means, conveniency, and leisure enough to go through with these three parts: the nature and right of tithes—the use, practice, and payment of tithes—the abuse and sacrilege in tithes."

REGISTRATION MARRIAGES.

SIR,—THE charge delivered by the Lord Bishop of London to his clergy at his late Visitation, has caused much discussion as to the inconveniences resulting from the Act of Parliament recently passed, for legalizing marriages contracted before the Registrar, and as to the best means of obviating or avoiding them.

It is considered, that by this act the Church is placed in the dilemma of either coming into conflict with the secular power, by treating such marriages as invalid, or else, on the other hand, of surrendering to the secular power her whole jurisdiction over a matter which belongs peculiarly to her own sacred functions, and as to which (with some very few and modern exceptions) the civil power has, until the passing the above-mentioned Act, claimed no original jurisdiction, but has confined itself to the subordinate function of recognizing, maintaining, and enforcing the acts of the Church.

The latter alternative has, under somewhat similar circumstances, been chosen by the Scotch kirk, who, in her first book of discipline, declares that marriages by civil contract are good and valid in an ecclesiastical sense.

The opposite side of the dilemma has been embraced by the Romish church, which expressly annuls and (as far as its authority extends) absolutely prohibits marriages contracted otherwise than in the church.

The result of these two opposite modes of dealing with the subject is, that in Scotland the rite of marriage has been, in a great measure, deprived of that character for sanctity which properly belongs to it, and forms its greatest safeguard; whilst the consciences of good Christians are wounded by a diversity of opinions on a point of the deepest interest; and that in those states in which the Roman Catholic religion prevails, but where the civil power does not acknowledge the exclusive jurisdiction of that church as to marriages, there has been interminable conflict between the church and state, highly prejudicial to the interests of true religion and the peace of the world.

It has now, unhappily, become necessary for the Church of England either to adopt one of these two inconveniences, or to devise some middle course, by which they may both be avoided; and this latter course, if practicable, must obviously be the most desirable.

In order to lay a foundation for determining the practicability of the course here suggested, it must be considered that, according to true theory, the church and the civil power, having each of them the same origin, namely, the will of God, and the same end, namely, the good of mankind, have, nevertheless, each of them separate and distinct jurisdictions, the one over the consciences of men, by instruction and persuasion only, and the other over their words and actions, by force; the one being charged with the office of rendering the will of man conformable to the will of God, and the other with that of forcibly controlling his will, so as to aid and assist the labours of the church, and to repress the grosser violations of God's law. The church is the community of God's obedient children, to which human law is added, because of disobedience and transgression.

If, therefore, these two jurisdictions could be kept in perfect harmony, and each of them be prevented from trespassing upon the province of the others, no conflict could arise between them; and although errors must abound in the exercise of such high functions by fallible men, yet violence would never ensue if the church would but confine herself to her own plain duty of informing and warning the conscience of men; refusing, on the one hand, to lend herself as an instrument for accomplishing the merely secular ends of the civil power, and, on the other hand, abstaining from that most besetting sin of attempting to accomplish her own ends by coercive means. Submitting, also, patiently to any wrongful encroachment by the civil power, not, indeed, without firm remonstrance against it, but discountenancing all forcible resistance, as knowing surely that God will vindicate His own honour in His own good time by punishing, if need be, the presumptuous violation of His holy ordinances by laws of man's devising.

Let us therefore consider, what is the present position of the Church of England on this subject of marriage, and what course it becomes her to take, in conformity with the principles here laid down.

The church is charged with the duty of reminding all Christian men of the nature and ends of marriage. She is authorised and required to pronounce God's blessing upon all who enter that holy state in conformity with the divine law, and to denounce, as sinful, all who come together otherwise. She cannot capriciously or spontaneously abandon these duties; and there is no question at present how she ought to act if forbidden by the civil power to fulfil it, because the Act of Parliament does not prohibit it, either expressly or by implication. On the contrary, it still continues to recognize and adopt the acts of the church, in those cases where parties adhere to the ancient rite; and it merely declares that, where parties think fit to come together otherwise, the law will nevertheless recognize such their consent as of legal validity for all secular purposes, without requiring, as before, the previous sanction of the church.

Ought the church, under such circumstances, to suppose, that by passing the Act of Parliament the civil power designed to restrain and coerce her in the exercise of her sacred functions, and to visit with perpetual exclusion from the benefit of God's blessing upon their union, parties who, from ignorance or otherwise, have declined to seek it in the first instance?

Such a view of the subject may, perhaps, be prompted by a desire to maintain the unity of church and state; but though the motive may be sincere, its operation appears to be mistaken, and might, with more reason, perhaps, be attributed to a vindictive impulse, as if the legislature had committed an act of hostility against the church, and had thereby so far disclaimed its union with her as to be no longer in that respect worthy of it; and as if the parties also who have once repudiated her divine offices in this respect, were to be perpetually excluded from the benefit of them.

The fitter course surely would be for the church to consider her union with the state to have been as little as possible impaired by this Act of Parliament, and the conduct of parties who may have adopted the provision of the Act, as

being at least venial. Her present office for the solemnization of marriage would need but little alteration for adapting it to cases where parties had previously come together pursuant to the provisions of the Act; and she ought not to delay providing such an additional service. The heads of the church ought not to forget, that in this changeable world principles alone can remain fixed, whilst forms must vary from time to time, to suit occasions as they arise.

The Act was not intended as an aggression on the part of the civil power against the church, but as a provision rendered necessary by the prevalence of schism and infidelity amongst us, and as calculated not to weaken the foundations of the church, but to provide as near an approximation to her laws as is possible amongst those who do not belong to her community. Let the church but continue her present exertions with increasing sincerity, and she may depend upon it that they will be proportionately successful in dispelling the clouds of ignorance and disorder of every kind.

Yours, &c.

F.

THE AFFGHANS AND THE TEN TRIBES.

SIR,—Some time since the newspapers were full of it's "not being generally known that the land of Cabul is mentioned in Scripture;" referring of course, whether seriously or in jest, to the country given by King Solomon to Hiram. This is, again, sometimes connected with the report that the Affghans are descended from the Ten Tribes of Israel: with which, true or false, it has nothing to do, as they have not been two centuries in possession of their present settlements. The Israelitish (usually *mis*called *Jewish*, for it was never pretended that they belonged to Judah) origin of these tribes has been generally given up. In fact, there seems no sufficient grounds for Sir A. Burnes to have given it credit. Yet, as a curiosity, and a singular coincidence, it may be worth while to call attention to one fact, mentioned by Burnes (vol. ii. p. 139, 2d edit.), which contains something like *internal*, as well as external, evidence to support the claim. He says that "they call themselves *Bin i Israeel*, or Children of Israel; but consider the name of *Yahood*, or Jew, to be one of reproach."

No one, that I am aware of, has remarked how curiously this would harmonize with the truth of the supposition that they sprung from the kingdom of *Israel*, the rival of that of *Judah*.

I am, Sir, &c.

R. S.

ON THE LATITUDINARIAN HERESY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER."

SIR,—The four clergy who in my former letter I stated would neither "affirm nor deny" that the words attributed to the Vicar of Almondbury had been spoken, wish me to correct an inference which has been drawn by some from their opinion as thus expressed.

They still repeat the statement; as I gave it from their own lips, and will "neither affirm nor deny that the very words were spoken;" but they reject the inference which has been drawn from this — that

no words similar to those attributed to the speaker by the incumbent of St. Paul's were spoken on the occasion alluded to; since their conviction is, that the *meaning* of the Vicar of Almondbury's words has been correctly represented.

I am very glad to comply with their request, and to give this explanation, which will be found quite consistent with my former statement; since I expressly and avowedly limited my inquiry to the very words themselves, and rejecting all "fancies, inferences, and after-conversations," laid the whole stress of my argument upon them alone.

* * * * *

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient Servant,

THE VICAR OF HUDDERSFIELD.

*Huddersfield Vicarage,
November 10, 1842.*

[We think it unnecessary to insert the remainder of the letter of the Vicar of Huddersfield: it does but point out to our readers that with which they are already acquainted. The statement in his former letter which needed correction, the Vicar of Huddersfield has now corrected, and as we trust to the satisfaction of those clergy upon whom some imputation was thrown by his last communication in our pages. It would really be trifling to continue publishing statements and counter-statements on so trivial a point as the very words of a speaker, irrespectively of his meaning. We must, therefore, beg that the correspondence may terminate with the present letter: and this is our final determination.—EDIT. OF CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCE.]

PUBLICATIONS OF THE PARKER SOCIETY.

SIR,—No sooner was the prospectus of the Parker Society issued to the public than I joyfully enrolled my name in the list of its subscribers, and long and anxiously did I wait for the publications of the first year. At length they have all reached me, and are now lying on my table, having been carefully read. My object in becoming a subscriber was a desire to ascertain for myself the real views of the leaders of the English Church on those matters which are at this moment dividing us into two distinct parties. I was wavering between the two. I had entered the ministry as one of the evangelical party, but had speedily found their views, particularly on the subject of baptism, inconsistent with the plain language of our liturgy. I was at the same time dissatisfied with the manner in which the evangelicals spake of the fathers; as soon, therefore, as the different volumes published by the Parker Society arrived, I began to study them, chiefly with a view to those two points—baptism and the authority of the fathers. The result of my search, to my own mind, is eminently satisfactory. Baptismal regeneration is most decidedly taught by

these writers ; and the best and wisest of these four authors defer in every instance, where they do not disagree with the scriptures, to the early fathers of the Church. The following extracts, first on baptism, and secondly, on the fathers, will show their language and their meaning. The Council of the Society opened their series well with the works of the martyr Ridley ; little, however, occurs in them as to baptism, yet that little shows that he looked on baptism as conferring regeneration.

"The water in baptism is sacramentally changed into the fountain of regeneration."—p. 12.

The next volume, containing the Sermons of Archbishop Sandys, is by no means so good ; it breathes too much of the atmosphere of Geneva : yet even the Archbishop thus speaks :—

"His sacraments are two in number, instituted by Christ to be received of Christians : by the one, which is baptism, we are received and incorporated into the Church of Christ ; by the other, which is the eucharist, or Lord's Supper, we are nourished and fed unto life everlasting. These are pledges and assurances of remission of sins, and salvation, purchased by the death of Christ. These are God's seals, added unto his most certain promises for the confirmation of our weak faith."—p. 87.

Again, he writes,—

"In baptism, the outward washing of the flesh declareth the inward purging and cleansing of the spirit."—p. 302.

As to the Society's third volume, "*The Works of Bishop Pilkington*," I was going to term it a disgrace to them ; its spirit may suit the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel ; but surely the other members of the council could not be aware of its tone and meaning. In reading it, one fancies it the production of a presbyterian of the school of the Ulster doctors, Edgar and Cooke and Stewart, (see *Irish Eccl. Journal*, for September last ;) yet even here the following passage is to be found, which, had it occurred in the "*Tracts for the Times*," would, methinks, have met with the reprobation of every member of the Council of the Parker Society, and of the learned professor himself.

"It is an easy matter," the bishop says, "to enter into God's church by baptism ; but if thou fall after, how hard it is to rise again daily experience teacheth. We must repent, fast, pray, give alms, forsake ourselves, condemn ourselves, with bitter tears and trembling work our salvation, stand in continual war against the devil, the world, and our own affection : which things to do are more common in our mouths than in our lives, and more do talk of them than practise them. God, for his mercy's sake, forgive us and amend us all."

Leaving the bishop, we come next to a volume which speaks the true Anglican churchman, untainted with any Geneva leaven. The Society's fourth publication consists of the "*Works of R. Hutchinson*." To quote all his observations upon baptism would be to occupy too much space. The following speak the doctrine of baptismal regeneration as clearly as language can do it.

"In that bath of holy baptism we are regenerate, washed, purified, and made the children of God."—p. 11.

Quoting St. Paul's words, Heb. vi. 1, 2, he says :—

"By which words he teacheth us, that he speaketh not of repentance alone; but of the whole foundation of a christian man; which is baptism, and those things which he doth annex unto baptism. For in the primitive church,—men first were moved unto repentance; then unto faith in Christ; then sealed with the sacrament of baptism."—p. 114.

He asks,—

"What is 'to be renewed' then? 'to be born again;' the which is done only by baptism. We may repent without baptism, before and after; but renewed unto repentance we cannot be, without this noble sacrament."—p. 115.

Again,—

"No man can deny but that in baptism sins be forgiven. The Holy Ghost by baptism doth regenerate us, and make us God's children."—p. 199.

At the bottom of the same page he writes thus:—

"As all three (*i. e.* 'the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost') be named, so they all three hear the prayer of the minister, forgive the sins of him which is christened, and make him, of the child of damnation, the heir of salvation."

And, to add no more, he terms baptism—

"One continual sacrament, the laver of regeneration."—p. 219.

What can be more explicit? Such language will defy even the ingenuity of the Rev. C. Molyneux to interpret it hypothetically. Surely the candid reader must come to the conclusion that, however some may twist the language of the liturgy, its compilers held most decidedly the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and believed it to be the doctrine of the primitive church, and the doctrine of the inspired word of God.

As to the deference due to the fathers, and the authority they ought to have in controversy, let the following suffice:—

"I take them for witnesses and expounders."—*Bp. Ridley*, p. 28.

"Openly convict him by the scriptures and elder fathers."—*R. Hutchinson*, p. 201.

"Not my words, but the words of Chrysostom, a learned and an elder father of Christ's church.—For unless he or some other learned man did affirm it, I would not teach it."—*R. Hutchinson*, p. 222.

"As I have proved, as well by evident texts of the Gospel, as with the authority of many of the elder and best learned fathers of Christ's church, whose doctrine and interpretations I exhort all men to follow."—p. 245.

These witnesses are indeed above suspicion in the testimony which they bear to the above truths. They cannot be branded as "Tractarians," or "Papists." I do therefore sincerely hope that the Noels, Stowells, M'Neiles, and others, will read and profit by the sound church principles of Ridley and Hutchinson. And if they will listen to Sandys, it will soon lead them to leave their Bible and Tract Societies; for he, good man, would never have amalgamated with methodists, baptists, "*et id genus omne*."

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to caution the Council of the Society as to what they are doing. Their prospectus says,—"*No writers will be reprinted, unless their works are in accordance with the Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies of the Church of England.*" Now, let any churchman read Pilkington's Works, especially such

passages as the following, and pronounce them in accordance with our Ordination Services, *if he can*.

"The privileges and superiorities which bishops have above other ministers are rather granted by man for maintaining of better order and quietness in commonwealths, than commanded by God in his word."—p. 493.

"God's commission and commandment is like and indifferent to all, priest, bishop, archbishop, prelate, by what name soever he be called."—p. 493.

Again: "A bishop and a priest is all one;" and, "the bishop, wheresoever he be, he is of the same power and priesthood;" quoted with approbation from St. Jerome, p. 494.

Most decidedly the Council have broken a fundamental rule in republishing Pilkington. He was in heart a presbyterian, and they should have left him for presbyterians to publish, or consigned him to oblivion.* Let them be more cautious in future, and whatever might be the object of the promoters of the Society, they will do good, not I fancy exactly in the way they intended,—still they will do good; and therefore I say, "Go on."—Yours, &c.

K.

* "James Pilkington, the first Protestant Bishop of Durham, was consecrated 2 March, 1561, who impaired his bishoprick nearly 1,000*l.*, viz., whole Northamshire and Islandshire, of the yearly rent 100*l.* and 20*l.*, and in annuities, 800*l.* and 80*l.*, in toto 1,000*l.* (*per ann.*) This bishop was very well read in divinity, and a perfect scholar altogether, misliking the cap and surplice, as other the like ceremonies. During the time of his bishoprick, he defaced most of his ancient houses belonging to his see, as the house called Well Hall, in Yorkshire, from the which he sold the stones and the leads unto the citizens of York, and thereby defaced the whole. He also sold the leads of the Mansion-house of Howden, in Yorkshire, and pulled down a great part of the same. Likewise, he utterly defaced the Manor-house of Allerton, in Yorkshire, and burst in pieces the college bells of Auckland, and sold and converted them into his use; and in the lower part of the said college, where divine service had been daily celebrated, he made a bowling-alley; and in the house above the said college, which beforetime had been used by the said churchmen for divine service upon general festival days, he built there a pair of butts, in the which two places he allowed both shooting and bowling. Farthermore, he gave away many of the stores of the Manor-house of Bishop Mydram, and so defaced it. He likewise plucked down a tower, called the Westgate-tower, in Wardaile, which was a great strength unto these parts of the country, and sold the lead of the same tower unto one Barker, a mechanic of Newcastle; all which he converted unto his own use. Lastly, he plucked down certain buildings of the Manor-house of Stockton, and took away a large and very fair steeple-head from the said manor, and also had a lead cover over the kitchen there, and converted them to his own use. Finally, he sold all the great woods in Benfieldside; so that, in conclusion, he built nothing, but plucked down in all places, saving a certain odd reparation of the wooden gates, and a stable, at Auckland. He was straightway after buried in the parish church of St. Andrew, Auckland, without any solemnity, for that he did not like nor allow of such ceremonies.^(a) Vide Souter's Hist. of Durham. Addenda, vol. iv., p. 166. The above passage may be useful to the Editor of Bishop Pilkington's Works, publishing by the Parker Society."—*Church Intelligencer*.

(a) "Does this mean that he did not 'like nor allow (*i.e.* approve) of' such ceremonies as the office for the Burial of the Dead?"

CHURCH OF ENGLAND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION,

For a Parish in the Diocese of London.

To encourage the poor of ——— Parish, to be industrious and frugal, and to remind all Churchmen, that it is their duty to contribute, upon Christian principles, according to their means, and according as God has prospered them, (see sentences required to be read on *every* Lord's day, and on other holidays after the sermon at the Offertory) towards the relief of those who are in sickness or necessity.

RULES.

1. The offerings of the congregation on one or more Sundays in the year, to be appropriated, with the consent of the Churchwardens, exclusively for the purpose of forming or increasing a Church Fund, destined to assist those of the poor in time of sickness, who may be desirous of saving their money, under the following rules.

2. As a general rule, payments to be made in person, on every Lord's day, after or before morning service, in the vestry, or they may be made once a month, upon a reason to be approved of by the Curate, who also may dispense with the payment in person whenever he thinks fit.

3. As a general rule, payments to be made in silver, and no less sums than Sixpence will be received.

4. Every person will be required to make a fixed payment, that is, so much per week, or month, as the case may be; he will be permitted to raise his payment at any time, but not to lessen it, till he has given a month's notice. Forfeits will be a halfpenny in the shilling per week, for all arrears, and they will be applied in aid of the Church Fund. One-tenth of all payments, and the interest of the whole deposit, will be applied to the same purpose, and the remaining nine-tenths will be the property of each depositor.

5. Money may be withdrawn by each depositor, *immediately* in case of sickness, during which time payments may be also discontinued, without forfeits; in other cases, the money will be paid on the Monday month after applied for, at the Vicarage House, or other place appointed.

6. The Curate, assisted as far as may be by the advice of the Churchwardens, will also administer relief from the Church Fund, in time of sickness, to those who are members of the Institution, according to the merits of the cases, and the state of the funds. Cases of lengthened sickness and old age, it is feared, must at present be surrendered to the compulsory provision, made by the law of the land, for the poor.

7. Persons proved to be guilty of drunkenness, or any act of wilful sin, not to receive any benefit from the Church Fund, for one year at least, and for the second offence, not for three years at the least, and in both cases to be excluded from the annual feast; the relief also in both cases to be withheld for a longer time, unless the offending person appear, in the judgment of the Curate, really penitent for his sin.

8. Persons whose payments are in arrear for six months, not to derive any benefit from the Church Fund.

9. All persons contributing to the fund before their birth-day, may receive benefit from the Church Fund months after admission, and all persons entering the society before will have the same

privilege; but no other persons will be entitled to the same benefit, till after they have contributed for one twelve-month.

10. As a general rule, no relief will be given from the Church Fund to those who are not resident in the parish, and no payment will be received of them in person at the vestry; they may, however, continue their contributions without incurring the forfeits, on receiving permission from the Curate.

11. There shall be an annual feast on some Church festival, not being the Lord's day, or if it shall appear convenient, the annual feast may be held on any other day, provided the same be not on a Friday, or other fast day. Divine service shall be performed at a suitable hour, the Holy Communion shall be administered, and the offerings of the congregation, with the consent of the Churchwardens, shall be applied to the Church Fund.

12. The necessary books for the entry of names and sums of money will be procured, duplicate copies will be kept, and all possible care taken to prevent mistakes; but the Curate will not hold himself responsible for them. And the entries in the original book of names and monies shall decide all claims. All monies will be invested in the Savings Bank on government securities.

13. Any alterations in these rules not interfering with general principles, may be made with the consent of the Curate and the Churchwardens, and if they differ as to the expediency of any alteration, the question shall be submitted to the Bishop, whose decision shall be final.

The above rules are designed as a stepping-stone to the principle that the Church in every parish is the club for the relief of the poor. The poor contribute, *but only according to their means*. In saving their money they are taught that a portion (the tenth) of their savings, on strict Christian principles, does not belong to themselves; and thus the duty of honouring God with their substance is indirectly enforced, and a perpetual check to covetousness is provided. The assistance they receive in their sickness, is upon the score of charity, not of right, which fosters *false* principles of independence.

On the other hand, these rules are so framed that the rich may see that it is their duty to contribute the *principal* part of the money which may be required for the relief of the sick poor, and not as in benefit societies, where the poor *chiefly* support the poor, and the honorary fund is any thing but honourable to those who contribute to it. I have before me the report of a club called the Victoria Club, in which I read, that forty members, with an honorary fund of 5*l.*, would be sufficient to work out the principle! Proposals and schemes for supporting the poor at so cheap a rate must do incalculable mischief to the rich. One part of the present plan, though not actually specified, is, that upon some Sunday or other holiday the offerings of the congregation should be applied to furnish medical attendance; and that an appeal should be made to those who have been in the enjoyment of health through the year, and to those who have recovered from sickness, to make, respectively, thank-offerings for their health, and thank-offerings for their recovery. On the whole view of the case, the present scheme tends not to extinguish poverty, but poor-rates, and this not by calling upon the poor to support themselves, but by endeavouring to mark out, *BOTH* for rich and poor, those duties which are assigned to each by the Bible and the Church.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS.

By Bp. of ST. ASAPH, at St. Asaph, on Sunday,
Nov. 6.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—H. Parry, B.A., New Inn Hall;
Brabazon Hallower, B.A., Lincoln Coll.

Of Cambridge.—J. Stansfield, B.A., St. John's
Coll., by let. dim. from the Archbishop of York.

Literate.—H. J. Graham, by let. dim. from
the Archbishop of York.

PRIEST.

Of Oxford.—L. Lewis, B.A., Fel. of Jesus.

By Bp. of ROCHESTER, on Sunday, Nov. 13.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—T. Wodehouse, B.A., Balliol.

Of Cambridge.—C. S. Caffin, B.A., Caius;
S. Doria, St. John's; J. Y. Hughes, B.A., Cath.
Hall; G. Kember, M.A., Queen's.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

Bp. of WINCHESTER, Dec. 11.

ABP. of YORK, Dec. 18.

Bp. of DURHAM, Dec. 18.

Bp. of OXFORD, Dec. 18.

Bp. of WORCESTER, Dec. 18.

Bp. of CHICHESTER, Dec. 18.

Bp. of GLOUCESTER & BRISTOL, Dec. 18.

Bp. of LINCOLN, Dec. 18.

Bp. of HEREFORD, Dec. 18.

Bp. of CHESTER, Dec. 18.

Bp. of LICHFIELD, Dec. 18.

Bp. of LONDON, Dec. 18.

Bp. of SARUM, Dec. 18.

Bp. of RIFON, Jan. 18.

Bp. of NORWICH, Jan. 29.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	Preferment.	County.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val. Pop.
Avery, J. S.	{ St. Michael's, Corn- wall, F.C. }	Cornwall	Exeter	Earl of Falmouth.....	*£156 179
Barber, R.	Heage, F.C.	Derby	Lichfield	Vicar of Duffield	70 1845
Barham, R. H. ...	{ St. Augustin & St. Faith, London. }	London	D. & C. of St. Paul's.	276 1152
Barrett, H.	Pelton, F.C.
Bayne, T. V.	St. John, Broughton	Lanc.	Chester
Bird, E.	{ St. Thomas, Bir- mingham. }	Warwick	Worcester	560
Cave, W. A. C. B.	St. Philip, Liverpool	Lanc.	Chester	200
Colson, C.	Gt. Hormead, v.	Herts	London	St. John's Coll. Cam.	121 576
Dickinson, T. R.	Salesbury, F.C.	Lanc.	Chester	Lord De Tabley	118 1912
Duffield, M. D. ...	Stebbing, v.	Essex	London	Mrs. Batt	*203 1434
Esher, T.	Little Waltham.	Essex	London	{ — Hodges & Cur- teis, Esqs. }	*610 674
Eyre, C. P.	{ St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmund's. }	Suffolk	J. F. Gerald, jun. Esq.
Hawkes, A.	St. Paul, Tipton, F.C.	Stafford	Lichfield
Hebden, J.	{ Heyhouse, Whal- ley, F.C. }	Lanc.	Chester 1550
James, M.	{ St. Thomas, Bed- ford, F.C. }	Bedford	Ely
Jerrard, F. W. H.	Stratton, St. Mary, n.	Norfolk	Norwich
Jones, W.	Nefyn, F.C.	Camrnon	Bangor
Knight, D. T.	Earl's Barton, v.	Northampt.	Peterboro'	Lord Chancellor	*195 977
Lambert, A.	Cumberworth, n.	York	York	*148 2554
Newall, S.	Christ Ch. Tunsell.
Newbolt, W. H. ...	Paulerspury, v.	Northampt.	Peterboro'	New College, Oxford	... 1092
Orlebar, J. C.	Heath & Reach, F.C.	Bedford	Ely	Vic. of Leight Buzzard	98 784
Penny, E.	Ash, F.C.	Kent	Canterbury	Abp. of Canterbury...	147 2140
Pigott, S. B.	Crawley, n.	Sussex	Chichester	Colonel Clitheroe...	*116 394
Prettyman, J. R.	Aylesbury, v.	Bucks	Lincoln	Preb. of Aylesbury...	*336 4907
Reynardson, G. B.	Eastling.	Kent	Canterbury	Earl of Winchilsea...	*368 420
Smith, W.	Great Canford, v.	Dorset	Sarum	Lord De Mauley	*430 3100
Tucker, H. T.	Angersleigh, n.	Somerset	B. and W.	— Mattock, Esq.	111 54
Ward, H.	St. Mark, Hull, F.C.	York	Vicar of Sutton.

*. * The Asterisk denotes a Residence House.

APPOINTMENTS.

Booth, Dr.	{ Dom. Chap. to the Marquis of Lansdowne.	Lockwood, J.	{ Chap. to the Lord Mayor of London.
Butler, G. D.D. ...	{ Dean of Peterboro'.	Quarrell, R.	{ Chap. to Bath Workhouse.
Francis, W. A. ...	{ Dom. Chap. to Earl of Meath.	Robinson, T.	{ Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hosp. London.
Garry, R.	{ Princ. of Proprietary School, Wakefield.	Wix, J.	{ Dom. Chap. to Earl Braybrooke.
Hill, H.	{ Head Master Warwick Free Grammar School.	Yate, G. L.	{ Vic. of Wrockwardine, Surrogate Dioc. of Lichfield.

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Andrews, R. G., Rec. Hough-on-Hill, Linc.	L'Oate, J., Rec. Postwick and Caister, St. Edmunds, 79.
Beynon, E. T., Carshalton, Surrey, 66.	Majendie, G. J., Rec. Headington, Wilts, 47.
Blundell, W., P. C. St. Anne's, Liverpool, 78.	Major, W. F., Vic. Theddingworth, 69.
Bourne, D. M., at Warwick, 37.	Monckton, H., Rec. Seaton, Rutland, 50.
Brooksby, T., Rec. of Hanningfield, Essex.	Oldacres, S., Rec. Gonalston, Notts, 80.
Causton, Dr., Preb. of Westminster, 84.	Povah, Dr., Rec. St. James, Duke's-place.
Cook, J. C., Vic. of Swelland, Suffolk.	Pugh, T., Curate Brilley, Hereford, 54.
Daniell, E. T., of St. Mark's, Grosvenor-square, at Adalia, in Syria.	Roberts, G., Vic. of Greeton, Northamptonsh. 73.
Davies, E. W., Perp. Cur. Nerquis, Flint, 31.	Sleath, W. B., Vic. of Willington, and Master of Etwell Hospital, Derbyshire, 82.
Eddy, J., Vic. Toddington, Gloucester, and Whaddon, Wilts, 86.	Stone, J. H., Eye, Peterboro', 40.
Griffith, Evan, Mast. Gram. Sch. Shrewsbury, 65.	Wait, T., Rec. Great Chart, Kent.
Hoste, J., Rec. of Ingoldisthorpe, Norfolk, 52.	Ward, J., at Catterhall, Norfolk, 76.
Hugill, J., Rec. of Darlston, 53.	Wetherell, R., Rec. Newton Longville, Bucks, 75.
James, R., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, 26.	Winsloe, R., Rec. Minster & Forrabury, Cornwall.

UNIVERSITIES.

OXFORD.

October 27.

The nomination of the following gentlemen to be Public Examiners was unanimously approved:—

In Literis Humanioribus.

Rev. J. A. Hessey, M.A. Fell. of St. John's;
Rev. N. Pocock, M.A. Michel Fell. of Queen's;
Rev. P. C. Cloughton, M.A. Fell. Univ.

In Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis.

S. Waldegrave, M.A. Fell. of All Souls'; L. H. Shadwell, M.A. of St. John's, Camb., admitted *ad eundem*.

Degrees conferred.

M.A.

Rev. J. H. Kendall, Magd. H.; Rev. W. S. Newman, Wad.; Rev. R. Hobhouse, Ball.; Rev. W. H. Anderdon, Schol. Univ.; W. J. Braikenridge, Exet.; T. D. Salmon, Exet.; R. H. Whiteway, Wore.; W. A. Hill, Wore.; Rev. W. T. Beckett, Trin.

B.A.

W. Bousfield, Linc.; H. L. Walters, Ch. Ch.; H. Parsons, Ball.; J. Clements, Oriel; H. R. Fortescue, Exet.; J. W. Miller, Exet.; C. Dunne, Wore.

The prize of 200l. which was proposed in 1840 by some unknown benefactor, through the Bishop of Calcutta, for the best Essay in Refutation of Hinduism, has been awarded by the judges to the Rev. J. B. Morris, M.A. Fell. of Exet.

J. W. C. Hughes, Commoner of Trin., and J. C. Prince, Commoner of Brasen., elected and admitted Scholars of Corpus Christi.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

This chapel, which is generally considered one of the best specimens of Sir Christopher Wren's professional skill, has been entirely renovated and re-embellished by the Senior Fellow, Mr. Maude, who has, at his own expense, restored it to more than its pristine splendour.

November 10.

J. F. Stanford, of Christ's Coll., and the Rev. P. P. Gilbert, of Magd. Coll., Camb., admitted *ad eundem*.

Degrees conferred.

D.C.L.

C. N. Smythies, Trin., grand comp.; W. Robertson, Fell. of Magd.

B.D.*

Rev. E. Greene, and Rev. W. Richardson, Fellows of Magd.

B.C.L.

R. C. Pattenson, St. Mary H.

M.A.

H. A. Littledale, Brasen., grand comp.; Rev. R. H. Gray, Stud. Ch. Ch.; Rev. J. G. B. Jones, Jes.; S. H. Northcote, late Schol. of Ball.; J. Walter, Exet.; Rev. T. E. Dorville, Wore.

B.A.

F. P. B. Martin, Wad., grand comp.; J. Leisen, Wad.; J. M. Leir, New Inn; J. C. Erie,

and C. H. Johnson, St. Edm. H.; W. Callendar, E. East, G. A. Cuxson, F. Sotham, W. W. Melhuish, and A. Burder, Magd. H.; T. Bearcroft and N. Lowe, Queen's; G. E. Piescoe, E. Royds, and H. Milne, Brasen.; H. F. Edgell, F. A. Foster, and H. B. Power, Oriel; E. Mansfield, C. Cox, C. R. Bird, J. L. Prior, A. H. Denby, and H. B. Rasleigh, Exet.; J. D. Coleridge, Schol. of Ball.; F. E. Guise, Ball.; D. F. Atcherley, and D. Akenhead, Univ.; G. Rawlinson, and H. Malim, St. John's; W. Merray, Worc.; W. C. Randolph, and J. W. Evans, Trin.

Rev. R. P. Williams, B.A., Schol. Jesus, elected a Fellow of that Society; and Messrs. H. N. Lloyd, J. W. Roberts, J. Hughes, jun. and J. W. David, Commoners of that College, were elected Scholars of the same Society.

G. G. Perry, B.A. Schol. of Corpus, elected Fell. of Linc.

November 17.

Degrees conferred.

M.A.

A. B. Orlebar, Linc.; R. W. Keate, Ch. Ch.; Rev. T. M. Richardson, and W. C. Sole, Wad.

B.A.

J. Rigg, St. Alb. H.; A. Trower, Linc.; H. W. Starr, and G. Snell, Magd. H.; E. W. Bunny, Oriel; H. Robbins, Wad.; T. Knox, Fell. St. John's; F. C. Scott, St. John's; W. W. Woolcombe, Exet.; E. J. May, Worc.; E. W. Unwin, Pem.; G. Bucknill, Trin.

CAMBRIDGE.

October 26.

GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE.

Elections to Fellowships:—Rev. F. W. H. Jerrard, M.A., to a Senior Fellowship on the Ancient Foundation; J. T. Walker, M.A., to a Fellowship on the Frankland Foundation; Rev. J. R. Crowfoot, M.A., to a Fellowship on the Wortley Foundation; Rev. A. T. Paget, M.A., to the Fellowship on Dr. Wendy's Foundation.

October 27.

At a meeting of the Perse Trustees, Richard Baggallay was elected a Perse Fellow.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

Scholars elected:—Edward Rogers Pitman, William Chantler Izard, John Thomas Layard, Arthur Davenport, William Osborn Jenkyn, Francis Lambert Cursham, Daniel Mitford Cust, Edward Walker Wilkinson, Albert Henry Wrialslaw.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.

Frederick Fuller, Esq. B.A., has recently been elected a Foundation Fellow.

November 3.

Degrees conferred.

M.D.

W. H. Ranking, Cath. Hall.

M.A.

W. Sherwood, Cath. Hall; T. J. Rowsell, St. John's; H. Nicholson, Emmanuel; J. Ellis, Pembroke.

B.C.L.

G. Miller, Trin. Hall; W. Peard, Trin. Hall.

B.A.

R. W. Parker, Cath. Hall; A. H. Novello, Trin.

H. Randolph, M.A., All Souls, Oxford; W. Taylor, M.A., Balliol, Oxford, admitted *ad eundem*.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

The Seatonian Prize, for the best English Poem on a sacred subject, was adjudged to the Rev. T. E. Hankinson, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, for his poem on the following subject:—"The Cross planted on the Himalaya Mountains."

November 4.

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR.

The Rev. W. Whewell, B.D., elected Vice-Chancellor for 1843.

THE NORRISIAN PRIZE.

The Norrisian Professor has given notice that the subject for the present year is, "The writings of the New Testament afford indications that this portion of the sacred canon was intended to be a complete record of Apostolical doctrine." The essay, together with a sealed letter containing the name of the author, must be sent to one of the three stewards of Mr. Norris's institution, who are the Master of Trinity College, the provost of King's College, the Master of Caius College, on or before the tenth day preceding the Sunday in Passion Week, 1843.

The following gentlemen have been elected Scholars of St. John's College:—

Girling	Brown, W.	Pierson
Drew	Campbell	Hays
Alston	Holcombe	Gilby
Bamicoat	Gorham	Lloyd
Bulmer	Wright	Rigg
Adams	Stephen	Colenso
Slater	Yate, C.	Stocks
Bashworth	Russell	

CLARE HALL.

The prize of £10, left by Mr. Greaves, for the best dissertation, by a Bachelor of Arts, on the character of King William III., has been adjudged to C. J. G. Jones, Esq., who recited it on the 5th of November, in the College hall.

JESUS COLLEGE.

The Rev. John Parker Birkett, B.A., of Jesus College, admitted a Foundation Fellow of that Society.

November 14.

MATRICULATION.—*Michaelmas Term, 1842.*

	Nob.	P.C.	Pen.	Siz.	Total.
1 St. Peter's.....	0	1	10	1	12
2 Clare	0	0	5	1	6
3 Pembroke.....	0	0	9	0	9
4 Gonville & Caius	0	1	25	0	26
5 Trinity Hall.....	0	4	6	0	10
6 Corpus	0	0	23	3	26
7 King's	0	0	1	0	1
8 Queen's.....	0	3	17	4	24
9 Katherine Hall..	0	2	9	0	11
10 Jesus	0	0	9	0	9
11 Christ's	0	0	15	0	15
12 St. John's	0	3	74	16	93
13 Magdalene	0	0	7	1	8
14 Trinity	1	9	107	7	124
15 Emmanuel	0	2	11	0	13
16 Sidney	0	0	6	0	6
17 Downing	0	2	0	0	2

Total in 1841..... 386.—In 1842..... 395

November 16.

Degrees conferred.

HON. M.A.

James Stewart, Caius.

LICENTIATES IN MEDICINE.

G. E. Day, M.A., Pemb.; T. Blackall, M.A. Caius.

B.C.L.

L. H. Hansard, Trin. Hall.

M.A.

C. C. Roberts, Trin.; J. Back, Christ's; M. H. Whish, and W. Marshall, Corpus.

B.A.

E. Crookenden, Trin.; H. Howard, Magd.; F. Fitch, Christ's; C. E. Marsh, Pemb.; John G. Underwood, John's; J. D. Adams, Caius; J. P. Power, Queen's.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

THE following extracts from two letters which have been received from the Rev. G. King, will give a simple and interesting picture of a mission in its infancy. The scene is laid in the town and neighbourhood of Fremantle, upon the Swan River, in Western Australia. The letters are dated in February, March, and May, of the present year. He begins the second with apologizing for the frequency of his communications:—

"I am sure," he writes, "when you consider the peculiarly solitary situation of our wilderness sphere of labour, cut off as we are from intercourse with our friends and brethren in the Lord who love to strengthen the hands of their fellow-labourers in the gospel, destitute of a spiritual head and counsellor, and often cast down and grieved in spirit, through the apathy and indifference of the objects of our solicitude to the ministrations of the Church, you will not be surprised at our anxiety to receive counsel and advice to guide and support."

The following is his description of the persons among whom his lot is cast:—"I find it vain to attempt to convey to the mind of a native any idea of spiritual existence; they have not the slightest notion of a future state, nor is there a word in their entire vocabulary to express a spiritual overruling power. We first endeavour to teach the children the English language, at the same time amusing them with the letters of the alphabet, &c. Their memory is surprisingly quick, but they have not long retention; the knowledge they have acquired must be kept daily before them. Several of the little students spell dissyllables pretty correctly, and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Evening Hymn; but as yet they do not understand what they learn by heart; but the Lord, who has opened their mouth, will, in his own good time, open their hearts to pray with the spirit and with the understanding also."... "The native school which we established is still in existence as originally commenced; but owing to the want of co-operation on the part of the people, and the inability of the local government to afford further support, we have been obliged to fold our arms around the few we at first received, whilst numbers around us are being brought up in the irreclaimable habits of their

wretched fathers. I have urged upon the people the advantage to themselves of having these hitherto abandoned creatures brought up to habits of domestic industry; but they, having tried so often in vain to make servants of the natives, without attending to spiritual instruction, or, indeed, any instruction at all, look upon our cause as a useless experiment, and withhold their aid. The government have given 25*l.* a year (they have augmented it 5*l.* since I last wrote) to the schoolmaster and guardian, together with a pound of bread each child a day; but finding the bread insufficient, I applied for a little rice, and received as a reply, that the state of the government funds was such that they were obliged to retrench latterly in the public expenditure, and they were sorry they could not comply with my wishes. We have, however, eleven children receiving instruction, and Mr. Browne assists me in giving the children a fish or a piece of coarse meat occasionally, and sugar to mix with water, as a substitute for 'white man's tea.' I took one of these children into my house two months ago, and she has continued to receive my instructions steadily and attentively. When urged, a few days ago, by some of her tribe to follow them to the bush, she replied, 'Bush no good; no rice, no sugar, no flour; no clothes put on, me paper talk learn, me by and by all the same white womance.'"

The district under the care of Mr. King extends "fifty miles southward, and twenty eastward," comprising the towns of Fremantle and Perth, and several smaller stations. He writes that he has been "enabled, by the grace of God, to systematize his visits to the out-stations, in such a manner that every settler within the circuit of his work may have divine service brought to his door, or to his neighbour's house, once in the month." The comparative importance of Fremantle, containing 416 souls, makes it desirable that attendance should be given there every Lord's Day. He has been obliged to limit his visits to the settlers on the Murray river, seventy in number, to one Sunday in a month. The town of Perth is a "privileged place," having a colonial chaplain; and the Colonial Church Society have sent Mr. Mitchell to Guilford; but the extreme delicacy

of his health, unhappily, obliges him to abandon the Canning district, eight miles distant. Mr. King had been "invited to hold divine service there, at the house of a member of the Church of Scotland; the old man reads the responses audibly, from our Book of Common Prayer. And at Pinjarrah, where he had been endeavouring to prepare the minds of the people for a devout celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the following Easter, a family of dissenters had asked to be admitted to our Communion." At this latter place the sound of the preached Gospel had never been heard; the colonial missionary having once appointed a day to go thither, but finding his strength unequal to the journey, was obliged to sleep two successive nights in the forest; in consequence of which, the people who had assembled the day before could not be collected again, and he was unable to visit them at their houses, which are scattered, at intervals of five or six miles, along the banks of the river."

Mr. King is anxious to have a church built at this station (Pinjarrah). The "present place of worship is a large barn; the settlers have subscribed sufficient to erect a mud-wall church, but are divided among themselves regarding its locality. Mr. Peel has promised 500 acres of land, as an endowment for a Clergyman; but as this will require to be cleared and fenced, and placed in the hands of a man who has capital to lay out upon it, it will be long before it can be made profitable. A church is about to be erected at Fremantle, forty-five feet by thirty, capable of receiving a gallery, when needed. The cost was estimated at £1360, but, finding themselves deficient nearly £700, they have deferred the plastering, ceiling, and vestry-room. "Could we," he writes, "but have the walls and roof erected, we would be content to furnish our own seats and forms, as we do now in the little court-house."

He goes on:—"We saw it was a matter of life and death to the Church in this place, whether we could offer accommodation to the worshipper or not; and therefore a few, who had the interest of religion at heart, resolved themselves into a Committee, and became jointly and separately responsible for the payment of the debt, in the hope that the Church Societies at home will relieve them from a burthen which few of them are able to bear."

Mr. King has been appointed one of the trustees for Church property by the Council of Perth, and treasurer for the Fremantle Church, and has already paid 100*l.* for drawing materials. He is urgent that the Societies at home shall hearken to the appeal which he makes to their generosity; and adds:—"When I remind some of our people of the Apostle's injunction, 'not to forsake the assembling of themselves together,' they not unfrequently urge as a plea, the want of church accommodation; and though I am aware that the indifference of many arises from that ungodly habit which is the natural consequence of long spiritual neglect, yet, until we can say to the last man in the district, 'yet there is room,' we must permit ourselves to be silenced by this unanswerable excuse."

Mr. K. writes, in his last letter, that, having failed to get a substantial church erected in the centre of the Murray district, through the contention of the parties, as above stated, they have built two smaller ones, the walls of mud, and the roof thatched with rushes, which are now ready for divine service. The one at the mouth of the river, forty miles from Fremantle, where he proposes to have divine service on the first Wednesday in each month; the other in Pinjarrah, fifteen miles up the river, which he attends on the following day, except when precluded by the heavy floods from crossing the rivers and estuaries.

INCORPORATED SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE ENLARGEMENT, BUILDING, AND REPAIRING OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

A Meeting of this Society was held at their Chambers, in St. Martin's Place, on Monday, the 21st inst., the Lord Bishop of London in the chair. There were also present the Revs. Dr. D'Oyly, H. H. Norris, B. Harrison, and T. Bowdler; N. Connop, jun., S. B. Brooke, J. W. Bowden, Benjamin Harrison, W. Davis, J. S. Salt, A. Powell, Esqs., &c.

The Secretary read the reports of the Sub-Committees, and the General Committee proceeded to consider the cases referred to them. Grants were voted towards building a church at Codnor and Loscoe, in the parish of Heanor, Derby; repewing the church at Stone, Lincolnshire; enlarging gallery in the church at St. Mary, Islington, Middlesex; building a church at Wednesbury, Staffordshire; building a church at Eccleshill, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire; enlarging by rebuilding the church at Leven, Yorkshire; enlarging by rebuilding the church at Llanymynech, Shropshire; enlarging by rebuilding the church at Okehampton, Devon; enlarging the church at Great Wakering, Essex; and

repewing the church at Harlington, Middlesex. The population of these places is 211,316 persons; for whom church accommodation is now provided to the extent of 70,867 sittings, of which 9,863 are free. With the Society's assistance, 2,995 additional seats will be obtained, by the execution of the above-mentioned works, of which number 2,065 will be free and unappropriated for ever.

Certificates of the completion of the erection, enlargement, &c. of churches or chapels in twenty parishes were examined and approved, and the Committee issued warrants to the Treasurer for the payment of the sum awarded in each case.

The population of these twenty parishes is 59,442 persons, for whom church accommodation to the extent of 12,681 sittings only was provided previously to the execution of the works, towards which the Society's aid, amounting to 2,500*l.* was afforded, including 3,800 free and unappropriated seats. The united population of six of these places was

47,637 persons, with sittings for only 9,363 of that number; to this very insufficient accommodation, 5,010 sittings have now been added, 3,840 of which are free and unappropriated for ever.

The Treasurer reported that the amount of outstanding grants is 49,830*l.*, while the sum in the hands of the Society is only 42,696*l.*, showing a deficiency of 7,134*l.*

DIOCESAN INTELLIGENCE.

CHICHESTER.—*The Cathedral.*—The erection, in the course of the present year, of four monumental windows—two completed, the third in progress, and the fourth undertaken—has naturally suggested as a suitable enterprise for the present time the decoration of the cathedral, with larger works of the same kind. It is proposed to take steps for the erection of three painted windows at the east end of the choir, and one of larger dimensions at the opposite end of the nave, to be executed in a style of architecture and painting worthy of the example which has been set by the Very Reverend the Dean; and worthy, too, of the character of the Mother Church, and of the piety and intelligence of this diocese.

It is hoped that this suggestion needs but to be made known to secure a warm and ready co-operation to carry it into effect in a prompt and befitting manner.

Those persons who may be desirous to assist in this undertaking will please to signify their wishes to Dr. M'Carogher, Mr. J. B. Freeland, or Mr. W. H. Mason, by whom subscriptions will be received, as well as by Messrs. Dendy, Comper, and Co., bankers, Chichester.

Horsham.—On Tuesday, Nov. 8, the new almshouse in this town was dedicated to God, by the name of St. Mary's hospital—called St. Mary's, to show the intimate relation existing between the hospital and the parish church. After morning prayers, an appropriate sermon was preached by the Venerable H. E. Manning, Archdeacon of Chichester. Upwards of 80 persons partook of the Holy Eucharist: after which, a service, appointed by the Ordinary for the dedication, was used by the Archdeacon, in the

court of the hospital. A large concourse of people joined in the devotions; and after a psalm had been sung, and the Benediction pronounced, the meeting separated. The square of the court was lined by about 400 children. It is due to the Rev. Jarvis Kenrick, Curate of Horsham, to say, that the hospital has been founded by an act of Catholic liberality on his part. A short time since, he offered 500*l.* towards the erection of the building, on condition that, within six weeks, the parishioners gave 500*l.* more. His liberality was met, within the six weeks, by corresponding liberality, which has been bountifully extended by both parties; and this day has witnessed a blessed completion of this labour of love.

HEREFORD.—*Bishopstone.*—A new school-house is about to be erected for the parishes of Bishopstone, Mansel, and Yazor; for which object a sermon was lately preached by the Bishop, and the sum of 96*l.* collected. Choral service was performed. The clergy attended in their robes. The prayers were chanted by the Rev. Thomas Gretton; the Litany by the Rev. Thomas Gretton and the Rev. Edward Howells, priest-vicars of Hereford cathedral. The lessons were read by the curate and the rector. The nave of the church has been recently fitted up with open seats. The seats in the chancel look north and south, as in a college chapel. The Litany and responses were by Tallis; Te Deum and Benedictus, Gibbons; Anthem, Tye. A kind of concert of sacred music appears to have been held in the church in the evening; consisting of a mixture of anthems, airs, overtures, organ pieces, &c.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

As a pendant to the pastoral epistle of the Protestant Association, on the due observance of the Fifth of November, which appeared in our last Number, p. 580, we have been favoured by a corre-

spondent with the following extract from a statement put forth by the "British Reformation Society."

"9. Especially, in the present day, is it the desire of the Committee to labour,

* The above particulars have been sent us by a correspondent, who has bespoken our favourable attention to the matter. We should, however, disapprove of many of the arrangements; such as the parading the performers' names—as in a play-bill, &c.; and the evening performance seems altogether objectionable. The house of God should not be so used, even for the best of objects.

by every scriptural and spiritual instrument, to expose the tendencies and arrest the spread of popery, *within* as well as *without* the Established Church. They grieve, in common with thousands, that the worst errors of the Church of Rome have been preached and promoted by clergymen professing attachment to the Anglican Church. This system, known by the names of PUSEYISM and TRACTARIANISM, is pure popery; and the Committee regard opposition to it, in all its pretensions, as a chief function of the British Reformation Society."

Accompanying the statement was a begging card, to be filled up to the amount of 20s., the Society being, happily, in debt. We extract from the Record the following:—

"*British Reformation Society.*—Last week truly interesting meetings of this Society were held at Portsea, at which the Rev. E. Dewdney, of St. John's, presided; Ryde, at which the Rev. A. Hewitt, of St. James's, presided; and at Southampton, at which the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Vicar of Holy Rhood, presided; at each place the rooms were crowded, and George Finch, Esq., and the Rev. John Cumming, addressed the meetings at great length, and testified faithfully and affectionately against popery in all its shapes and spheres, &c. &c."

We desire to remind these clergymen, who are all, we believe, thoroughly respectable, that this Rev. John Cumming, the nomadic expositor of "the principles of the Reformation," is a teacher in the Scotch Establishment, deriving his orders from John Knox; self-condemned too, on his own grounds, as a sectarian teacher in London: self-condemned on his principle that the Establishment, be it in London or Scotland, is *the Church of Christ*; and that by permitting this person to lecture them on Churchmanship, they are identifying themselves not only with the fatal Scotch schism, (fatal, however successful,) but with the principles of Geneva. It may suit Mr. Cumming very well to pretend that the Reformation under Ridley was the same as the Reformation under Calvin and Knox, and to huddle these two discordant principles under one convenient cloak, called "the British Reformation:" but how would the Vicar of Holy Rhood like to see his beautiful church subjected to the tender mercies of him whose saying about the rooks and their nests cannot have escaped Dr. Wilson's recollection? Mr. Cumming seems so anxious to sink all differences between us, and to identify himself so thoroughly with our Holy

Church, that unwary people may begin to think that he is a priest of the Church; we desire to remind our readers, and the Rev. John Cumming, M.A. also, who he is: and that there is a reciprocity which is one-sided.

We desire to caution the clergy against certain tent wines, "so extensively patronized and approved of" (as we are informed by a circular transmitted through the penny post) "by the clergy for sacramental purposes;" which tent wine turns out to be what is called a "British wine, at 24s. per dozen." These British wines are, in point of fact, *weak rum*, i. e. fermented sugar and water, flavoured with the juice of certain common fruits, black currants, elder-berries, &c., and heightened with cheap spirits. We do most earnestly trust that this "celebrated tent wine" never has been, and never will be, placed upon the altar of a single church; for it is unquestionable that where "the fruit of the vine" is not, there is no sacrament: "*Requiritur ut sit panis triticeus, et vinum de vite.*" There is no point of ritual observance which requires such personal care on the part of the clergyman, as to provide the best wine for the Holy Eucharist: churchwardens are not to be trusted, especially under the temptation held out to them by cheap wine dealers.

We are happy to commend the following to our readers.

"THE SEES OF ST. ASAPH AND BANGOR.

"The object of this paper is earnestly to recommend the clergy and laity of the Church of England to exert themselves against the union of the Sees of ST. ASAPH and BANGOR, the effect of which will be to place under a single Bishop two extensive dioceses, which have hitherto been superintended, each of them, by its own prelate.

"The writer is led, with the knowledge and approbation of the Lord Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor, to press on the attention of members of the Church of England the very great importance of coming forward, at this moment, to the assistance of their brethren in Wales. The aforesaid Bishops, as will appear by the subjoined extract from a private letter, would feel their hands much strengthened by petitions to Parliament for the repeal of those provisions of the Act 6 and 7 Gul. IV. c. 77, by which the change in question will be effected.

"Let it be considered: I. That the great prevalence of Dissent in the Princi-

pality of Wales seems to render it incumbent on the Church of England not to be a party to the diminution of her strength in that quarter.

"2. That there is obvious injustice (to use no harsher term) in reducing the number of Bishoprics in Wales, in order to endow a See in no way connected with that country, out of funds appropriated to the maintenance of its Prelacy.

"3. At a time when the Temporal Peerage has been increased beyond precedent, it does not seem unreasonable in the Church to ask for one additional seat in the Upper House of Parliament.

"4. Yet there is no Churchman, it is conceived, who would not regard the exclusion of the proposed additional Bishop from the House of Lords as an incalculably less evil than the measure by which it is proposed to obviate the difficulty which his admission into it is supposed to involve.

"5. There is every encouragement to strenuous and persevering exertion in this great cause, in the success of the attempts made a few years since, under similar difficulties, to preserve the See of Sodor and Man.

"6. The provisions of the Act which had made that island a part of the diocese of Carlisle were repealed by the aid of *petitions from both Universities, from the several Chapters of England, from the Archdeacons, from the inhabitants of the district which it was proposed to deprive of the advantages of episcopal superintendence, and from the Church of England in general.*

"7. An increase of Bishoprics in our island has lately been recommended by high authority. Let us at least exert ourselves to preserve those which we actually possess.

"8. The day is but just past (the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude), on which we were reminded, in words of Holy Scripture, which the Catholic Church has from of old appropriated, to take heed how we impair the strength and injure the unity of the Church, 'built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, JESUS CHRIST Himself being the head Corner-stone.'

"*Extract of a Letter from the Lord Bishop of Bangor.*

(Dated Oct. 19, 1842.)

"I have communicated the contents of your letter to the Bishop of St. Asaph, who feels, as I do, much gratified at the interest felt by our clerical brethren in England in the concerns of our distant

dioceses. We shall be greatly obliged and encouraged by any assistance that may be given us by you, and those who think with you on this subject, either in the way of petitions, or in any other mode which you may think likely to be of service to our cause. Hitherto the case of our dioceses seems to have been overlooked by our English brethren. But it is satisfactory to us to learn, that there are sincere members of our Church who are alive to the evils which it is proposed to inflict on us. It should be borne in mind, that the object of the petitions should be *the repeal of so much of the Act 6 and 7 Gul. IV. c. 77, as provides for the union of the dioceses of St. Asaph and Bangor.*

"N.B. A Form of Petition to the Houses of Parliament is annexed: it may be varied, of course, according to circumstances.

London, Nov. 4, 1842.

FORM OF PETITION.

"*To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal [or the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland] in Parliament assembled. The Humble Petition of*

"*SHEWETH,—That your Petitioners regard with deep sorrow and apprehension the provision of an Act passed in the 6th and 7th years of the reign of his late Majesty, entitled, 'An Act for carrying into effect the Reports of the Commissioners appointed to consider the State of the Established Church in England and Wales, with reference to Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues, so far as they relate to Episcopal Dioceses, Revenues, and Patronage,' whereby it is proposed, under certain circumstances, to unite in one Bishopric the present Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor.*

"The increasing population and importance of the Northern division of the Principality of Wales render it, in the judgment of your Petitioners, of the highest moment that the Church of England should be maintained in that part of her Majesty's dominions, at least in its present extent of influence and efficiency. The number of churches and of clergy in North Wales is greatly on the increase; and your Petitioners most strongly deprecate any measure, the effect of which will be to diminish the number of its Bishops.

"Your Petitioners most humbly submit, that the Bishoprics of St. Asaph and Bangor have been from very ancient times endowed with funds solemnly dedicated to the maintenance of the Church in

North Wales, and they cannot feel it consistent with the interests of religion, or with the demands of justice, to unite those Sees, in order to divert a portion of their funds to the endowment of a Bishopric in a district unconnected with Wales, and one of the wealthiest in the empire.

"For these reasons, and especially from the strong sense which they entertain of the evil and danger of interfering with ancient institutions (productive of vast benefit to the interests of religion and morality), your Petitioners most earnestly pray for the Repeal of so much of the said Act as relates to the union of the Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray."

A single word of recommendation from ourselves is superfluous: when our Most Holy Fathers thus cast themselves, and the cause of the Church, upon our exertions, success, even without the encouraging example of Sodor and Man, is certain. Our course is clear: let every Clergyman transcribe in duplicate, (one for the Lords and one for the Commons,) the above Petition: let him get it as numerous signatures as possible, and then transmit them, one to a peer—and one to a member of the House of Commons, for presentation in the ensuing session of Parliament. It would be most desirable were the clergy of each archdeaconry, or rural deanery, or even of a single extensive parish, to unite in one petition: our ordinary clerical meetings are useful occasions for this sort of communion of purpose and feeling; the laity will then gladly follow the example thus set them.

It may be well to suggest the addition of another paragraph to the above petition, viz., that although we desire to retain the Welsh Bishoprics, we are not disposed to relinquish the proposed creation of a See at Manchester. It is time for the Church to speak decidedly.

We earnestly invite our readers' attention to the subjoined statement, which has just reached us. We can hardly conceive a more interesting object than that here presented to the lovers of ancient architecture. And the sooner the necessary funds are supplied the better. [*Ed. C. R.*]

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or the Round Church, Cambridge.

The committee for conducting the restoration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, beg to report the progress which has been made in the work, and

earnestly to solicit renewed assistance in carrying it forward to a complete and speedy accomplishment.

This church, commonly called the Round Church, or St. Sepulchre's, has long been celebrated as the oldest of the four round churches* (built in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem) now remaining in England; having been consecrated in the year 1101 (1 Hen. I.) Its condition previous to the accident which gave rise to the present undertaking will be understood from the following account, corrected from Rickman. "The circular portion is Norman, with short massy piers and semicircular arches; some few of which, as well as part of the groin ribs, have zigzag enrichments. The (original) clerestory forms a round low tower, (to which an upper story was added in the fifteenth century for the reception of bells). There are some perpendicular additions, and all the Norman windows, with one exception, have been taken out, and most of the apertures enlarged, and filled with perpendicular tracery."

When the fall of a portion of the building in September, 1841, had rendered prompt measures necessary for its preservation, the partial repairs which had been commenced on a scale, as was to be expected, suited to the ability of the parish rather than to the interesting character and permanent security of the fabric, were considerably suspended by the parish authorities at the instance of some members of the University, to allow time for ascertaining, after the best advice and deliberation, the precise nature and probable cost of such measures as should be found necessary to a complete and substantial restoration.

After minute and careful examination of the building by an architect (Mr. Salvin) distinguished for his knowledge of this department of ecclesiastical architecture, it appeared that the failure, which first manifested itself in an outward inclination of the south wall of the circular aisle, was produced by the sapping, or sliding away, of the solid gravel on which the bases of the columns and of the outer wall rested, in consequence of, or accelerated by, graves having been dug too close to foundations originally shallow. From this cause the Norman groining of that part of the aisle, which abutted on and partially supported the round tower, fell in; and the crowns of the triforium arches, imperfectly constructed at first, and weakened by vibration from the bells, became extremely insecure. The

* The other three are, the Temple Church, London; the Holy Sepulchre, Northampton; St. John, Little Maplestead, Essex.

tower was thus left in imminent danger of falling from the weight of the belfry story, to sustain which it had not been originally intended. The first and most important point was to strengthen the walls and bases of the columns, to restore the groining, and to secure the round tower by iron bands. But it was moreover proposed to take off the belfry story; to clear away the earth, which had accumulated against the walls, to the original earth line; to restore the semicircular Norman windows (of which fortunately one remained in the clerestory, and served as a model); to remove all the pews and the gallery from the circular part; to procure equivalent and more convenient, if not increased, accommodation, by building a south aisle to the present chancel, corresponding to that on the north aisle; to recast and relay the entire leaden roof of the chancel; and to provide for the reception of the peel of bells. The cost of the alterations then contemplated was roughly estimated at something above 1,000*l.*; 300*l.* of which the parishioners had resolved in vestry to raise on the credit of the rates.

With the amount they had collected, the committee proceeded to strengthen, as was proposed, the walls and columns at the foundations by beds of concrete interposed; to restore the groining of the circular aisle; to remove the belfry story, and surmount the original part of the tower with a conical roof of stone; to replace the unsightly perpendicular insertions by Norman windows, which have since (all but two in the clerestory and two in the circular aisle) been appropriately filled with stained glass of great beauty, the gift of individual contributors; and lastly, to erect an entirely new (south) aisle, to supply the room for divine worship, which had been lost by the removal of the pews and gallery that previously disfigured the round part of the building.

In the progress of the works, the masonry of the east end of the chancel, and that of the north aisle, (composed of red brick much decayed, and pierced with square-headed windows divided by wooden mullions, presenting altogether a painfully offensive contrast to the rest of the fabric, now restored in appropriate architectural character, and in stone), was found besides to be so insecure, as to make it impossible, with any regard to propriety and safety, and eventually even to economy, to put the roof on that part of the church intended for divine worship,

while they remained. This had not formed part of the original design, which was confined to the two objects of restoring effectively the ancient building to its primitive character, and providing, by an improved arrangement of the more modern part, for at least an equal amount of accommodation. At the point to which the works had now advanced, the interior being exposed to the weather, and the graves in the chancel being actually full of water, the committee had no choice but to yield to a necessity, to which, however serious the risk to which it committed them, they will not pretend that they were reluctantly compelled. They felt themselves pledged not to leave their work imperfect, as would have been the case if it remained half stone, half red brick, with a mean crumbling debased building on the north (the most exposed) side to correspond with the handsome new perpendicular aisle, unhappily covered by surrounding houses, on the south. They therefore directed the works to proceed, resolving to rebuild these portions uniformly with the rest in appropriate style and character. The church will thus have a new north, as well as a new south, aisle, presenting, in the rear of the ancient Norman circular vestibule, an eastern elevation of three beautiful and uniform parallel gables, with high-pitched roofs, and crosses at the ends; its foundations (in concrete) are by this time as hard as a rock, effectually obviating any further risk of the walls being undermined by graves, the proximate cause of the late disaster; it will be of stone, complete and symmetrical in its details, and (so far as stability and amount of provision for divine worship are concerned, and as consists with a scrupulous adherence to the ascertained character of the ancient building) a new church. It will not be thought entitled to less sympathy than a new church usually commands, because God has been worshipped in it already for almost seven centuries and a half: nor has it appeared to the committee to be a consideration of trifling importance, that the choicest sacred edifice erected in this university town at an epoch of universal religious movement should be one in the communion of the National Church. It will be among the most curious ecclesiastical monuments of Europe; it will be the most interesting antiquity of Cambridge; and it may last a thousand years. But to make it so will yet cost 1,400*l.** The committee can spend this well, and more.

* We have been unfortunately prevented from giving detailed estimates of the probable expense, (according as we finish the restoration in the way we *wish*, or in the way we *must*.) by an

It will not have been overlooked that many expenses yet remain, after the restoration of the building shall have been completed, before it can be opened for public worship with its interior arrangements in harmony with its exterior interest and execution. The committee of course will not be satisfied without its being furnished with (to say the least) a suitable provision for the celebration of either sacrament: it is impossible on entering the church not to desire, may it not be rather said, not to foresee, that the Round Church, with its lofty vault, and now vacant of pews, will have for its sole furniture a rich and elaborate font crowned with an aspiring cover: the chancel moreover and its aisles will require to be supplied with all that is necessary to the reception of the parishioners and the due celebration of Divine service; the floor to be laid down with encaustic tiles; appropriate provision made, whatever that may be, for the reception of the bells; and the whole precinct to be bounded by some more decent substitute for the present brick wall.* The conviction that these wants will be supplied, and in harmony with the general character of the fabric, has been one motive with the committee for proceeding in the restoration on a scale the most complete and generous. In this respect the present undertaking, if successful, will hold out to future church-restorers a practical proof that the most liberal plan is likewise the most economical: that help is sure to be obtained when it is found to be well bestowed. The presents of this sort already given or promised during its progress testify sufficiently to the truth of this principle; a principle, however, which, as it cannot be concealed that there will always be not a few who either have not yet been convinced of it, or unhappily feel themselves committed to disprove it, would seem to give to the promoters of this work a proportionally stronger claim upon the prompt and cordial co-operation of all, who, whether connected immediately with Cambridge or not, know that on the diffusion of it depends in a great degree the effectual restoration of our churches and of church architecture throughout the land.

Enough is now done in the work, and known of the proposed design, to enable every one to form a judgment as to the merit of its execution, and to contribute

more or less to its eventual completeness. Those hitherto engaged in it have nothing more that they can do. The parish, in addition to a vote in vestry double in amount of what it was thought practicable to collect for any purpose, has promoted a supplemental subscription within itself amounting to about 100*l*. The committee are entirely satisfied with the skill and vigilance of the clerk of the works, as well as with the ability and zeal of the architect: they consider the contracts to have been carefully made and faithfully executed; they have certainly spared no pains or watchfulness on their part, to hasten the period at which the parishioners shall no longer be excluded from the offices of religion in their own church. The work is now proceeding on the personal security of those engaged in conducting it, with a view to the roof being put on the chancel before the winter sets in. If it be, as they believe, matter of general congratulation that, at the risk and through the exertions of a few irresponsible individuals, the church has been preserved, it will not be unreasonable in them now to ask for that assistance in carrying the work through, in reliance upon which it was undertaken, and without which it does not appear how it should be accomplished.

The committee respectfully submit that they have no resources at their disposal for the execution of such a work as this, which the unhesitating gift, by each individual who approves of it, of a contribution too small to be felt, would accomplish in a moment. The funds of the CAMBRIDGE CAMDEN SOCIETY are barely sufficient to cover its current expenses, and enable it by small but judicious appropriations to originate restorations which others are thus induced to carry out; and the committee have hitherto abstained from making application to the Incorporated Society, though fully entitled to do so, by the fact that the intended alteration will now include a large increase of accommodation: desiring to set an example in this, as well as in other particulars, of the duty incumbent upon all church-restorers, of doing every one his own work as well, and as far, as he can; and they are themselves manifestly unequal to so large an outlay, even if it should be thought right to leave it to them as the reward of their interference.

accident which befell the architect when on his way to Cambridge, on the day on which he received our letter requesting those particulars, and which has since disabled him from attending to any business.

* Further particulars may be seen in a Letter inserted in the Morning Herald of Nov. 22, and copied into the Cambridge Chronicle of Nov. 26.

Northumberland.—We beg attention to an interesting paper which will be found appended to our present number; a circular by the Hon. and Rev. J. Grey, vicar of Wooler, on the subject of St. Ninian's Church, Fenton, which he proposes to build on the old site, where the foundations of the former Church distinctly remain. Mr. Grey may well hope that "the case will be found to be more than locally interesting," as our readers may judge by referring to his very pleasing address. We wish it were accompanied by the vignette which embellishes the larger copies, and which gives the promise of a very beautiful building in the ancient style.

The following are some of the particulars:—

The east window will be of stained glass, by Mr. Wailes of Newcastle. The subjects will be a Blood Red Cross with a scroll underneath, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The four windows in the body of the Church will also be of stained glass, the subjects the four Holy Evangelists, one in each window.

Two of these, St. Matthew and St. John, are already undertaken by some of the parishioners. The east window is also promised. In the west, over the doorway will be a handsome rose window, and probably with representations, in stained glass, of the chief events in the history of St. Ninian.

Pews.—The following extract from a Staffordshire paper speaks for itself—"Ex uno disce omnes":—

"There are parties living who can well remember the time when there was not a single pew in the body of the church of Ashton-under-Lyne; there were only open benches. Pews, therefore, are of comparatively recent innovation. Gradually, pew after pew was erected, and the then churchwardens seem to have allowed parties to enclose the floor of the church, and to exercise rights of ownership over the portion so enclosed, to the exclusion of the other parishioners. These pews have, in many instances, been regularly, the most illegally, bought and sold like other property; and locks have been placed upon the pew doors, in order that no one but the owner (so called) might have entrance. What is this but shutting out the poor from the worship of God in his holy temple?—that temple which was erected by the piety of our forefathers, not for the use of the exclusive few, but for the parishioners of Ashton-under-Lyne generally. And what, in reality, has been, and is the effect of these pews?

I am informed, that at the present moment there are not forty free sittings in the whole parish church; and what few there are, placed in the worst position, where the aged and infirm can with difficulty see or hear; and yet the parish contains 40,000 souls! Again, in the Sunday school connected with the parish church there are more than 1,400 children, and yet not more than forty or fifty of these poor children can attend their church each Sunday, and these are placed on the steps round the railing of the altar; the pews forbid further space being allotted to them. I need not say that numbers of these Sunday school children can never attend their parish church at all. The question then is, whether the body of the parish church shall be again made free, and *restored* to the use of the parishioners generally, or whether it shall continue in the hands of a few pew owners. That the parishioners have a right to the body of the church is undeniable; and though some who have purchased their pews may naturally feel angry and reluctant to the idea of their being removed, and open sittings again restored and substituted in their stead, yet I feel convinced, that on calm consideration, they will gladly relinquish their fancied rights to these unsightly pews, and hail, with the delight which every true Christian must feel, the sight of their fellow-parishioners meeting together with them for the worship of God in his holy temple; they will gladly lend their aid to bring together larger numbers of parishioners to the parish church; and they will remember, that in God's house worldly distinction should be laid aside, and that there 'rich and poor meet together, the Lord being the Maker of them all.'

"I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

LEIGH RICHMOND.

"Ashton-under-Lyne, Nov. 17, 1842."

ANCIENT MUSIC.

[It may surprise some of our readers to learn, that the following extract occurs in an *American* periodical. If our fellow-churchmen in America are indeed reviving ecclesiastical music, we shall soon have to learn a lesson from them. Some of our churches, which boast most of a return to ancient usages are, alas! in the very predicament supposed in the concluding paragraph.]

"The restoration of the Gregorian chant is another sign of a return to the good old things of the Church. We shall be in less danger of modern innovations in religion, if we are accustomed to the simple and solemn strains of the ancient ecclesiastical melodies. We shall love

an revere the liturgy more if we use it in connexion with music almost as old as some parts of the service to which it is sung.

"Were these chants universally introduced, and properly used, as they might be, if clergymen would interest themselves in a subject which they can hardly neglect with a due regard for the decency of divine worship, the religious effect of our services would be greatly heightened. We should have the aid of devotional music, without the hindrance of worldly associations. We should not be continually seeking new tunes any more than we seek new prayers,—and we should perceive the profanity—to which, unhappily, we are now accustomed—of singing the words of inspiration to the light and tripping airs of the dance or the opera."—*New York Churchman*, Sept. 24.

Opening of the New Romish Church, Pontefract, Yorkshire.—This edifice, built by Mr. Pugin, and erected, without regard to expense, by Mrs. Tempest, in the grounds of her mansion, the Grange, near Pontefract, was opened for consecration on Wednesday, the 12th of October, when a

solemn pontifical high mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, assisted by a large body of the clergy. The choir sang Haydn's Mass, No. 3, with equal judgment. *Miss Parsons, of Preston, sang the principal solos.* The organ, built by Bevington, of London, from a design by Pugin, is on a novel plan, there being no top of casework above the gilt pipes, and showing the west window through the centre. It has much power and sweetness; and the effect produced by the choir singing the Gregorian vespers, with alternate verses by the clergy from the sanctuary, caused us to regret that the ancient music of the church is not more studied and adopted in this country.—*The Catholic*.

[If a consistent restoration of ancient music is really desired, the sooner Palestrina or Vittoria are substituted for Haydn and Mozart the better. It is true, there would be no opportunity then for Miss Parsons to exercise her powers in solos. One grand effect of the restoration of the church-style would be the total exclusion of these showy individual exhibitions. Hence, partly, the dislike which many of our modern singers entertain to its revival.]

SCOTLAND.

DUNFERMLINE.—The consecration of the new church took place on Tuesday, the 25th of October. Among the Clergy in attendance were the Right Reverend the Bishop of Glasgow, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Edinburgh, the Very Rev. the Dean of Dunkeld, Revs. D. Bagot, G. Coventry, N. Johnston, and E. B. Field. The church itself, which is a very handsome edifice, is cruciform, and is built in the early English style. The chancel window of stained glass is large

and deservedly admired, and has been pronounced superior to anything of the kind in our metropolis. The service for the consecration, and which included that of the day, was performed by the Bishop of Glasgow, assisted by the Revs. G. Coventry and D. Bagot, and Mr. Field, the incumbent; the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Edinburgh; after which, the communion was administered by the Bishops to upwards of fifty communicants.

CHURCHES CONSECRATED.

Bistree, near Mold, Flintshire	Bishop of St. Asaph	Oct. 25.
Holy Trinity, Ash, Kent	{ Bishop of Rochester, for Archbp. of Canterbury	
Bexhill (Chapel of Ease)	Bishop of Chichester	
Mow-cop, Staffordshire	Bp. of Hereford, for Bp. of Lichfield	
Romford, Essex, St. Thomas	Bishop of London	Oct. 29.
Writtle, near Chelmsford, Essex, St. Paul's	Bishop of London	Oct. 31.
Witham, Essex, All Saints	Bishop of London	Nov. 1.
Bliton, near Bristol	Bishop of Gloucester & Bristol	

FOUNDATIONS LAID.

Eysey, near Cricklade—Norman style; architect, Mr. Derick, of Oxford; } to be built at the expense of Earl St. Germain's.....	Nov. 3.
Okehampton..... Devon	Nov. 1.

ERRATA IN LAST NUMBER.

- Page 504, line 36, for casual, read carnal.
 — 513, — 12, for specia, read specie.
 — 520, — 2, note, for chamber, read church.
 — 521, — 1, note, for Leeds, read Leigh.
 — 527, — 14, the asterisk after πάγκρατον, should be placed after ἐπιπολέων.

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